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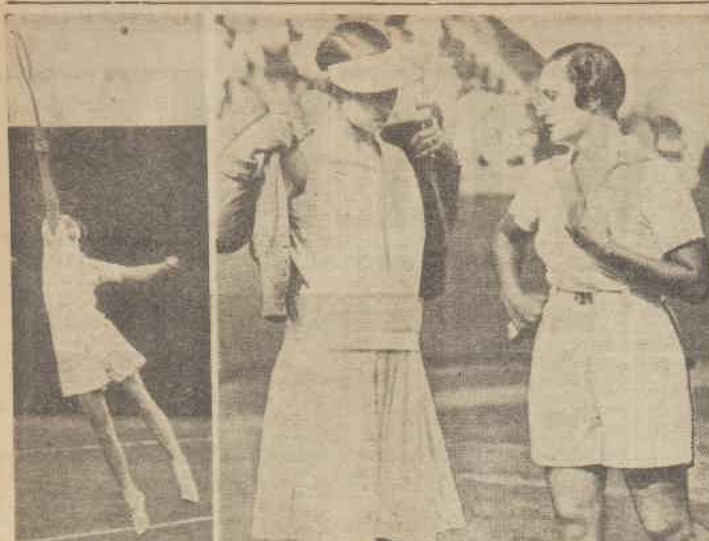


White upon the ranges
The robes of Winter lie;
And down the valleys and the swift hill ways,
Echoing laughter to the ageless sky,
Is all the frolic of the glad snow days.

SNOW DAYS

In the mountain sunlight
The alpine roses grow;
But the sweetest rose of Winter's giving,
Blossoming in scarlet against the snow,
Is youth, with her laughter, gladly living.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.



EILEEN WHITTING-STALL goes for a high one in snug-fitting shorts.

HELEN JACOBS conversing with Helen Wills-Moody. Miss Jacobs is shown in the short-skirts which surprised Wimbledon a year ago.



THREE EXAMPLES of Wimbledon dress-to-day. The skirt at left is still popular with many players, while most English players approve the pleated shorts in centre. The other lady is showing the sensational slitted short-skirts introduced this year by American players.

PERRY SCOWLS at Girls' SHORTS

Slitted Side Seam is the Latest American Note at Wimbledon

By Beam Wireless from DOROTHY ROUND, Ex-champion of Great Britain—Exclusive

LONDON

In the human department of tennis nothing has created more news-interest than women players' dress.

Since stockings were discarded seven or eight years ago, women's tennis dress has become more and more abbreviated.

This is particularly so with the Americans at Wimbledon, severely-tailored, brief shorts having won the day. Miss Babcock has introduced a new note in shorts, with the side seams of the legs slitted three inches.

CONTRASTING with the popularity, as most players find them more comfortable than shorts. Unless the shorts fit snugly at the waist, you're continually hitching them up and tucking in your jersey.

Misses Dearman, Hardwick and Lyle, Wightman Cup stars, play in dresses. With shorter dresses and shorts becoming more popular, I wonder how the

Empty Royal Box Strikes Sad Note

From DOROTHY ROUND
THERE is a note of sadness this year at Wimbledon due to the absence of King George.

The Royal box is not presenting the gay appearance of the past, with some of the gayest and smartest frocks on the ground, since the Court is still in mourning.

The present King has visited Wimbledon only once, but Queen Mary is a fervent enthusiast, her presence always adding interest to the championships.

players of twenty and thirty years ago managed the voluminous clothes of those times.

From the spectators' viewpoint clothes are also as cool and light as possible, as we are having hot weather.

The weather is generally good for Wimbledon. I believe the championships have only once previously been spoiled by rain.

Anyhow, we shall not have such bad luck as at Kooyong during the Australian tour, when the river burst its banks, flooding the centre court thirty feet deep, making it only fit for the liner Queen Mary.

Had the Chinese girl Gen Hoahing been playing this year she would have been sure of a crowded gallery; but she's too young to appear at Wimbledon yet, and she's even too short for shorts.

She plays in a silk dress with a full-pleated skirt.

Perry's Disapproval

SEÑORITA D'ALVAREZ makes a welcome reappearance this year as the Countess de la Valdene.

She was runner-up for three years at Wimbledon, but never succeeded in winning the title. She was one of the first to wear a divided skirt, but it is of the usual dress length and not of modern brevity.

It was difficult for the most curious spectator to tell whether she was playing in the famous divided skirt or a normal dress.

The Countess is one of the most graceful players in the world, and her delightful abandon in making a half volley is a joy to watch.

For the men concerned tennis dress is more conventional, for although there seems to be a steady rise in the popularity of shorts, long trousers still hold the field.

I suppose Austin was the first man to play in chamoisette wearing tennis shorts.

No doubt shorts are more comfortable than slacks, but no one can persuade me that they look as well. Perhaps I'm old-fashioned. Even then I'm not the only one.

Fred Perry does not approve of shorts for either man or woman. I've heard some scathing remarks from him which are amusing, as his friend, Bunny Austin, started the habit.

When shorts first appeared on the courts, Fred was perturbed at the idea of girls wearing them. I suppose he's used to it by now, but I imagine I can detect a sign of disapproval in his expression when shorts appear on the courts.

Of course, the only real argument in favor of one kind of dress or another is can you answer the question "Is it comfortable?" in the affirmative.

Championship players do not strive for effect. They wear the dress giving the utmost freedom of movement.

Club players would do well to follow their example and wear the clothes which are the easiest and ignore the fashion waves which occasionally reach even the tennis court.

DEFIES Racial PREJUDICE and Becomes NURSE Brave Indian Girl's Adventure of Mercy

The official records at the South Sydney Hospital For Women had a fresh entry in its list of trainees on June 22:

"Leilavati Ram Samui."

Just another name, like thousands of others that have been entered when a newcomer has joined the ranks of this fine institution, but to those who know of all that its inclusion meant to the girl concerned it seemed to be written in letters that blazed.

IT was the beginning of a big adventure for Leilavati when that entry was accomplished. It is for all women when they set out on what is the beginning of a career.

But for this twenty-year-old Indian girl from Suva it was particularly so.

By departing from her family and entering on her new life Leilavati had broken down the traditional seclusion of the home life of Indian girls.

Even of more moment is that her choice of obstetric nursing is a very big cut across Indian ideas.

Leilavati is, according to the class and the creed of her people, adopting a profession that is ranked very low in the scale of human effort. The midwife among Hindu people is of little account.

Apart from this, an Indian girl of the class from which Leilavati comes is not trained for service outside her home. She is taught domestic arts, and may practise them in her parents' household until such time as she is mistress in her own home.

Leilavati has not lived all her life in the environment of her parents' home in

Suva, where her father, Mr. Batu Ram Samui, is a highly-respected business man.

In 1923 she came with Sister Egan, of the Methodist Mission, to be educated in Sydney, and attended the Chatswood Domestic Science School for five years.

Lifelong Ambition

HER lifelong ambition has been to become a nurse. She cherished it after she returned to her own people, and when Mrs. Bruce Willis (Sydney) accompanied her husband, the Rev. Bruce Willis, to Suva for the Centenary celebrations of the Methodist Church, she told her of it.

Mrs. Willis, who had been resident in Suva when her husband was with the Methodist Mission there, knew something of the difficulties that had to be overcome before Leilavati's dream could be realised—difficulties that can only be appreciated by those who have knowledge of racial traditions and beliefs.

But on her return to Sydney Mrs. Willis set out to overcome these difficulties, and as a result arrangements were



NURSE SAMUI
—Women's Weekly photo.

made for her to enter the South Sydney Women's Hospital.

Leilavati is eager and enthusiastic, and when her training days are over she intends to return to Suva and nurse among her own people.

Nurse Samui is a statuesque figure in her nursing garb, but this will be worn only when she is on duty. On other occasions when Leilavati will wear Indian dress, and her saris are something that make women envious.

Of gorgeous material, richly woven with metallic thread, or adorned with beautiful embroidery, they are of a single length, of six yards, 45 inches deep. Worn wound round the hips, tucked into the belt to secure it, Leilavati's sari is caught only in one place on the shoulder. Its arrangement permits the back, which hangs over the shoulders to be worn as a head-dress.

New Size Box

9⁰

CALIFORNIAN POPPY FACE POWDER

... A DREAM OF LUXURY

All you could desire in a face powder, the well-beloved Californian Poppy, soft as mist and wonderfully clinging, now in a new size box at 9d. The sunny, youthful perfume of Californian Poppy is ever charming.

in 4 shades

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



ORCHESTRAL DIRECTOR.

DR. W. ARUNDEL ORCHARD, O.B.E.
(an honor awarded while he was in N.S.W.), now lives in Hobart with his wife and three daughters, and is lecturer on music at the University of Tasmania and director of the Hobart State Orchestra. While in Sydney he was conductor of the Royal Sydney Liedertafel, the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and the Sydney Madrigal Society. He was director of the State Conservatorium of Music, N.S.W., from 1923 to 1934.

Educated in England, he received his degree of Doctor of Music at the Durham University, London, and he is a Fellow of the Royal College of Music. He subsequently became conductor of the Colet Orchestral Society, London.



BUSINESS WOMAN GIVES ADVICE.

ELIZABETH GREGG MACGIBBON, a tall, handsome, energetic Californian in her fifties, advises women on how to get on in the business world in a sprightly little book called "Manners in Business," which she has just completed.

Mrs. MacGibbon has been a confidential secretary, an editor and an advertising manager. Having observed business from both the inner and the outer office, she set out to advise women on how to get on in business circles. She lectures, writes a syndicated column, and tours the country presenting edifying playlets in big department stores.

While straying far from the title of her book she emphasizes the fact that working girls on the whole know nothing about manners and little about anything else, and describes as appalling the number of complaints she has heard from managers about dirty hands, dirty nails, and untidy hair.



—Nora Matland.

MINISTERS TO THE NEEDY

THE REV. S. J. SOUTHGATE has been a minister of the Church of Christ in most capital cities of the Commonwealth for the past twenty years. Now, as superintendent of the Brisbane City Mission, he is filling a great need among the poor and sick of the city, and his work is constantly increasing in usefulness.

Mr. Southgate is a well-known figure in Brisbane, and a welcome preacher who is frequently heard over the air.

SHE CURTSIED—It Cost £10,000!



Grand Debut for Miss 1936 is a Matter of Pay, Pay, Pay

From **MARY ST. CLAIRE**, Our Special Representative in London. By Beam Wireless.

SHE curtsied—and Dad signed a cheque for £10,000. That's the story of a grand debut. When Miss 1936 makes her debut in London Society, there's more to it than a girlish white frock and an Early Victorian posy.

A LONDON season is a costly business, and to "launch" a debutante successfully runs into anything from £5000 to £10,000.

These figures apply mainly to debutantes from overseas. Rich Americans pay fabulous amounts to get their daughters launched in the "right set," and some Australian girls have caused their fathers to have hurried consultations with their bank managers.

English girls are not so costly to their parents, for they are spared some of the expenses that are inevitable to visiting society buds.

"In the Know"

A CHAPERON is the initial matter that the parents of an overseas girl have to consider.

The chaperon must be someone "in the know" who will guide youthful footsteps through the mazes and pitfalls that lie in her path, obtain invitations, and introduce eligible partners.

For these services any fee from £200 to £1000 may be charged. This is exclusive of expenses. The chaperon accompanies the debutante, and her travelling and other incidental expenses are all paid for her.

The fee charged depends upon the exclusiveness and social standing of the chaperon. Many women of obscure title make a regular income by acting as society godmothers.

Others are not so approachable—but much more desirable, and charge accordingly.

It was one such attractive hostess, very much personable, even in Royal circles, who for £1000 sponsored a fair and lovely Australian girl, and viewed with pride her subsequent marriage to a youthful Earl, the catch of the season.

The same hostess had an equally lovely Australian under her tutelage the season before. This lass, however, proved quite unapproachable to the bery of English manhood to whom she'd been introduced.

She had the time of her young life doing the season's round of gales, but she elected to return to Australia, married, and is now the mother of three lovely children.

Still, the chaperon got her fee! Another society chaperon estimates that even on the lower scales the cost of a debut for one young lass will be £700 a month for four months. This includes chaperon's fee, £400, various cocktail parties, £15 to £20 each, polo, tennis, and racing expenses in the neighborhood of £200, rent, £120 monthly, beauty treatments, £50—and this does not mention frocks and dresses, which themselves run into hundreds of pounds.

Curtsey Lessons

A LWAYS to be included in the itinerary of a complete season is Ascot, a presentation at Court, a visit to the Royal garden party, the Eton and Harrow match, many dances, visits to Wimbledon and Ranelagh, and, of course, country house parties and a houseboat at Henley. The cost of all this is prohibitive.

Rules and regulations governing the presentation at Court are as those of the Medes and Persians. There can be nothing slipshod in this part of the performance.

The correct curtsy must be learned from the correct instructor. These lessons, which vary from three to five in number, cost £5/5/- each.

The trained Court gown and be-feathered headdress will probably be acquired for sixty guineas. Then there are shoes, flowers, wrap, and other ecceteras, to say nothing of the cost of

HER DEBUT. Behind the splendor of the occasion is a story of extensive, costly preparations.

the car and the all-important photograph.

Jewels may be hired at a price, but are not an indispensable item nowadays.

The Ascot frock and accessories will run to another forty or fifty guineas. A very complete wardrobe is needed for dances, dinners, cocktail parties, and sports occasions.

The inclusive cost for the season's frocks is not less than 500 guineas, but more often than not it is a thousand.

The next item on the expenses list is the entertaining done for, and by, the debutante herself.

The cost of the big coming-out ball, several dinners, and innumerable parties runs into four figures.

These involve the hiring of a suitable ballroom. It is considered the thing nowadays to rent a large unfurnished house for a few days, rather than a hotel ballroom. The furnishings and all the ecceteras necessary for entertaining are hired.

Many magnificent town houses are unoccupied by their hopelessly hard-up owners, and are easily available, at a price—and what a price!

Please turn to Page 4

Leave it to Your Sweetheart!

... A Message to Married Men Or Men About To Be Married ...



ALFRED J. BRITTON, Australia's Leading Physical Director.

"Secrets of Muscular Strength."

This Great Book FREE!

I don't ask you one penny for this great book, the book that has changed the lives of hundreds of fellows. It's the finest thing of reading you ever set eyes on. I swear you'll never blink an eyelash until you turn the last page. It's crammed full of pictures of athletes who have taken the course, pictures of you will, it'll put that much kick into you you'll feel like a mule—if it doesn't, you'd better roll over—you're dead. Come on, then, take out the old pen or pencil and call your name and address on the coupon. Mail it to me. Do it NOW. To-morrow you may forget. Remember, it's something for nothing and no strings attached, no obligation. Grab it!

Tear Coupon—Post NOW!

ALFRED J. BRITTON, PHYS. DIR., 107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,—Please send me, absolutely FREE, a copy of your latest book, "The Secrets of Muscular Strength—And How to Acquire It."

NAME

FULL ADDRESS

ASK her what kind of a man she wants for a husband.

Ask her whether she prefers a man with a weak, flabby, ill-shaped body to a man with a body as strong, sturdy, and handsome as a Greek god's. Oh, she may love you well enough now—but do you know that there are all degrees of love? And if you're wise, you'll set out to be the man she once dreamed of (and still does). Then married life will be as much happier—as much more worth while—with much less quarrelling and difference.

What I Can Do for You in Just 30 Days!

I'll take that body of yours and build it into something so wonderful, so impressive, so altogether beyond your fondest hopes, that you'll gasp with amazement when you look into the mirror at the end of the first 30 days. I'll take those skinny, soft arms of yours and transform them almost overnight, into lithe, steel-like, battering rams of marvellous speed and power. I'll take the links out of that weak back—straighten it out—tighten it up around the waist—go over the lungs, the heart, the kidneys, the liver—strengthening, always strengthening. I'll take that weak, flabby stomach and make the muscles around it look and feel like a cast-iron wash-board. I'll straighten out those thin, stooped shoulders—square them up—broaden them—

—literally pack a muscle on them until they look like piano-keyboards.

Large jumps of red-blooded muscle will magically appear here, there, everywhere—and you'll feel so full of pep and vitality you'll want to conquer the world.

POST COUPON NOW!

SEND FOR YOUR FREE BOOK

IT'S FREE!

STATE Takes Over MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Australia's First Official "Trouble Fixer"

HOW HE WILL WORK

To try to reunite married couples before their domestic differences lead them to the Divorce Court is the new job which Brigadier-General J. Price Weir is about to tackle in Adelaide on lines entirely new to Australia.

The N.S.W. Government is keenly watching the South Australian experiment. If it proves successful, a similar official appointment will probably be made here, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Martin, said last week.

THE N.S.W. Housewives Association has decided to ask the Government to appoint right away a marriage conciliator, who will work along the same lines as General Weir.

The new conciliator insists that it is only an experiment, under Government

supervision, but it has been hailed with joy by prominent citizens, both men and women, who are confident it will do a tremendous amount of good, and that it is an object lesson to other States.

Brigadier-General Weir is a charming man who has devoted all his time in recent years to public welfare work. He has had this new job allotted to him to do in his spare time.

In a special interview he told The Australian Women's Weekly the lines on which he would work.

He is going to use his weapons of charm, public experience, and common sense to fight "Old Boy Divorce."

He will try to keep matrimonial disputes out of the courts, and, incidentally, out of the public eye.

The possible success of the experiment received the South Australian Government's consideration before it appointed General Weir to act as honorary Conciliator.

Six Months' Trial

ALTHOUGH this job is a new one, he is no stranger to the type of work. For during his period as Chairman of the Children's Welfare and Public Relief Board in South Australia he did quite a lot towards reconciling many estranged couples who had quarrelled and with whom he came in contact.

It will probably entail General Weir's burning the midnight oil with no other reward than helping couples who cannot get on together, but he considers it is well worth it.

Interviewed in his office, where he now runs the Adelaide Benevolent and Strangers' Friends' Society, where photos of great men in the history of Australia and of the world look down on him,



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WEIR, Australia's first official marriage "trouble-fixer." He is here seen in full regalia, but when he goes "over the top" against Divorce he will don a less martial and more friendly dress.

General Weir said he did not mind how hard he worked, or what long hours, so long as his efforts had the desired effect.

"I should think the Government would give me about six months to try this experiment," he said. "There is to be no legal tinge at all about the proceedings. In fact, I shall do all I can to prevent this creeping in."

"I shall be in my office after five to speak with those who want to talk to me."

Everything Secret

"I AM afraid that more marriages have been unsuccessful because of un-employment than anything, but there are numerous other reasons."

Probably nobody will ever know by what methods General Weir will reconcile the unhappy couples who come to him, or what quiet investigations he will make.

When a person lodges a petition for separation or divorce at the police courts, that person will be asked if he or she would not have a word with the Conciliator first.

He emphasises the necessity for keeping his cases out of the public eye. Not a word of publicity will be given these interviews General Weir will have—not even a record of any of them will be kept.

He says the very fact of bringing their differences and giving evidence in court with resulting publicity makes men and women more bitter and hard, and lessens any chance of conciliation.

That is why he will not see any of

Clubmen Must Pay For Coronation Seats

By Air Mail From Our London Office.

THOSE members of London clubs with premises lining the route of the Coronation procession have been informed that they will have to pay for seats at the windows of the club to see the pageant. There will be a double charge for all bedrooms during Coronation Week.

The authorities state that 2000 seats along the route of the procession have been reserved for Australians and New Zealanders.

A horde of officials is being employed on the detail work in connection with the Coronation.

them near the courts. He wants to disassociate his work from any legal tinge at all.

Tremendous interest has been shown in the experiment, and a great deal of its success or otherwise would, of course, be due to the personality of the conciliator.

General Weir would seem to have the ideal one for the job. Although he is seventy years of age, in manner and looks he is still a young man, with dark hair, and eyes that can be stern when necessary, but a mouth that continually smiles, his face thus expressing the seriousness of the case and his sympathy with it.

REMARKABLE NEW GLAND TONIC

Producing Surprising Results

German Scientist gives men and women a wonderful treatment for Nerve and Brain Fag, Loss of Energy and Vitality, and Premature Old Age.

ACTUALLY PRODUCED IN GERMANY. NOW AVAILABLE IN AUSTRALIA.
10 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS

Science has proved that our physical and mental energy are dependent upon our supply of hormones, or the internal secretions of certain glands in the blood system, and that any hormone deficiency may be balanced by taking internally a genuine hormone preparation. Science has also ascertained that the taking of such a preparation will considerably stimulate the hormone formation in the body and overcome such troubles as Loss of Energy and Vitality, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Premature Old Age, Poor-ness of Blood, &c.

Following on the experiments and research of such eminent Scientists as Professors Steinach, of Vienna, and Brown-Sequard, of Paris, it remained for Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, founder of the Berlin Scientific Institute, to discover a secret process whereby the precious hormones in prepared form retain their entire activity. This preparation is now available throughout Australia under the trade name of Stein's Vito-Gland. In Vito-Gland we have for the first time a preparation which contains the rejuvenation principles of hormones in their active form, consequently it is effective when all other means fail.

How Vito-Gland Acts

When Vito-Gland is taken into the stomach the hormones are released and are fed to the blood stream via the intestines and the heart. The blood, now refreshed with new hormones, feeds the Pituitary gland (1), stimulating and rejuvenating because of its cerebrum and hypophyseal contents. This process of rejuvenation extends to the Thyroid (2), Suprarenal (3), and other glands of the body (4). Vito-Gland having rejuvenated the activity of the glands, they in their turn feed the brain through the circulation of the blood, and influence the very centre of the nervous system to the spinal cord and other nerve matter, each to perform its own special function in keeping the body healthy and youthful.

The Berlin Scientific Institute, 10 and 12, in den Zellen, and 2, Bertholdstrasse, Berlin, is the most renowned special institute of its kind in the world to-day. It has 113 rooms and extensive fittings, valuable scientific collections and museum. This Institute forms the pinnacle of Dr. Hirschfeld's life work. Here thousands of doctors from all parts of the world have received instruction and they look upon Dr. Hirschfeld as the founder of an important new department of learning.



Perfectly Safe

This new gland tonic is harmless to take, even in delicate constitutions; it does not affect the heart; there is no fear of injury or enslavement to habit, and no reaction in later years. On the contrary, it builds up your system, provides future health and comfort. The tonic properties of Stein's Gland Tonic maintain and assist Nature in all her ways. Under this treatment the mental and physical state begins at once to improve, and continues to do so. Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, M.D. (London), the eminent analytical and consulting chemist, who has analysed "Vito-Gland," says: "I have found nothing that could be considered harmful even when taken by a person of delicate constitution. Furthermore, I have failed to detect any substance that might be conducive to the formation of a habit."

Vito-Gland Will Help You

If you suffer from nerve weakness, irritability, low spirits and mental dullness, lack of concentration, mind-wandering or lack of confidence, nervous debility, lack of energy or vitality, physical weakness, premature old age, indigestion, liveriness, constipation, neuritis, eczema, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis, then "Vito-Gland" is going to help you overcome your trouble.

£100 FORFEIT

The agents for "Vito-Gland" will forfeit £100 if they fail to produce the originals of the following letters. Hundreds of similar letters are in their possession from men and women of all ages.

Mrs. L.J.T. of A. N.W., writing on 14/7/36, says: "Vito-Gland is a wonderful tonic. It has done me more good than anything I have ever tried."

For 10 months of more previous to taking Vito-Gland, I could not sleep at night, and I always felt so wretched and sleepy during the day and totally unfit for household duties. Now since taking Vito-Gland, I sleep well every night and wake up refreshed and fit and full of beans, my work which was once a drudgery is now a pleasure.

I feel I can never thank you enough for what Vito-Gland has done for me. Will you please send full particulars of Vito-Gland to Mrs. M. the Mamma, T. she is our Minister's wife and suffers from severe headaches. I have never been free from headaches for years and since taking Vito-Gland I only had one slight headache in 6 weeks. Just tell Mrs. M. I asked you to send particulars of Vito-Gland.

If anyone is afraid to give Vito-Gland a trial if they write to me I will be pleased to let them know what wonders it has done for me.

Mr. E.B.B. of M.-G.M. on 15/7/36, says: "I received parcel of Vito-Gland and am feeling much better from taking this wonderful treatment. My case is one of 34 years standing, and all general medicine taken were without good results. I am feeling a new man and am thankful to your Vito-Gland. It is the best I have had in my time."

Shall tell all sufferers I know of Vito-Gland. Wishing you every success.

Mr. J.S.V.C. of P. S.A. on 3/9/36, says: "I cannot speak too highly of what 'Stein's Vito-Gland' has done for my wife. My wife had lost all interest in life and all ability to work, but since taking this tonic she is just about her normal self again and is feeling happy and contented, bright, cheerful, and has a different aspect altogether. She is now able to do her own housework, things she could not do for the past 18 months. I can see a wonderful improvement in her and am quite satisfied and wish to thank you for what you have done for my wife."



"Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld is recognised as one of the most prominent Scientists in the world. He founded a special international Reform League, the four international congresses of which were presided over by Dr. Hirschfeld in each instance in Berlin, Copenhagen, London and Vienna. Dr. Hirschfeld also founded the Berlin Scientific Institute, which in 1925 was taken over by the Prussian Government."

FREE

Send your name and address, enclosing 2d. stamp for postage, to the Australian Distributing Agents for Vito-Gland, A. O. Baldwin and Co., 84 Pitt St., Sydney, and they will send you free, and without obligation, under plain, sealed cover, interesting and instructive literature, fully explaining the functioning of the glands, together with details of the remarkable New Gland Tonic, "Vito-Gland." Learn also how you can test Vito-Gland for 10 days in your own home at their risk. Write to-day or send the coupon below, and be sure and enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Post This Coupon Now

A. O. BALDWIN & CO.,
84 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

Without obligation send under plain sealed cover, literature dealing with "Stein's Vito-Gland," and tell me how I can test "Vito-Gland" for 10 days at your risk. I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Block Letters Please.

She Curtsied—It Cost £10,000

Continued from Page 3

THE florists, caterers, musicians, and wine merchants' bills are no small matter, either, and the knowledgeable chaperon gets a "take off" from all these tradespeople.

In July country house visits (the chaperon is expected to guarantee several invitations of this kind) are followed by a jaunt to Le Touquet or Deauville.

August spells Scotland and shooting. In September "Miss" returns to London for a little season.

She has had a wonderfully happy if somewhat strenuous time, has been given every opportunity of showing her powers of charm, and spent a small fortune.

Mass "Debbling"

A NEW development of these days of financial stress is the "community coming out"—social mass production, as it were.

Several mothers of daughters about to make their social bow meet together months beforehand and arrange a series of parties.

Each parent arranges to give one ball, and for this series of balls every debutante will have a dinner party for, say, twenty guests, whom they "take on" to the dance.

If twenty debutantes do this, it means at least two hundred dancing men (that very elusive quantity) will be assured for dancing partners, and the sad and sorry spectacle of pretty wall-flowers will be evaded.

This scheme works out very well. It's a saving of money, and what is even more important, it ensures sufficient men for a big dance—a task that is really arduous for a single hostess.



They were all grouped together around the fire, which seemed like a red light gleaming through the mist of his tears.

LOST and FOUND

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

A poignant and human story of a lonely man and a lost boy and how they found happiness together.



A near sundown on the high desert road, the wagon outfit was like some species of crippled insect with its battered shell dragging behind, crawling laboriously across the face of the giant land.

It was a dejected, spiritless crew. The imprint of weary miles was upon the sway-backed horses and creaking wagon. A sandy-haired man with a drooping moustache sat slumped on the single seat. Beside him, his slatternly wife dozed. Seven children festooned the bulging equipment in the back; three girls, four boys. The three girls were watching the boys fight; delighted as scrawny cats, and as cruel.

The three big ones had Jamie down. Slink, a heavy-browed, sullen boy, most dangerous and implacable of the trio, was going through Jamie's pockets. They were looking for a jack-knife that a man had given Jamie back at the cross-roads. Jamie said nothing. He never cried out, knowing it was useless. He wanted to keep the knife. It was a sort of symbol of all the things he had tried to defend during his twelve battered years. Should he lose it, he felt that he was done for.

The woman roused herself and looked back. "You better stop 'em, Jed. They'll hurt Jamie bad some of these days."

By...
Robert Ormond CASE

The girls wilted, letting their shoulders slump and curving their lips down. The boys broke away and sat huddled, hugging their ragged knees. Jamie played his part, too.

The rider took form in the fog of dust. He was a grim-lipped, hard-bitten man on a powerful horse. He pulled up and surveyed the outfit with a sardonic, unsympathetic eye. Jed sat slumped. His ragged moustache drooped.

"S

TRANGER," said he, dejectedly. "Is there anywhere around these parts where a man can stop and get a little grub for his family?"

The man looked at Jed and the woman and the horses. He looked at the children one by one, and hard at

"Let 'em battle," returned the man. "That orphan's outlived his usefulness. If he gets beat enough, he'll quit. This racket's getting worked out, anyway. Every once in a while now, some scissor-bill wants to know why me and the boys don't get to work. Jamie's been the best front we've had, since we adopted him; but he's getting out of hand. Let him shift for himself."

Just then the man spoke, abruptly. It was their cue to sit around and not peaked and down in the mouth.

"Cut out the fighting. Here comes a chizen."



Jamie sat on a sand-drift and watched the camp.

Jamie. All the rest of the children were two-heads. Jamie was dark, with dark freckles.

"Sure is," he said at length. "Right behind you, at the county seat. They'll give you grub enough to get out of the country."

Jed shook his head. "They threw us out."

"Won't work, eh?" said the man, and he laughed shortly. "I see. Well, fella, this is Box L. range you're riding through. Keep going. And don't stop. Understand?"

Jed hunched his shoulders, and his moustache quivered. The man grunted and looked again at Jamie.

"What's the matter with you, son? What you crying for?"

"Nothing."

"Don't cry," said the man. "It don't buy you anything. When hostile circumstances get you down, bite 'em from underneath."

He grinned like a wolf, and jerked his thumb towards the south, scowling. Then he rode on north.

"I got that egg figured," Jed told his wife, as the outfit got under way again. "He isn't so tough. We'll camp in that shack ahead, anyhow, and see what he'll do."

The abandoned cabin looked like lots of others they'd seen in the high country. Some homesteader, years before, had cleared a little space in the sage brush; but it was all sand-blown now.

When they turned in and stopped in front of the cabin, the two biggest boys dragged their bed-rolls off and tried to get there first. There was always a scramble to find the best place to sleep. Whoever got his bedding planted there was entitled to keep it. They all knew there'd be no tent put up to-night. It made a better impression on any customers that came by to see them huddled around in the open like lost souls.

S

LINK out-smarted them as usual. He had his bed-roll balanced on the edge of the wagon-box before they came to a halt. He hit the ground running, with a good lead.

Jamie didn't join in the scramble. He knew it wouldn't be any use; he'd get what was left, anyway. Besides, he had to help unhitch the team and help around the camp. He had to work right along with Jed and earn his keep.

So he left his bed-roll on the wagon. It wasn't much of a roll—a piece of canvas, an old overcoat, and a horse-blanket that once had wool underneath—but he always got along with it. It was just as well to leave the roll there where he could watch it. The knife was hidden in the lining of the overcoat, below the hole in the right-hand pocket.

They soon had a big fire burning. The shadow of the mountain had already crept across the homestead. It was getting colder by the minute. It would soon be dark now, with the stars flaming like lamps in the sky and far sage whispering.

Jed left Slink on guard while they ate. It was dark now, and Slink had the ears of a lynx. If a customer should come in the midst of a meal they'd have to move fast. The food would all be put together and covered with the battered wash-tub. Then the young ones would sit on the tub and spread their hands toward the fire. That always made a picture.

Nobody came until everything was in the clear. Then, from the direction of the far-off, twinkling ranch, they heard a horse galloping.

"Get set, everybody," said Jed. "Here comes the scissor-bill. You Jamie,

watch your step. I'm done arguing with you, young feller-me-lad. Spoil this play and it means grief."

The man rode into the light of the fire. He looped his leg over the saddle-horn and looked at them, one by one.

"Listen, fella," he said to Jed. "You think I was wise-cracking? Round up your army and get off the premises. I mean . . . pronto."

"We can't. Our horses have plumb give out. The young ones, too." Jed's voice shook. "This outfit's practically starving."

"Yeah?" He looked at Jamie. "How about it, son? You starving?"

It was a tough moment for the boy. It had been getting harder and harder each time to play up. He decided suddenly, looking at the man, that he'd rather die than continue like this.

"No," he said.

"I was watching you through the field-glasses a while back," said the man, nodding. "Everybody looked like they were eating hearty. You, too?"

"Yes," said Jamie.

"I thought so. How come, fella?" He scowled at Jed.

"That's enough," said Jed. He didn't look at the man but at Jamie. "No argument. Leave us camp here to-

Be Careful!

I knew when first we met that we should part
In one short week (be careful, O, my heart!)
Speak not of deep emotion,
Deal in laughter
That has no pain of sorrow
walking after!)

But how may one control so deep a feeling
That sets the most determined
senses reeling?

I smiled and said, "I'm very pleased I met you—
But now, in all the world, shall I forget you?"
—Yvonne Webb.

night and we'll be gone by sun-up. That's a promise."

The man shrugged his shoulders and swung his foot back into the stirrup. "Okay. I reckon you can't do much damage here. Sun-up, remember."

When he was gone, Jed took down the black snake that was coiled about the brake-lever of the wagon. He ran the long, tapering, darkly-stained lash through his fingers as he came back slowly to the fire. Jed wasn't dispirited any more. He was like a man who's come at last to the feast. He's late, but he'll eat hearty.

"Spoil the play, will you?" he said, softly. "Stand away from the fire a little, Jamie, me lad."

T

HE girls' chattering ceased. They watched, wide-eyed and expectant. Slink grinned behind his hand.

"Catch him around the back and hips, Jed," the woman counselled. "Don't you cut his legs. It's liable to make talk."

Jamie backed away, clasping his arms about him.

"Don't you lick me, Jed," His voice shook. "I couldn't help it. I couldn't lie any more. Let me go. Let me take my roll and—"

Jed was following along, the black snake trailing. "Stand still now. That's right, don't move. Cross me, will you, you snivelling orphan? I'm gonna cut you down like wheat."

Please turn to Page 16

The A. B. C. Murders

BEGINNING a great romantic thriller by that master of the mystery story, Agatha Christie, and announcing the welcome return of M. Poirot, gay humorist and prince of detectives.

FOREWORD:
(By Captain Arthur Hastings, O.B.E.)

IN this narrative of mine I have departed from my usual practice of relating only those incidents and scenes at which I myself was present. Certain chapters, therefore, are written in the third person. I wish to assure my readers that I can vouch for the occurrences related in these chapters. If I have taken a certain poetic licence in describing the thoughts and feelings of various persons, it is because I believe I have set them down with a reasonable amount of accuracy. I may add that they have been "vetted" by my friend Hercule Poirot himself.

In conclusion, I will say that if I have described at too great length some of the secondary personal relationships which arose as a consequence of this strange series of crimes, it is because the human and personal element can never be ignored. Hercule Poirot once taught me in a very dramatic manner that romance can be a by-product of crime.

As to the writing of the A.B.C. mystery, I can only say that in my opinion Poirot showed real genius in the way he tackled a problem entirely unlike any which had previously come his way.

CHAPTER 1

IT was in June of 1935 that I came home from my ranch in South America for a stay of about six months. It had been a difficult time for us out there. Like everyone else, we had suffered from world depression. I had various affairs to see to in England that I felt could only be successful if a personal touch was introduced. My wife remained to manage the ranch.

I need hardly say that one of my first actions on reaching England was to look up my old friend, Hercule Poirot.

I found him installed in one of the newest type of service flats in London. I accused him (and he admitted the fact) of having chosen this particular building entirely on account of its strictly geometrical appearance and proportions.

"But yes, my friend, it is of a most pleasing symmetry, do you not find it so?"

I said that I thought there could be too much squareness and, alluding to an old joke, I asked if in this super-

modern hostelry they managed to induce hens to lay square eggs?

Poirot laughed heartily. "Ah, you remember that? Alas! no—science has not yet induced the hens to conform to modern tastes, they still lay eggs of different sizes and colors!" I examined my old friend with an affectionate eye. He was looking wonderfully well—hardly a day older than when I had last seen him.

"You're looking in fine fettle, Poirot," I said. "You've hardly aged at all. In fact, if it were possible, I should say that you had fewer grey hairs than when I saw you last."

Poirot beamed on me. "And why is that not possible? It is quite true."

"Do you mean your hair is turning from grey to black instead of from black to grey?"

"Precisely."

"But surely that's a scientific impossibility!"

"Not at all."

"But it's very extraordinary. It seems against nature."

"As usual, Hastings, you have the beautiful and untroubled mind. Years do not change that in you! You perceive a fact and mention the solution of it in the same breath without noticing that you are doing so!"

I stared at him, puzzled.

Without a word he walked into his bedroom and returned with a bottle in his hand which he handed to me.

I took it for the moment uncomprehending.

It bore the words:

REVIVIT.—To bring back the

natural tone of the hair. REVIVIT is

NOT a dye. In five shades, Ash,

Chestnut, Titian, Brown, Black.

"Poirot," I cried. "You have dyed

your hair!"

"Ah, the comprehension comes to you!"

"So that's why your hair looks so

much blacker than it did last time I

was back."

"Exactly."

"Dear me," I said, recovering from

the shock. "I suppose next time I

come home I shall find you wearing

false moustaches—or are you doing so

now?"

Poirot winced. His moustaches had

always been his

sensitive point. He

was a inordinately

proud of them. My

words touched him on the raw.

"No, no, indeed, mon ami. That day,

I pray the good God, is still far off.

The false moustaches! Quel horreur!"

He tugged at them vigorously to

assure me of their genuine character.

"Well, they are very luxuriant still,"

I said.

"N'est ce pas? Never, in the whole

of London, have I seen a pair of

moustaches to equal mine."

A good job, too, I thought privately.

But I would not for the world have

hurt Poirot's feelings by saying so.

INSTEAD, I asked if

he still practised his profession on oc-

casional.

"I know," I said, "that you actually

retired years ago—"

"C'est vrai. To grow the vegetable

marrows! And immediately a murder

occurs—and I send the vegetable

marrows to promenade themselves to

the devil. And since then—I know very

well what you will say—I am like the

prima donna who makes positively the

farewell performance! That farewell

performance, it repeats itself an in-

definite number of times!"

I laughed.

"In truth, it has been very like that.

Each time I say: this is the end. But

no, something else arises! And I will

admit it, my friend, the retirement I

care for it not at all. If the little grey

cells are not exercised, they grow the

rust."

"I see," I said. "You exercise them

in moderation."

"Precisely. I pick and choose. For

Hercule Poirot nowadays only the

cream of crime."

"Has there been much cream about?"

"Pas mal. Not long ago I had a

narrow escape."

"Of failure?"

"No, no." Poirot looked shocked.

"But I—I, Hercule Poirot, was nearly

exterminated."

I whistled.

"An enterprising murderer!"

"Not so much enterprising as care-

less," said Poirot. "Precisely that—

careless. But let us not talk of it.

You know, Hastings, in many ways I

regard you as my mascot."

"Indeed?" I said. "In what ways?"

Please turn to Page 42



Illustrated
... by ...
WEP



What was the sinister thing which lurked behind these accounts of sudden death and menaced so many lives?

A CHIEF UPSTAIRS

It's bad enough for a bachelor to have to go shopping for his dinner; but it's too much when his well-planned meal is stolen by a beautiful unknown lady upstairs.

A Complete Short Story

By
**HYLTON
CLEAVER**



LIKE many men who live alone George Bellamy fancied himself as a cook. For example, he always rolled sausages in flour before he fried them, and how many people do that? Also, he would whisk his steak with the flat side of a chopper before he grilled it. He did not go much farther than that, but what man needs to?

He fancied himself as a shopper, as well.

He would set out at eventide for the street market, with a pipe between his teeth, hands in pockets and soft hat rakishly askant, his manner that of the detective more than the economist. And he would snoop around and buy things which he didn't want because they struck him as being cheaper than elsewhere. The fact that they were not of such good quality escaped him. He was satisfied.

To-day, however, he did not feel in the mood to haggle.

He had been looking forward to going away for the week-end, and now the whole thing had been put off. This entailed all the trouble and expense of stocking his larder after all, and he felt thoroughly truculent. He refused to pick and choose, and stood in turn at the various counters of one store where they sold everything from fish to green vegetables. Here he ordered everything he wanted, and commanded that it be delivered quickly, after which he went to buy some liquors which he carried home in person, walking all the way in the hope that it would cure his temper.

It might have done, had his parcels been at home when he got there. The fact that they had not arrived only revived his irritation, and after waiting

Condemned

*If I can hear the music of the rain,
A violin sobbing, or a summer night,
Hot sunsets o'er a windswept,
Naked plain,
A camp fire's light.*

*If I can know the sea in all its ways,
And count the lonely lights
Along a coast,
Life's riches I'll have known in
my last days,
That is my boast.*

some while and peeping out of the window with an ominous sharp-featuredness, he suddenly set off for the stores to make a thorough row about it. Here he learned that the goods had left the shop directly he had ordered them. The boy responsible for their delivery had returned, and now, when questioned, he declared that the parcels had been taken in by the young lady upstairs.

George glared at him. "What was she like? Had she dark hair? What was she dressed in?"

"A blue coat, sir."

"Blue-grey, you mean. I know it. What was the color of her eyes? They were blue-grey, too. I can even tell you that."

And he turned and marched off again.

So the girl upstairs had taken in his provisions.

Well, it was very kind of her up to a point. And yet, why had she done it? Not, he expected, for the mere sake of getting to know him. He had his flatlet on the ground floor, self-contained, and she had hers on the first floor, also self-contained. They had never spoken yet. The front door was never locked. Anyone could walk into the hall, and it was the custom of the



Illustrated by
FISCHER

tradesmen to leave milk, bread, and other deliveries outside each door, rather like boots and shoes in an hotel. Previously they had been safe enough.

He did not see why this girl, who had only been here a week or two, should fuss.

At home, therefore, he stroked his chin, straightened his tie, and went upstairs, knocking on the door which bore the neat brass plate embossed: "Miss Carol Layne."

HE wanted to start preparing dinner. He had been looking forward to that, as a consolation after the disappointment of the scratched week-end. He liked cooking and he wished to start measuring out just the right proportion of this, that, and the other to make a really savory repast. Now he could not get on with anything. He waited patiently, and there was no reply, which still further annoyed him. What was the point, he meant to say, of taking in a neighbor's parcels and promptly going out? Such a procedure was ridiculous. He listened at the door in a dog-like manner, ready to scratch at it if he heard a step. But all he heard was the instructive sound of water gushing into a bath, followed by the more dulcet music of a girl singing in a cool contralto, as she splashed.

Well, it was obviously no use knocking again now. He could hardly expect

Miss Carol Layne to come to the door in a bath towel, much as he would have liked her to do so. Glumly he went below again. Possibly she wasn't really bathing, but washing stockings, and in that case he trusted she would not be long.

He poured himself a drink and lit his fire. He stood biting his thumb and glancing at the clock, then opened his paper and stood behind it in a dis-

gratified mood. He hoped that the girl would come down and see him as soon as she was able, and that he would not have to keep making journeys up the stairs himself.

He really gave her every reasonable opportunity, but in the end he threw down his paper in despair, stamped to the door and buttoned up his jacket as well as a man who is about to start an argument. The moment that his foot was outside the door he checked.

The front door was being pushed open, and a man was in the act of stepping into the hall. George Bellamy did not like the man. It is

difficult to say what sort of man he would have liked, such was his mood just now. At any rate, this man looked up the stairs then trotted up them and knocked upon the door above. And, although George could not see all the way up, he managed to curl his nose in that direction, and when the door was opened his expression was a study. For there drifted out a really appetizing, savory aroma, and simultaneously with his sensing it he heard the visitor remark:

"Hullo! Have you been cooking?"

JUDGING from this that Miss Carol Layne was in an apron, George strained his ears to catch the answer, and this is what he heard.

"I've just begun to get you the most lovely dinner, here. Mixed grill, mushrooms, peas and tomatoes, asparagus, English cheddar, and celery. And

coffee. I thought that would be so much better than dining out."

The man passed in delightedly, and the door closed.

George Bellamy was left there. Then the girl upstairs was going to give another fellow George's dinner. She had described his purchases in the minutest detail, and with the blindest cheek. He had never heard of impertinence to equal it. Never. He could not move. He was transfixed. He did not close the door. He stood there, turning in his lips, making his eyes swell, and then abruptly he started up the stairs in the quick and stooping

Her eyes were very tender and her voice was throaty. "I'm not going to have that," said she. "I'm going to stay down here and d-d-darn your socks. There's never been a man yet I'd do that for."

fashion of a stern parent who has been sent a rebellious message by his son.

THE door swung inwards, and Carol Layne disclosed herself.

Yes, she was in an apron, and beneath the apron was a frock such as George Bellamy would have designed for her himself, had he been gifted with the power to design. But that was not what struck him with the greatest force. One can imagine how an impressionable policeman feels when, striding up to the driving-window of a car which has ignored his signal, he is faced by a creature of such limpid loveliness that he feels like tearing a button off his tunic, thus giving her a sentimental something by which to remember his hot-headedness. There stood Carol, and, as George had known (though he had never previously looked into them from close quarters such as these) her eyes were blue-grey. The lashes of the same were sooty. Her face had a faerie quality and when she saw who was on the mat this face seemed gradually to open like a flower and then to close again as if from dawn to evening of its life had passed in that one moment.

"I th-th-thought you'd gone away."

"I meant to, certainly," said George. "But, as you see, I didn't."

The way the poor girl then expelled all breath from her body made it seem as if a fairy had died in her heart. Indeed, she adopted a look of such ineffable appeal that it could hardly have been bettered by that most successful of appealing animals, the sugary plicant giraffe.

Please turn to Page 28

A Tale of a Stolen Dinner

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov

RENOVATIONS to Winter DRESSES

AT this time of the year you might be wanting a new frock to wear under your topcoat, or perhaps be considering a renovation to one of your winter frocks. The sketches on this page have been chosen

to suit either case. A complete transformation can be achieved with an old dress by studying some of the following ideas.

• • •



• **MOLYNEUX'S** most popular spring model. A dress of sheer black wool, worn with a yellow belt and a sunray-pleated jacket of the wool.



• **TOBACCO-BROWN** wool dress with three-quarter loose sleeves and a padded roll of the fabric for a belt. Pale pink chiffon scarf, hand-tucked, trims the neckline.



• **ON A GREEN** wool dress with a quaint neckline that ties at the back, put a tomato-colored swathed crepe belt and matching cuffs. You will be delighted with the effectiveness of this contrast in colors.



• **UNDER a black topcoat, and with a black wool skirt, wear this blouse of floral crepe or taffeta. A white ground with black flowers.**



• **THIS NAVY** wool dress is brightened by four red zippers that look like pockets, and another at the throat. They finish with red wool tassels. Red belt and lining of sleeves.

ALTHOUGH it might be rather too early to leave off your topcoat, a little later on the wool dress you have been wearing beneath it will be able to sally forth accompanied by a jacket and a new belt, so that even you will scarcely know it.

Jackets of all lengths and styles are the main feature of the new spring mode.

Cunning Jackets

JACKETS fitted and tailored, waist-length and loose, hip-length, hanging boxlike from the shoulders or flared, three-quarter length and swagger.

With a dark wool dress you will wear jackets of bright or pastel wool and a matching belt on the dress; or you might have a sunray-pleated jacket of sheer wool—the fabric the same as the dress—and a bright belt. Over a black dress—a yellow, pale blue, cyclamen or coral jacket. Over a navy dress a bright green, blotting-paper pink, yellow or natural jacket. Over a green dress, a brown, henna or black jacket.

THESE little coats are furless and made with simple necklines. Sleeves are wide—either at the wrist or at the shoulder. Shoulders are greatly accentuated, the upper part of the sleeve being puffed, folded, draped, shirred, gathered or pleated. At first you will wear sheer wool or velveteen jackets—later on they will be of crepe and taffeta.

Colored belts and sashes are easy and effective renovations. Waistlines are the high spot in the new spring mode.

Molyneux puts his waistlines slightly lower than normal, and wraps them round with striking colored girdles and sashes; he also tucks a large bunch of flowers in at one side. There are tight corset belts, wide in front; wide leather belts, colored patent leather belts.

Sashes, hugging your waist like a cummerbund, wrap round and tie in a bow at the side front. "Pull your waist in as tight as you can" seems to have been the cry of all the designers this season. Printed crepe belts are numerous. These are wide and draped, and finish at the waistline or tie in a bow with ends.

On an old black or navy dress try one

of these wide belts and cut the sleeves to short or three-quarter length and have matching cuffs. Any pastel shade or bright yellow, bright green, red, coral, reddish-purple or white—or use a print, two colors only for preference—one, the black or navy, the other pastel or vivid. Dull crepes or pique make these attractive accessories.

ANOTHER way to change the appearance of a dress you are tired of is to add something to the neckline. Choose a small white ruff to fasten high around your throat on a black wool dress. A frill of white organdie, a flare of white pique, a pleated ruffle in pastel chiffon. It does not matter how high they go; some foam up almost to your ears.

Ruffles of flowered crepe and challis are smart on dark wool frocks. Soft chiffon jabots and scarves, hand-tucked or hemstitched make the hardest neckline becoming. Pale pink, white, pale blue and mauve if the dress is dark.

If you have been wearing a topcoat with a matching skirt, then a new blouse will be your aim.

Floral crepe or taffeta in a bold design or pleated plain chiffon should be

your choice. The floral blouse will probably come just over the skirt, it will certainly have full sleeves, either short or three-quarter, and nine out of ten times the neck will be high. Plaid and spotted taffetas are also used.

The chiffon blouse might have a finely-pleated front or pleated long, full sleeves, or both. Let it be in a vivid shade with a dark ensemble—coral, crimson, emerald, purple, yellow.

With a wool skirt you might try one of the bow tunics—or cut the top off a dress, just leaving the skirt, and add a tunic. These differ slightly from last season in the fact that they all flare out from the hips. The top will, of course, have the neck and sleeves of a dress, then there will be a tight waist fitted by a belt; from here the tunic fits over the hips, and then starts to flare until it is quite full just below the knees where it finishes.

Wear a contrasting tunic over a dark skirt, and use either satin or crepe.

Colorful Accents

COLORFUL accessories such as hats, gloves, bags and flowers give infinite variety to an old dress. With a dark brown dress you might try a pale pink felt hat and pink suede gloves and a big pink chrysanthemum, made of pique. With a tan dress try green hat, gloves and bag. With a navy or black dress, yellow felt hat, yellow fabric gloves, and a yellow belt—or pale blue. Gloves come in other exciting colors—raspberry, violet, rust, slate-blue; match these up with a flower or a ribbon in your hat. You will wear colored frocks for spring, but also lots of black, tobacco-brown and navy, but you will brighten them with bits of color—coral, bright blue, purple, yellow, white, orchid, and emerald.

TO DINE and DANCE

Gowns can be demure, daring, simple, complex or picturesque!



Fashion photographs on this page were selected in London by Mary St. Claire and sent by air mail.



ABOVE: Egg-shell moire makes this delightful new dance frock. The skirt is cut in fascinating flares, which finish in a short, full train. The tight-fitting bodice is adorned with brood motifs, which give it a military air.

LEFT: This picturesque evening gown is of deep blue crepe-de-chine printed with vivid flowers. It illustrates the House of Patou's daring new sleeve-neckline. The fullness of the skirt, which begins below the knees at the back, forms a short train.



TOP LEFT: This elaborate cocktail gown is fashioned from multi-colored crepe. The three-quarter, loose-fitting black crepe jacket is appliqued with flowers.

CENTRE: Paquin sponsors this intricately-cut black satin evening frock. The sheath-like bodice is offset with a halter neckline.

LEFT: This demure-looking dinner or cocktail frock is of black striped taffeta. The abbreviated jacket, with its puff sleeves, is ornamented with three huge diamond buttons.



**DON'T NEGLECT
THAT COUGH**
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It is positively dangerous to neglect a Cold. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE there would be little fear of any serious complications (such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy and Bronchitis).

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K/12

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MARCH of the MODE ...

by
RENE



Cora

Rene.

Edith

Elizabeth

PLEATED SHEERS ... Steal Softly into the Spotlight!

ENTER now pleating. Almost unheralded, but instantly triumphant. Winning by sheer merit. Its good points—line, grace, freedom, simplicity. In that order.

Has its drawbacks. Yes. Demands good fabrics and miles of them. Why bring that up? Good for trade. Good for you, too. Gives you nice superiority complex.

Not a new notion. Nothing new under the sun, anyway. Eve probably pleated first spring smock. Or was it Lillith? Infinite variety. Allover, sunburst, knife and nearly every shape known to Euclid.

Pleats morning, noon, night. "Rene," clever fashion artist, likes them best by night and in sheers. Pronounces pleated sheers delicate, delicious, ethereal, ravishing. Here you see some of her nicest pleating notions.

First, Cora. Coiffure-clutching lass all

dressed up for dancing. Corsage straightly-modelled. Skirt very fully pleated. Black net.

Next to Cora, Edith. Nice back. Knows it. White chiffon. Knife pleated, trained. You couldn't overlook what pleating treatment does for Edie's back.

"Rene" realises there's more to a gown than backlessness. She turns Edith round. Also turns her white chiffon into black satin. These fashion artists!

Now you see Cora's cunning waistline. Her high neckline.

New Elizabeth. Pleated cape. Red chiffon over ivory satin frock. Last, Margaret. Lone "Lovely" setting out to dine. Pleats from neck to hem. Gold-studded kid belt. Don't trust Margaret's forlorn pose. Won't be lonely long.

AND SO THE MODE MARCHES ON.—A.J.

Introducing ...

"RENE"

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly

WITH this page, a new feature is added to your paper—a weekly series of fashion drawings by "Rene."

It is a great joy to be able to announce that "Rene" has joined our staff of fashion artists. She is, undoubtedly, the cleverest woman fashion artist in Australia.

Though still in her early twenties, she has already done so much successful work for leading Australian fashion houses and newspapers that she has won an enviable reputation for her art.

"Rene's" work has a distinctive feminine quality which wins its way to every woman's appreciation. Not only is she a gifted artist.

She is also a brilliant designer. Her flair for interpreting the trends of the mode amounts to genius. It gives her work that touch of individuality which is the rarest and most desirable of attributes in a fashion artist.

Because she is young, modern, sensitive to changes of style, eager to apprehend and apply them, "Rene" is essentially an artist for to-day. She sees fashion as an aid to fuller and happier living. She wants to keep you in step with the March of the Mode. We feel confident you will give her a warm welcome and look forward happily to her weekly page.

Margaret

Laid in Full

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By
R. P.
Johnson

"SIX months' hard labor. And I warn you that on your next appearance you will be declared an habitual criminal!"

These words rang into Jim Parkman's ears. A firm hand took his elbow and led him down the aisle which divided the sea of staring eyes.

If ever there was a Jonah in crime, he was one—caught every time!

Another six long months Bessie Parkman waited for her husband, Jim. She was his regular and only visitor and her unshaken loyalty staggered him. Not a murmur of condemnation passed her lips and her persistent pleading eventually wore through his resistance and touched a spot as yet unhardened. He promised to go straight.

The day came. The last of his sentence in the stern, gloomy Long Bay. She stood before him with arms outstretched as usual—a pathetic half-smile verging on tears. She shook her head to crush a sob and he cursed the big ear which rolled down to his mouth and pulled her close to him so that she would not see his quivering lip.

"Jimmy, you'll go straight, I know... I saved a bit while I was working... we can take a cottage out in the suburbs... we can pack up to-day."

Parkman spoke with enthusiasm backed by the sheer joy of his new freedom.

"You bet we will, Bess. I'll try hard for a job, too!"

An hour later found him in the dingy little room which he had left his wife to maintain. He scanned the "To-Let" columns of the daily paper while Bessie, excited at their new chance, and the prospects of a change from the drab abode, rummaged confusedly through trunks and drawers in her eagerness to pack immediately.

Of a sudden she was silent. Parkman looked up curiously.

"Jim—you'll get rid of this?"

Parkman took it from her and gazed silently upon it. He weighed it in his hand and reflected with a grim smile.

"My auto—huh! At least there's one thing they've never caught me with!"

"Don't be too sure, Jim. You mustn't take any more chances—please throw it out!"

"I'll take it with me to-day and dump it somewhere first chance I get."

He slipped it into his pocket and took up the paper again.

"Here's one we can try for—cheap rent, too!" he remarked, as his eye caught on an advertisement of a small cottage in an outlying suburb.

When Bessie read it over his shoulder that indescribable joy of new hope surged within her again. Vivid scenes of future happiness and peace and contentment flashed through her mind and she became impatient.

"Oh Jim—if we can only get this one!" she burst out excitedly. "We'll go straight to the agent after lunch!"

LATER in the afternoon found them in the agent's office. A lady clerk informed them that the agent was out and that he would not be back for an hour.

"Miss! Couldn't we have the keys to look through ourselves? We must see about a carrier before dark!" said Bessie.

"Well, er... have you brought a recommendation?"

"We'll pay a week's rent now if that'll do you," Parkman broke in. The girl hesitated, but eventually accepted the money and handed them the keys.

The cottage was some distance away from the suburban centre. In fact, when they found themselves trekking over wide grassy paddocks out into the less populated part, Parkman began to contemplate a lonely existence contrasting with the busy city in which he had lived most of his life. Anyway, he thought, he lost himself from his old crowd—and Bess wanted it.

They came upon it at last. A neat little weatherboard house.

As Parkman opened the front gate a feeling of childish joy settled over him; a happiness and a strange contentment which he had not experienced since his criminal career began.

He'd get a job right away. He knew it. Luck would be with him now that he'd made up his mind to be a good

citizen—he'd be as straight as a die. Good little Bess, he thought, I'll make it up to her from now on!

Revolutions flowed through him and he found himself smiling as he plunged the key into the front door.

Bess clung to his arm and held him back.

"Jimmy, it's ours—our home!" She smiled into his own smiling face, eyes gleaming with suppressed excitement. "Let's walk in together!"

The bare boards and emptiness resounded their footsteps. Bessie darted happily from room to room dictating where each piece of furniture, real and imaginary, was to be placed, while Parkman, a gradually changing man, strode proudly about.

Her excitement amused him, and he felt himself suddenly becoming proud of her.

"Why, you're still a little girl, Bess. I've denied you this all these years!"

She stared at him strangely for a few seconds and then flung her arms around his neck.

"Jimmy—let's forget those years. Let's pretend we're just married!"

PARKMAN gulped. For the first time in his life his conscience stung hard.

"We'll have to get back now, there's a lot to be done before dark," he muttered, and with arms around each other they walked out and slammed the door.

"Oh Jim—the keys! They're inside!" Parkman frowned. "Just when we're late too—you wait here, Bess, I'll have to get through that window at the back."

He could find nothing to help him lever the window open, and decided to break the pane and unlatch it.

It was not destined that he should see a slightly-drawn curtain of a neighboring window and the face which peered curiously through at him when he selected a stone and sent the glass tinkling on to the floor inside. Neither was he to see the startled expression as he unlatched the window and climbed in.

From room to room he searched without a sign of them. He became annoyed and impatient, and was about to open the door again when a fast car slammed on screeching brakes and pulled up outside. On hearing heavy footsteps coming up the path and harsh voices addressing Bessie he swung the door open to be confronted by a squad of police.

A hurly plainclothes man stepped forward and his eyes lit up with grim surprise.

"Hallo! You, Parkman! Why, you were only out this morning. At it again so soon!"

He turned to a uniformed policeman while Parkman stood dumbfounded and unable to speak.

"Go over him, Jack; then bring them along... good thing that woman phoned us!"

The policeman roughly grabbed him and expertly searched his clothing.

"Ha! A gun!" he snapped as his hand bumped against the automatic pistol which Parkman had slipped into his pocket in the morning.

"You'll get it for this, if nothing else, Parkman. Come on—no talk!"

A pair of steel bracelets were clamped on his wrists and he was escorted with his bewildered and astonished wife to the waiting car.

Parkman stared grimly ahead as they sped on.

He cursed himself for not ridding himself of the gun earlier; he pressed his lips hard together to prevent shouting aloud a curse on everything. He was a Jonah; always would be a Jonah; the word burned bitterly into him when he reflected on those few hours of new happiness and resolution. Yes, the court would be hard on a man with a record who was caught carrying an unloaded pistol.

Bessie leant over and laid a trembling hand on his. She tried to smile through dimmed eyes and whispered through a quivering sob:

"I'll wait again... Jimmy!"

(Copyright)

Why Does He "FALL" in Love and Out Again?

Love is a thing that attacks us all. We "fall" for people and usually our friends ask what makes us? "What does she see in him?" they ask, or "What does he see in her?" Do you know what he sees in You—or what he doesn't see in you when he (and they do, you know) falls out of love again? It's all a matter of individual psychology. But it's so important that you must know all about it if you want to win love—and hold it for all time. How can you find out? Buy the July number of "HEALTH & PHYSICAL CULTURE" at your nearest bookstall, to-day. There is information there worth pounds. It may mean a happy heart for you!



MOTHERS! Do You Want WAR?

When you watch your little ones full of life and laughter, the pride of your life, your hope and joy, do you think that



Why We Should SILENCE Doctors Who TELL

Why is it that some doctors break the medical oath of secrecy? There are times when the law can compel a doctor to disclose the intimate secrets that pass between him and his patients, secrets he had sworn to honour by silence.

The problems of modern life often urge a father or a mother, a sweetheart, a husband, or wife, to ask questions concerning their dear ones, questions they have a right to ask, but which no doctor should answer.

Sir Bruce Porter, the great English physician, says that doctors who tell should be silenced. Why does this great man take that attitude? Let him tell you himself in the July number of "HEALTH AND PHYSICAL CULTURE," the magazine every family reads and studies, the magazine with something of intimate and important interest for you!

Don't fail to get your copy to-day. If your local newsagent has already sold out, send the coupon below. This is an issue you must not miss.

"HEALTH and PHYSICAL CULTURE" MAGAZINE

The National Magazine for Health and Success
Full Every Month of Live, Bright, Up-to-Date Features of Intimate Appeal to YOU!
107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

When are You Going to STOP Them KILLING Young MOTHERS?

Our maternal mortality figures have assumed the proportions of a national scandal. Mothers are dying needlessly and from preventable causes. No young mother about to have her child knows but what she will have to descend into the Valley of Death. Yet this is all preventable. These deaths are a crying scandal. Read how they can be prevented in this month's issue of the national magazine of health—"HEALTH & PHYSICAL CULTURE."

How to COMMAND Sound SLEEP

Nothing ages you so quickly as loss of sleep. There is no need to describe the horror of tossing through those restless nights knowing that health and looks and hope are slipping from you.

But you need not worry. You can cure yourself very simply if you wish to—and there's no doubt in the world that, once you have suffered this night-blight, you will give almost anything for a cure. Read "HEALTH & PHYSICAL CULTURE"—the July issue—and you will be told how you can bring your health back by commanding sound sleep every night! You can get your copy at the nearest bookstall.

How to Make Your SHOULDERS BEAUTIFUL

If one's shoulders are not quite as they should be, one is always at a disadvantage in even the smartest evening gown. And the fashion makes rather much of shoulders just now. Here is a new method, and a simple one, of acquiring shoulder beauty and slimness, given in the July number of "HEALTH & PHYSICAL CULTURE," the magazine for health, beauty, and happiness! Buy your copy to-day at any newsagent's.

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Written by SPECIALISTS for YOU!

If you are interested in human betterment, in diet, beauty, health, recreation, and your general welfare, you must become a regular reader of this great magazine. It is written to help you with accurate information upon all your personal problems. Get the July number of this friend and counsellor to-day—NOW!

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I enclose 1/- in stamps for a copy of the July issue of "HEALTH & PHYSICAL CULTURE."

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An Editorial

JULY 4, 1936.

BARGAIN SALES—AND WHY



is as old as civilisation.

Primitive barter was, in effect, a bargain sale; but the form and method have changed with the growth of commerce and trade.

In earliest times, primitive races just exchanged one set of goods for another, often haggling over the amounts in dumb show.

This method of buying and bargaining still lingers in Oriental countries to-day. The purchaser names a low price for the goods he or she wishes to buy; the seller names a high one.

Then comes a long-winded haggling over the price; the customer offers more, the vendor demands less—till finally a "bargain" is hit on, the goods change hands, and each party is satisfied.

This type of bargaining is too slow and antiquated for the busy civilisations of Western nations to-day.

Yet the "bargain," being an irresistible lure, cannot be dropped entirely; hence the system of periodical sales, in which the same object is achieved in another way.

In dressing their windows with low-priced goods, and publishing in advance prices which are obvious bargains, the vendors may be considered to have cut out the long-drawn haggling of the primitive sale. They offer the customer at once their "irreducible minimum."

In such sales the merchant is able to clear out present stocks to make room for others. And this again benefits the buyer; for, selling on a big scale, the vendor is enabled to lower his current prices.

The buyer is not deprived of choice. He or she can still compare these prices with others; and it is this appeal to choice that makes the offered bargain such a lure.

In fact, in offering goods "marked down" from the current price, the merchant is merely repeating the method of his primitive forbears. He "comes down," he makes a concession—and none of us can resist it.

It is a "bargain"; something gained over the humdrum, fixed-price method of buying and selling.

And its popularity is evidenced by the crowds which throng the city stores during the "sales."

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Manners Makyth Movies

A SOCIALLY prominent hostess has deplored the lack of manners of people to-day, but it appears that the grand old days weren't so spacious and punctilious after all.

The Romans may have excelled at throwing a banquet, but manners were as bad as they are to-day. A film company making "Romeo and Juliet" let its research department loose in Italy, and a centuries-old guide to manners for patricians was unearthed, which says:

"When dining out, don't put your knife in its sheath too early; there may be more to come."

"Don't put your thumb in the wine bowl when passing it to your neighbor."

"Don't pick your teeth with a knife."

It all sounds so very modern, doesn't it?

Precious Baby

OF course everyone's baby is worth

all the riches in the world, but how would you like to have a baby in the house worth more than the national debt?

A frail morsel of humanity living on the French Riviera for health reasons is worth the modest sum of \$280,000,000. He is the grandson of an Indian potentate, the Nizam of Hyderabad. There is no chorus of publicity about this youngster, but he can prove in good round millions that he is the richest child in the world.

In fact, by comparison, Barbara Hutton's much-publicised "richest child" is on the bread line. Just to add to his advantages, since grandfather is head of an Indian State, the child's money is not subject to taxation.

Which, by the way, might also earn for him the title of world's luckiest child.

Friendly Feeling

TEMPERAMENT and genius are not necessarily inseparable; in fact, nowadays the pose of "temperament" is not done. At Richard Crooks' first Australian concert, in Sydney, he smilingly allowed late-comers to get to their seats before going on with his number.

A graceful and friendly gesture from a fine artist, and one which will probably reduce late entries to a minimum. For, after all, music-lovers are human, and surely one good turn deserves another.

Taxation Tango

JUST before Fraulein Norda Mata went on the stage at Brisbane to give an interpretative dance she was handed a letter from the Income Tax Department.

The average taxpayer with a fellow feeling for such occasions suggests that the dancer should now be able to give a poignant and authentic interpretative dance of a man receiving the tax assessment.

So far he has been only able to dance with rage.

Lyric of Life

Eternal

STRANGE how really great are little things;
A cobweb dew-bespangled in the dawn,
A branch of willow dipping to a stream,
And fallen fronds of lilac on the grass.
At sight of them an ecstasy is born,
A call to inspiration, and a dream,
That cannot pale though vaster things may pass.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Beauty Is Screen Deep

GENTLEMEN may still prefer blondes, but television will bring brunettes back into the spotlight.

Recent investigation reveals that pretty blondes will not "televise" well owing to lack of contrast in their features. Oval-faced brunettes with features full of contrast will be the ideal choice. And speaking of contrast, the glowing television star of the future will have something outstanding in the way of make-up.

The schedule runs as follows: Eyebrows to be black, eyelids green, eyelashes black, cheeks light yellow, nose dark yellow, inside nostril full red, lips brown.

The screen will do the rest—which proves that, after all, beauty is only screen deep.



MISS TANYA SCHWAB has not exactly put the clock back four hundred years, but she is holding a replica of the timepiece Christopher Columbus used on his voyage to America in 1492. —Air Mail photo.

Bandits Beware!

WHEN police protection may be had for so much an hour, business girls with the firm's takings in their care trust not to the power of innocent looks over bandits. All such trips to the bank become "escorted tours," and the girl and the money are safe with the "strong right arm" plus skill with a revolver.

Many Australian women-run firms either take these precautionary measures against possible attack or arrange with the bank for the collection of the day's takings, or leave all such matters of high finance in the hands of a man.

Does Ripley Know—

THE whole world knows that Australia is the land of Royal Commissions on any or every subject, but it is news to know that the Police Commission in Melbourne has been run at a profit for the taxpayers.

There should be a testimonial for the genius who conceived the bright idea of selling typewritten reports of the evidence. The result has been a profit of £10.

Surely there's the germ of a great industry in this. Let us have bigger and better commissions, and in time the shorthand writer will become as valuable as the merino. Who knows but that he may also become a prohibited export in order to keep our national sources of wealth in the country.

Putting Women's Case Before World's Leaders

A warning against the too-ready desire of organisations of both men and women to accredit as delegate anyone who happens to be going abroad is given in this article by Mrs. Linda P. Littlejohn, the well-known leader of women's movements.

Australian women should be alive to the importance of having matters in which they are vitally interested adequately presented to the world's round-table conferences, she points out.

By LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN—By Air Mail From London

THE British Commonwealth League Conference has just been held in London. Short cables have already reached you about it.

Resolutions at any time make rather dull reading, so, rather than chronicle these, I wish to raise a point which has been forcibly brought before me already at several conferences here.

Do organisations exercise sufficient care to ensure that the delegates that they accredit to overseas conferences are fully acquainted with the programme of the conference and with the implications of the resolutions?

Most important of all, do they carry the authority from their State or organisation to speak and vote on their behalf on resolutions which may arise after the delegate has left the homeland?

I have heard delegates speak and vote on such matters, thereby committing an organisation to a policy which they have never even discussed at home.

More Jobs For Women

AT this conference there was a resolution on the admission of women to the Diplomatic, Trade and Consular services.

A few days previously the Government released the report of the Commission appointed to inquire into this matter. As you have already read, four were in favor of their admittance and four opposed. The Government, however, refused them admittance.

The resolution censured the Government for their refusal, and conference passed it with only one dissentient—Queensland.

It came as a great shock to the conference (representative of all the Dominions, several Colonies and Protectorates) to find that objection to any plan that would increase women's opportunity of gaining new spheres of work came from a country that prided itself on its opportunities available to women, on its freedom from antiquated tradition, on its forward outlook.

Since then I have discovered that the organisation in question has not discussed the question or given a ruling on the matter, nor have they had the opportunity to peruse the Commission's report which states both sides of the question.

Nevertheless, it has gone into history and will be printed in the report which will be circulated throughout the British Empire that Queensland took that attitude, when, actually, there is no evidence that it represents the majority opinion.

Frequently Occurs

BUT it is not this happening that I wish specially to comment on. It is that this frequently occurs. The delegate is really giving only his or her personal opinion.

I noticed that the British representatives refrained from voting on any emergency measure that came up, if it was one on which their society had not expressed an opinion.

My experience after many conferences is that organisations of both men and women are far too ready to accredit as delegates to conferences any members who happen to be visiting the country where the conference is to be held.

I know the argument will be raised that, as societies cannot afford to pay the fares of the delegates, they must take what they can get. This does not affect my argument at all.

It does not necessarily add prestige to a country to send a large delegation.

A few strong delegates well acquainted with the business to be discussed add far more prestige, for they can give worthwhile contributions.

Naturally it is good for individuals to attend, for it widens their knowledge; but they should attend as observers, and not as voters and speakers.

In these days of air mail there is no excuse for delegates to be unprepared (except for emergency matters), for the programme is always sent out months beforehand.

And, further, in this great centre a purely local viewpoint is of no value; delegates must present a Dominion or at least a State viewpoint.

This is sometimes difficult for delegates who have not closely followed world affairs to realise, for what may seem of great local importance to us in our daily round fades into insignificance when Commonwealth of Nations or world affairs are being discussed.



GOOFY GOLF As Played BY LOWER

When His Wife Mashed the Potatoes
With a Driver Instead of a Mashie

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP

After reading about Jim Ferrier, I have decided to win the next British Open for Australia.

I have won a number of Opens during my golfing career. I have them lined up on the sideboard at home. I have also won three Half Opens and a Shut. Also a jar.

I HAVE a new nibbler which I want to try out. There is also a gold-plated stymlie which I have used only once. It was presented to me after I had won the Interstate Snooker Championship at the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

My position was scrum-half and I scored a field goal in the top-left pocket just before the final gong went. The crowd chaired me off the ground. An unenviable experience. I was hit by eight chairs at once and had to be escorted by the police.

I have been reading that there have been complaints from English professionals about the enormous length of the newly-lengthened Hoylake course. This seems childish to me.

I have played on courses where we had to have native bearers to carry out portable wireless transmitting equipment and provisions.

On one occasion I was three days in a bunker without food or drink. When the rescue party from the club-house reached me I was still belting away madly at the ball with a shovel.

On that particular day I was hooking my slices badly, and it took me two strokes to do an easy half-mile putt. I was disgusted with myself and retired from the game.

Concrete Lawns

I AM planning a golf course which will be all down hill. Concrete channels will run from one hole to another, with movable bunkers here and there. Steel balls, of course, and magnetic holes.

It may be too expensive to have a club-house with a bar at each hole, but this can be done gradually, as the membership of the club increases.

It is a common saying that good golfers are born, not made. It has not yet been my luck to meet an unborn golfer, so I cannot substantiate the statement.

Myself, I am a made golfer. I mean to say, I'm made to stay at home when I want to play golf.

Wives can be very trying at times. Only the other day I found my wife mashing the potatoes with my driver.

"Put that driver down!" I exclaimed. "The idea! Use your mashie."

The driver was a bit annoyed about it, too. He wanted to know how the devil he was going to pick up a fare when his uniform was covered with mashed potato.

While I think of it, I want to make it clear to non-golfers that the actual game really means very little. It's the discussion after the game that counts.

Make Them Listen

WHAT greater thrill is there in life than, after having successfully stalked your quarry, to get him cornered and then start telling him how you sliced into the rough and then hit a screamer, dead on the pin?

Hole by hole you go over the game for hours and hours until some selfish hound butts in and says, "You're right! The ninth is a tricky hole. Now, last Saturday..."

That's another innovation I'm going to have in my model golf club. Professional listeners. An absolute necessity. They could be hired out by the hour, and as one went mad his place could be taken by a fresh one.

I suppose an ordinary enthusiastic player would not use up more than about ten listeners during the course of the day. On wet days he may need more, of course.

Golf equipment, too, is highly important. My golf bag holds exactly eight bottles of beer, with a pocket at the side for glasses and opener. The clubs are sent on by post. A sweater colorful enough to frighten crows and cows is essential.

About Etiquette

I HAVE not sufficient space to tell you about golf etiquette. Suffice it to say that etiquette is practically half the game, and if you haven't got one and contemplate joining a club you would be wise to go out and get measured for one straight away. I have had mine for years and find it invaluable.

It should be kept in a cool place—but, anyhow, you'll find out all about it in time.

What do you do when you've been given the money to pay the gas bill



Golf Wizard Lower ponders over a very unusual putt.

and you find that you've only got two bob of it left?

Sorry to intrude this irrelevant note into the proceedings, but it's a matter of pressing importance at the moment.

I have not sought expert advice, but I have an idea that if I spent the remaining two shillings I couldn't be much worse off.

Yes; I think I'll do that.

IF BREATHING IS BRONCHIAL



It's the uncertain weather at this time o' year that makes BRONCHITIS so troublesome. What is wanted is something to make easy the BREATHING, to help rid the phlegm — to CLEAR the air passages! Nothing can surpass Bonnington's Irish Moss. It has wonderful demulcent qualities, a single dose will soothe IRRITATION. If that troublesome and oft-recurring WINTER COUGH comes on, a dose or so soon stops it, and gives one peace.

IMITATIONS: Decline any of these. Accept only the genuine, it's Bonnington's. Price, 1/9 & 3/.



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HOW to keep slim during the Winter, with very little outdoor exercise and with rich fat-forming Winter foods, is a problem most of us have to face. Solve it surely and safely by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

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BILE BEANS

WINTER WEIGHT



"Bile Beans have gradually removed all surplus fat and given me a normal figure again. They have also toned me up and brought healthy colour to my cheeks."—Mrs. G. L.

"I confidently recommend Bile Beans to all who have a tendency to put on weight. Bile Beans not only remove surplus fat in a perfectly safe manner, but they promote vitality and keep one fit and in splendid bodily health."—Nurse P. K.



A.M.P. Bonus Distribution £5,100,000

THIS week the Society distributes £5,100,000 in Reversionary Bonuses, on all participating policies in force on 31st December last. These bonuses represent a cash value of £3,044,141. They mean that participating members in the ordinary department are receiving back, in cash or its equivalent reversionary bonuses, an average of 44.4 per cent. of the premiums they paid last year.

Last year was a difficult year for most people, yet the Society issued new policies to the amount of £24,000,000, bringing the number of policies to 1,150,582, and the sums assured in force at 31st December to £241,541,761, both figures being records in the history of the Society.

The A.M.P. grows from strength to strength. Every member's policy is backed by £101,869,000 of conservatively valued assets. Wise is the policyholder who adds to his policies, and so uses the Society's strength to build up his own security. Five years the Society has paid out £31,859,941 to its policy holders; more than six millions a year.

A.M.P. policies (1) provide for wives and families in the event of breadwinners' deaths, (2) provide incomes for old age, (3) educate children, (4) pay off mortgages, (5) make secure the home, (6) give men and women peace of mind, all at the lowest possible cost consistent with impregnable security.

An experienced adviser will gladly be sent to discuss the benefits of A.M.P. membership with any citizen living within a reasonable distance of any A.M.P. office. Send word to-day that YOU want to see one.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A.,
Actuary.

A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A.,
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Whether you are a victim of Liverishness, Indigestion, Headache, Beecham's Pills remove the cause—CONSTIPATION. 90% of daily ills are due to this one cause. It poisons your whole system. But Beecham's purify, tone and regulate. They keep you always fit, fresh and smiling.

The World's Medicine

NEW BOOKS

LIFE IN Suburbs Can Be ROMANTIC Couple Who Found Happiness

R. C. Sherriff, famous author of "Journey's End," is too great an artist to sneer at the suburbs. Instead, being sensibly and sanely modern, he finds in them a salvation for many people and a theme for a human and readable story.

"GREENGATES" in its own way is as fine an epic as the famous war play which put Sherriff in the millionaire class. It is great, in the way that everything human and everyday is great.

To the Bohemian and the ultra-artist the felling of a tree to build a villa is a desecration. To Sherriff it is only change which brings with it a greater sum of human happiness than ever came to the sleepy lane which switched falls under its umbrageous shadows, or the picnic party which scattered paper bags and bottle-tops on the green sward underneath. In short, Sherriff debunks the insincerity of the beauty-at-any-price advocates who dwell in the city with an occasional walk in the suburbs on Sunday.

Terrace Life

TOM BALDWIN was one of these occasional worshippers at the shrine of beauty until he retired and found it impossible to enjoy life at Garsmore, a terrace-dwelling in London near suburbia. The house was damp and ugly and the little garden sou and unproductive. The dream he had of a blossoming garden when he was a chief cashier did not become reality in the halcyon days of his retirement. One day his wife suggested a walk in the country—now the scene of building



MARTIN HARE, young English writer, whose "Mirror For Skylarks" is achieving world fame for the author.

development, but a favorite ramble for the couple in the war years.

They raised their hands in pious horror. It was wonder someone hadn't written to the "Times" about it.

Welden Valley was desecrated. Trees had been chopped down, and building lots plotted out.

While the elderly couple stared at this strange new world, an estate salesman worked for them complete salvation. The show bungalow was visited and thoughts of a new home took shape. The ugly old terrace was forgotten. Life must go on. They decided to come to the fuller life of cleanliness and beauty of Welden Valley.

Simple enough—almost any man's story, but magnificently told. Sherriff has made a splendid job of a prosaic plot. He makes it sing with the energy of life as he re-creates existence for the London insurance clerk and his wife and tells how they come from the backwaters of life on to its broad bosom again.

Sherriff saw romance and beauty against the harsh background of war. He sees it in "Greengates," in an elderly couple in a suburban garden, and he makes the world see it as he does. Such is genius. A book full of sound common sense, and the quiet poetry of everyday life (Collins, 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"OLD KING COLE." Edward Shanks.

In many thrillers the thing which is most consistently murdered—without hope of a certain resurrection in the last chapter—is the English. Without being highbrow about our light fiction, it is rather pleasant to have a nice regard for English running tandem with the alarms and excursions of the plot.

Dorothy Sayers does this delightfully, and so, too, does Edward Shanks. Thus his latest novel, "Old King Cole," is very welcome, but just to prove you can't have everything, the plot is threadbare, and occasionally the only action appears to be the scratch of the author's pen. Since this is only here and there, it doesn't hurt to step over the worn patches in search of a good story. (McMillan, 7/6.)

"DON JOHN'S MOUNTAIN HOME."

Ernest Raymond. The touch of comedy in this story by the author of "We, the Accused" hides the same swift keen thrust of satire, and the smooth analysis of character which distinguishes the works of this fine writer. In this case, however, Raymond is not the fierce apostle of a cause, but a genial if shrewd commentator on life. There is a mellow and understanding note in the writing which is delightfully restful. In the pageant of life he presents more many figures all drawn with rare distinction and subtle humor. Margaret Elms, beautiful governess; Mr. Severall, the curate; Don John and Cyril Woodward are all human and likeable. Even when tragedy comes to Cyril, the schoolmaster, turned airman, the note of serenity is sustained in a very satisfying book. (Cassell, 7/6.)

"PAPEAN WONDERLAND." J. G.

Hides. Something of the story of Hides' exploration of hitherto unknown Papua has been told. In this book the whole thrilling tale is revealed for the first time. It will take its place with the other sagas of world exploration, and in modern times will stand alone as a wonderful achievement in the face of great difficulties. The young assistant resident magistrate, whose party of two white men and 10 Papuans found a rich and fertile territory inhabited by friendly and industrious natives, tells his story without emphasis on the heroic quality of the undertaking. In that may be found the fascination of the whole book. As a book on exploration, as well as a vivid story of strange races in New Guinea, the tale can be thoroughly recommended. (Blackie, 8/6.)

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



TRAFFIC COP: Just what do you think traffic rules are made for?
MISS INNOCENCE: Oh, do tell me, I'd just love to know!



FIRST NAVY: I don't think we ever heard anyone swear quite like the foreman.
SECOND DITTO: No! And he's so uniform with it. Not a word out of place.



CALORIES-CONSCIOUS MOTHER: You must drink up your milk, Willie, it makes blood.
WILLIE: But I'm not blood-thirsty, Mother.



RESCUER: Goodness! Did you swim to that from the wreck?
SURVIVOR: No; I'm a native of this island.

FEET WON'T SPOIL YOUR PLEASURE If Treated Nightly With **Zam-Buk**

IF you have been on your feet all day, at home or out at work, you can't hope to enjoy your recreation if feet ache or are tired to begin with. They not only cause you to dance badly but may spoil your whole evening's pleasure.

You can be assured of happy, comfortable feet if you remember to rub them with Zam-Buk Ointment every night. This quickly restores circulation and relieves

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation.

If your feet are aching and tired, or you have those troublesome corns and hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in hot water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin, joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and real comfort is yours. Start with Zam-Buk to-night and you will never have another foot ache or pain.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & druggists.

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"I couldn't enjoy a walk or recreation because of a corn and bunions. Zam-Buk has relieved the corn and bunions and now I feel as if I have a new pair of feet." —Mrs. S. L.

"At night I rub my feet with Zam-Buk. This keeps them free from the aching and soreness which used to bother me so much. It is now a real treat to walk about." —Mrs. A. H.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SHE was applying for a job as telephone girl.

"Have you ever had any operating experience?" she was asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I've had my tonsils removed!"

HE: Kissing should be banned on hygienic grounds.

She: I don't care. I never go to such places.

"MADAM," said the hobo, "I once had a wife and family of my own—but I couldn't be contented. I growled and grumbled at everything and finally left home."

"Well, here's a sandwich for you," said the housewife. "Mighty few husbands are so considerate."

"DAD, what's a matrimonial bureau?" "It's a bureau, son, with six compartments packed full of women's fixings, and one man's necktie."

BARBER: That bald spot on your head needs attention, sir.

Customer: I suppose you mean it needs one of your fake tonics?

Barber: No, I mean it needs the lip-stick rubbed off, sir.

LADY CUSTOMER: I see this medicine is advertised as good for man and beast.

Druggist: Yes, Customer: I'll take a bottle. I believe it's the right combination to help my husband.

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Two More Users Write about Laxettes

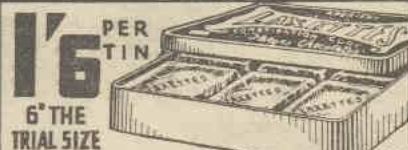
Dear Sirs:—As I am cooped up in an office all day, and get very little exercise, I was nearly driven mad with my health. Then I tried Laxettes. Since then I am a different girl. I have more life and energy, than I have ever had. I am a constant user of Laxettes now, and gladly recommend them to my friends.
W. W. Bundaberg.

Dear Sirs:—I found Laxettes the best medicine that I have tried for my little 16 months old boy. He loves taking them for he thinks they are chocolates.
Mrs. I. R. Mornington.

YOU'LL never have perfect health and enjoy life if your system is clogged up and poisoned by harmful waste. Don't take Constipation for granted. Stop it now before it leads to worse complaints—Chronic Constipation, Haemorrhoids, Appendicitis, for instance.

Take Laxettes. Genuine Laxettes will entirely free you from Constipation. They will tone up your system and clear away all poisonous waste.

Thousands of people in every walk of life have found Laxettes the ideal and most effective remedy for Constipation. Laxettes never fail, and they are safe. Genuine Laxettes can be given with equal safety and equal effectiveness to delicate children and strong men and women.



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Warning! WORMS!

Intestinal worms are no respecters of persons. They attack five out of every ten children regardless of what kind of home they come from. Nothing else is so successful for curing worms as BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS. They are perfectly safe. BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS do not contain saltpetre or injurious compounds, and are guaranteed worm-killers and expellers. Write for authoritative literature to Laxette Mfg. Co. Ltd., Dept. X.A.T.365 Swanston St., Melbourne.

£25 CASH £25 Must Be Won MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 9

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars each with some letters missing. No dictionary is required to solve this puzzle. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 26 to 1. All you have to do is fill in the missing spaces representing one letter. When you have your motor-car names complete, substitute the letters for their corresponding values.

For example, No. 1, with the addition of the letters "E" "S" and "O" could make the motor-car name "DESOTO," the letter-values of which are 23, 22, 8, 12, 7, and 12—a total of 84. When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than FRIDAY, 10th JULY, 1936, to

MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 38347, SYDNEY, N.S.W. Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 25th July, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by the proprietors of Motor Car Competition, G.P.O. Box 38347, Sydney.

All communications concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 1 Yorkshire House, Spring Street, Sydney.

WINNING NAMES

CLYNO STUTZ
RELAY FERRIS
DURYEA BUICK
STANDARD BOND
OAKLAND HUMBER

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 6.

Five competitors submitted solutions containing 867 points. This was the highest correct total received, and they share the prize money, each receiving £2:—

T. COX, 58 Australia St., Camperdown.
E. J. FOX, 6 Bridge Rd., Homebush.
L. THOMAS, c/o F. Pitt, Riley St., Sydney.
F. MILLER, Moorlands Avenue, Kensington.
J. MACK, 9 Vitor Avenue, Bondi.

1. D — — — T O
2. S W — F —
3. N A — I E R
4. — A R M — N
5. C — — I L L — C
6. — E W — T T
7. — O N — I A C
8. S — U D — B — K E R
9. — O R — A N
10. — U P — O B — L E

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

LOST and FOUND

Continued from Page 5

IT was the look in his eyes that made Jamie's skin crawl. He was doomed if he ran, but it was death to stay. He turned and ran.

He heard the blacksnake hiss behind him and the lash exploded at his heels like a gunshot.

The girls cried out in shrill, delighted apprehension. The woman screamed. Jamie knew, without looking back, that Jed and the boys were leaping in pursuit. He could outrun them all but Slink. Slink would never give up, and he was coming now.

Jamie set his teeth and ran on, heading past the cabin into the wind-swept darkness. Jed was cursing; the boys were yelling encouragement to Slink. Slink was running silently, implacably, his feet pounding in the sand. He turned and twisted as Jamie twisted, gaining at each leap.

"Let me go, Slink," Jamie gasped over his shoulder.

"Where's the knife?" said Slink. "Where you got it hid?"

He wasn't to be trusted, but Jamie had no choice.

"In the overcoat. There's a hole in the pocket. Way down."

Slink drove at his heels, and purposefully missed. While he was scrambling to his feet, Jamie ran on, widening his lead. Jed and the boys came up to Slink and would have rushed past; but Jamie heard Slink yell:

"Wait, Paw! Wait! Leave him go. I got an idea."

OVER his shoulder, Jamie saw them all grouped together, with Slink in the middle. Then they moved back towards the fire.

Jamie sat on a sand drift and watched the camp. His eyes were blurred so that the fire seemed like a red light gleaming through mist, but he brushed away the tears. It was only when he saw Slink come away from his bedding-roll with the knife in his hand that Jamie bowed his head and didn't look any more. There was nobody to see him cry, nobody to see or hear or care; so he sat for a long time, rocking back and forth a little, his face pressed against his knees.

"I'm despr't now," he told himself. "Plumb despr't. I can't go back."

When he looked up the campfire had dwindled to red coals. It made the wagon wheels loom huge and grotesque. Jed and his woman and the others had gone into the cabin, where it was snug and warm. No lights shone from it, the coals died; and the homestead became a group of motionless shadows beneath the flaming stars. He sat, teeth chattering, and hugged his knees closer. It was cold, bitterly cold. Far out yonder, across the rustling sage, he could hear barbed wire thrumming like lonely gutters in the night.

"I can't last long, cold as it is," he told himself.

Only one light was shining in the immensity of darkness and cold. It came from the big ranch-house to the north, where the man with the square jaw and the lonely, savage, kindly eyes had ridden. Jamie headed in that direction. If nobody saw him coming, he might find a shed into which he could crawl.

It was farther than he thought. He was so tired when he crawled under the barbed wire fence that it seemed that he couldn't get up. Then he stumbled on, heading for the farm buildings at the back.

There was a fence in the way, a garden fence and a low gate. He opened the gate, and it squeaked. He waited, holding his breath, but nobody came. So he went in and crept along the fence towards where it joined the back of a big shed.

A BLACK shadow loomed beside the fence, between him and the shed. It was a dog-house, with a peaked roof and a black, open door. He looked at the door for a long time, afraid to go past. There might be a dog in it.

Then he knew that there was no dog. He reached his hand in and found there was a lot of straw in it and an old blanket; so he crawled in.

It was a good dog-house. It faced east, so the wind didn't blow in. A dog had lived there not long ago, but Jamie didn't care. He snuggled down in the straw and pulled the blanket over him.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The side of the dog-house was warm where the sunlight beat upon it. Jamie was afraid to come out, in broad daylight like this; and he was afraid to stay. What would the man say if he saw him there? His lip would curl, probably, like it had curled when he looked at Jed. "Get along, you orphan!" he'd probably say, jerking his thumb towards the south. "You don't belong there, in my dog house. Run along now!"

While Jamie was wondering what to do he heard voices. He recognised them both. It was Jed and the man

arguing. The man's voice was mad and full of contempt. They were coming closer.

"It's the truth," Jed whined. "He ran out on me last night. I got to find him." His voice shook. "I love that lad, mister. Just like I love all my little brood."

"Sure you do," said the man. "It was the black-haired one, eh?"

"That's right, Little Jamie."

"Little Jamie," said the man, nodding. "And the minute you found Little Jamie was gone you came right over here to tell me, did you? So me and my hands could rustle around and help you find him? All right long, knowing he'd perish before sun-up, cold as it was, you've been out with a lantern looking for him?" His voice hardened. "You ain't even humorous, fella. Come clean. What's your game?"

Jamie didn't dare to move. It seemed that Slink was looking right at him.

Then Slink suddenly tugged at Jed's sleeve. The two whispered together. Jed straightened up and said to the man, shrugging his shoulders:

"Let it pass. He ain't here, I reckon. Probably he headed south. If so, I'll pick him up on the way out. Come on, Slink."

AFTER they were gone, the man crossed through the garden and went into the orchard. Jamie put his head out of the dog-house and craned his neck to watch him. The man was walking back and forth slowly, scowling. Once he squatted down to look closer at the ground. Then he came back towards the garden gate, step by step, his head lowered.

Jamie backed into the dog-house again, way back. He waited, holding his breath. The man's steps came closer. He saw the man's feet at the door. They were high-heeled boots, with spurs on them. Then the man squatted down and looked in.

Jamie looked back, and the expression on the man's face made him feel cold and lonely and shaky again. And ashamed.

"Come out of it, you," said the man. Please turn to Page 18

Q

What 2/6 can buy

Q IF your skin is looking old and spouty and you look about 10 years older than you really are, then for the sum of 2/6 you can buy the famous Creme Chamosan, whose mission it is to make plain, spouty, skin young looking and pretty again.

Q It doesn't cost much, does it? Why then go on being miserable and unhappy when this famous cream—and there's no other cream like it—will remove many faults and many signs of age from your skin so that years and years go from your looks?

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Creme Chamosan

Q Aterolide under powder and holds it 24 hours and hours. Dressing table pure 2/6. Handing tubes 1/6. Everywhere, Gireless.

Q P.S.—Chamosan face powder gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on for hours and hours no matter what you are doing, so that you can forget all about your powder pad. You can dance, play tennis, golf, motor, do what you like Chamosan face powder stays on with sweetest alchemy. You get it in all shades and weights. A box costs only 2/6 so that not only is it the best powder you can buy, but also the most economical.

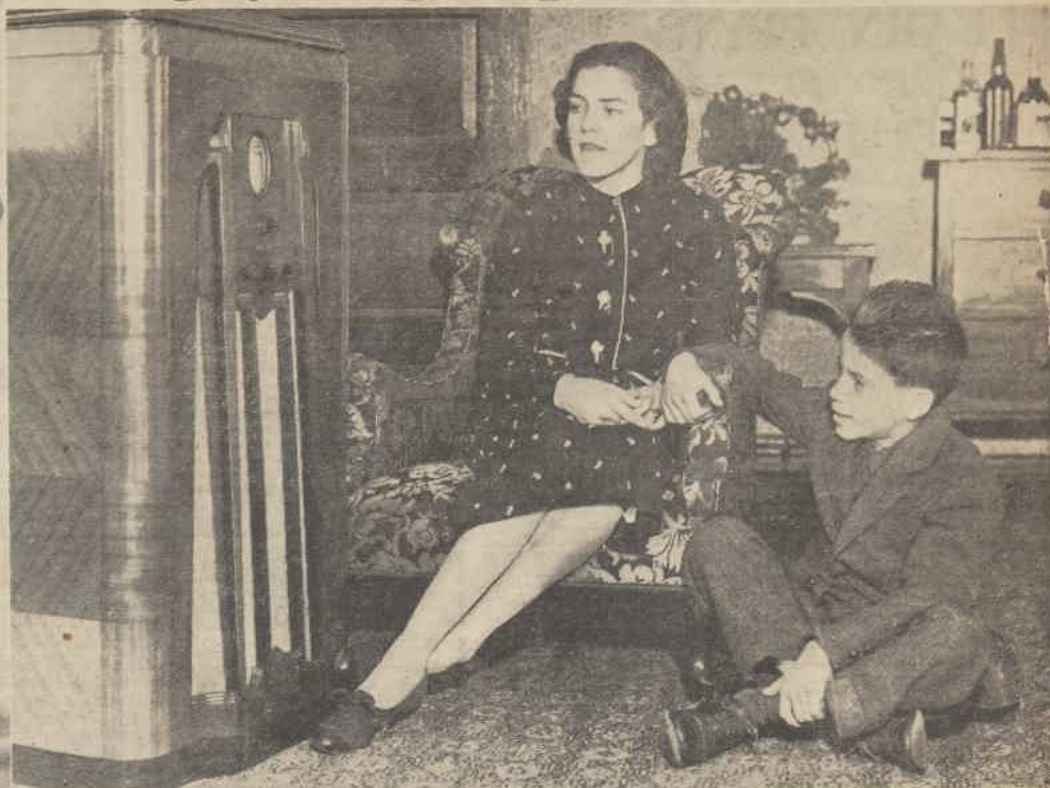
YOURSELF

Do you know that your character is revealed in your handwriting?

It shows whether you have ambition, if you are making the most of your talent gifts. The following is an analysis of Robert Montgomery's writing. Montgomery is a person who has triumphed over tremendous odds. There is an inherent streak of laziness in his make-up. But in no way is he daunted by this. He sets to work to rise above this fault. Rhy and sensitive to the fault, and extremely fond of the beautiful in nature and art, this actor has contradictory qualities. He wishes to succeed and yet hesitates to thrust himself forward. There is a strong love of his home present in the rounded letters, and he would rather be in such surroundings than on a playing field. If you would know yourself better, send a sample of your writing not less than 60 words and date of birth to me for a full report. Enclose stamped addressed envelope and postal note for 1/- with the sample of handwriting to

LIBRA, Box 1630V, G.P.O., BRISBANE

King of Song Captures Australia



INTIMATE GLIMPSES of Richard Crooks, the world-famous tenor now visiting Australia, and his family. On the golf links (above) he sings as he plays. At top right his children, Patsy and Dick, are listening in to Mrs. Crooks, who made her radio debut in Australia last week. Mrs. Crooks is seen at right preparing a thermos of chicken broth for her husband's after-concert "refresher" and running over some of his songs.

—Women's Weekly photos.



THE HON. PETER DAWNAY, who is to join the New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy, and his wife, formerly Lady Angela Scott, a sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, arrived in Wellington, N.Z., last week. Their wedding, which took place last month, was one of the chief events of the London season. The bride is more vivacious than her sisters, and spent half her schooldays playing practical jokes on others. She still has a keen sense of humor, and a distinct flair for impersonation. She is also a good horsewoman and ice skater.



TWO CHILDREN WHOSE families loom largely in the shaping of the world's affairs. At left is the Princess Taka, second daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Japan, photographed when she left the Royal Palace for her first day at the Peeresses' School. Six years old, Princess Taka carries her school-books strapped to her back, just like other Japanese school-children. She is little concerned about the tariff differences between her country and Australia, nor Japan's recently-revived military activity in China. At right is the littlest heir of the famous wealthy Astor family of New York. He is William Astor, aged ten months, and has just returned to the U.S. after a prolonged visit in Europe with his mother, the former Ellen Tuck French, and his father, John Jacob Astor 3rd. He has a million-dollar smile—but so has every baby, in the eyes of mothers.

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for PROFIT or PLEASURE



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Absolute Beginners, Medium Players, or Advanced Classical Pianists, no matter where you live, if you have a piano at your disposal and can spare 30 minutes per day to practice, I can teach you REAL JAZZ by means of my Special Postal Course, which has taught thousands in other parts of the world, and is now teaching hundreds in all parts of Australia and New Zealand.

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I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Synopical," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters) _____
ADDRESS _____

LOST and FOUND

Continued from Page 16

JAMIE crawled out. The man took him by the shoulder and raised him up, and Jamie covered his face with his hands. But the man didn't strike him. He brushed the straw out of his hair and out of his ragged clothes, muttering under his breath.

"The world's full of a number of folks," he said. "Been here all night, eh, bub? Your solicitor's father made you come over and hide out? Figured I'd feel sorry for you and give you some clothes and maybe a little cash? That it?"

"He's not my father," Jamie said. "I'm an orphan. He didn't send me over here. He was going to cut me down like wheat. So I got desprit and ran away."

"A good story," said the man, nodding. "An orphan, eh? You don't favor the rest of that crew at all. Well, if you're telling the truth, why didn't you knock at my door?"

"I dunno. Skered, I reckon. It was warm here. It's a good dog-house."

"Sure it's a good dog-house," said the man. "A good dog lived in it. I buried him over on the ridge. Just like I buried my boy, fifteen years ago. Like I buried my wife last year."

Jamie looked up at him, and the man scowled at him. But his eyes were sad; and Jamie knew all of a sudden that his face was just a mask. Underneath he'd been desprit, too, more than once. And lonely.

"Well," said the man, "that's neither here nor there. Question is, how much of a fool am I going to be?"

He drew out the makings and rolled a cigarette, looking over Jamie's head and out through the orchard. Jamie looked, too, and saw the cloud of dust that Jed's wagon outfit made, moving south.

"I could saddle up, I reckon," the man said. "I could overhaul him and make him come back for you."

Jamie caught his breath. "Don't do that," he begged. "Please! Let him

go. I never want to see him again. I'd rather die." Tears rushed to Jamie's eyes, in spite of himself.

"You're a good actor, Jamie. Can you cry when you want to?"

That hurt Jamie. It was worse than Jed's blacksnake. He stood up straight, but the tears kept coming.

"Sho!" said the man. "Excuse it, bub. I shouldn't be so tough with you. No, I won't saddle up and go after him. Jamie. Tell you what. Take him two-three hours to make it to the next town. I can call up any time and have him headed off. Meanwhile, how about a little breakfast, eh?"

HE turned away and cupped his hands and shouted: "Hong Lee!"

There was a big cook-shack across the driveway, half-way to the corral. A Chinaman in a white jacket popped his head out a window.

"Ketchum boy," the man yelled. "Hungry boy. Fix 'em one more breakfast, pronto."

"Hungry boy, eh?" said the Chinaman. "Velly good! Fix 'em pronto!"

GIRLIGAG



"AN OLD FLAME has started many a heated argument."

"Meanwhile, we'll just step over to the house," said the man. "Whenever one of my guests sleeps in the dog-house, I figure he's entitled to a bath, too. Eh, James?"

There was a big room with a fireplace in it, a thick rug on the floor and big chairs standing around, and guns on the wall. This was where the man lived mostly it seemed. There were two pictures on the mantel, above the fireplace. One was a lady with a sweet, proud face, who looked at you through level eyes, smiling a little. The other was of a boy of about his, Jamie's, age. He was on a buckskin pony, on a ridge where the wind was blowing. The boy was sitting up straight, his dark hair blown back.

The bathroom was big and beautiful. Jamie was almost afraid to step into it. It was so bright and cheerful and clean. He was ashamed of his ragged clothes and his bruised, calloused feet. But the man just chuckled and turned on the hot water in the tub and told him to get busy. He helped him undress and he swore out loud when they got the shirt off and he saw Jamie's back.

"I'm a ring-tailed stalwart this and that," he said. "You weren't lying to me, then!"

"Shucks!" said Jamie. "That was a couple of weeks ago. It's all well now."

"H'm," said the man.

WHILE Jamie splashed around in the tub and got warm and comfortable to the marrow of his bones, the man made him tell all about Jed, and the boys, and Slink, even about the jack-knife. Jamie was embarrassed to have to tell about the jack-knife. Most grown-ups wouldn't understand; but the man understood.

"I know," he said. "I know. It was one of those last straws." He got up after a while and went out, leaving Jamie in the tub. He took Jamie's clothes with him, but when he came back he had some other clothes, all clean and pressed and just Jamie's size. They looked like they were practically new. Like they hadn't been worn hardly at all; but the man said they'd been put away for fifteen years.

He rubbed Jamie down with a big soft towel and helped him get dressed. He seemed afraid that the shoes wouldn't fit; but they did. He was on his knees when they got the shoes on, and he stayed on his knees, watching Jamie lace them up. Then he got up suddenly and turned away and said over his shoulder:

Please turn to Page 24

DIABETES

"SYMONDS DIABETIN" is a vegetable extract used extensively for "DIABETES MELLITUS" (Sugar Diabetes) and is a medicine—NOT an injection.

In many cases it obviates the use of the needle, and since its discovery 24 years ago, many sufferers have had relief from its use.

A remarkable fact is that in EVERY CASE where patients have been allowed to go back to their ordinary full diet after a course of "Symonds Diabetin" NOT ONE HAS HAD A RETURN OF DIABETES TO DATE.

Furthermore, it has been found that "Symonds Diabetin" greatly assists in reducing BLOOD PRESSURE, which is so frequently associated with Diabetes. Urinalyses are carried out at the clinic FREE OF CHARGE.

Let us tell you the full story of "Symonds Diabetin" absolutely without obligation on your part.

USE THE COUPON NOW

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14 Martin Place,
Sydney.

Please tell me all about Symonds Diabetin, what it costs, and what grateful patients have told you.

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WW21



THIS magazine is the answer to one of your greatest difficulties—the problem of dressing seasonably and smartly on a limited income. It will explain to you how to obtain any of the scores of models it illustrates, by a simple, easy system of low monthly payments. The "Weldrest" method has none of the disadvantages of other methods of deferred payment—models are delivered post free with first payment, no inquiries are made, no references required—all transactions are absolutely private. All garments are made to measure, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded! Send the enquiry form below NOW for your copy of the "Weldrest" Fashion Magazine—without cost or obligation. Fully illustrated with all new season's models, and all particulars of the modern "Weldrest" method of dressing well out of income.

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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? IT DEPENDS ON LIVER!

Pep up Liver Bile and See Vitality Come Quick

If liver is sluggish, bowels won't act. Food decays, poison system, sears outlook. Laxatives strip and torture taste the last. Do see what happens when you coax and stimulate! Bile flows normally, bowels become regular, breath sweetens, skin clears. That's what INTESTONE does! It's an amazing new kind of mineral salts with Teas etc.—a tonic—a regulator—and a safe way of getting rid of those molecules that cause ugly fat. Intestone is harmless, but it acts where all else fails. Quick, sure and definite—you can throw away your laxative and old-time salts when you take Intestone. The new and better remedy for Constipation, Aches and Pains, Skin Disorders, Overweight, Diets, Digestive Distress, etc. 2/6, good chemists or posted, 3/6, from Owl Pharmacy, Martin Pl., Sydney. INTESTONE virtually knocks off 10 years in a jiffy—we bet you!

INTESTONE IS HEALTH!

ASTROLOGY

Will I always be unlucky? When will my conditions improve? What is my Lottery luck? Will I realize my ambitions? What are my future prospects? All questions answered and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N. Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 2427, G.P.O., Sydney.

Her frock is a Model

... her taste is cultivated
Kraft Cheese is served
in her home ...

Women who from birth have been educated to appreciate the good things of life find in Kraft the perfect cheese. Always fresh, delightfully flavoured, rich in concentrated food value its unvarying high quality makes it absolutely "correct" at all times. Thrifty women make it the foundation of the majority of their dishes when entertaining because it is so economical. There is no rind and NO WASTE when you use Kraft Cheese, and it has an amazing variety of uses.



KRAFT CHEESE

in 4 oz. and 8 oz. packets



Kraft Cheese is sold in 4 oz. and 8 oz. packets, 1 and 2 oz. portions—wrapped in hygienic silver foil, to protect its flavour, purity and freshness.

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K18.2.C

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

FROM A FARMER'S WIFE!

IT is surprising to observe how few men on the land have that sense of joy in growing things. They are instrumental in providing one of the most beautiful sights human eyes can look upon—mile after mile of ripening wheat. They use big machines to plough, sow and reap. Their interests are concerned with acreage, superphosphates and bushels, while the miracle of growth is overlooked. Very few of these men would bother to plant a tree or stoop to gather a wildflower. Instead, they ruthlessly cut down any native trees to "square off" a paddock and turn their stock into the last patch of scrub to eat off the billy-buttons.

The fact is that to-day men are obsessed by machinery. Women seem to have sensed this danger. Their interest in the revival of simple crafts is proof of that. Only along these paths will be found stability and contentment. Don't women agree?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Mary Wood, Connella, Avon, S.A.

NAMING THE BABY

AS soon as a babe is born the far cry goes into its new world of friends and relatives. "How shall we name the child?"

It sounds so simple, but before the final decision is reached the discretion of the parents will have been taxed to the utmost in striving to please all.

Jealousy, disappointment, and elation will run rife in the family circle, and even the one after whom the baby is named will take the honor with mixed feelings.

Why worry trying to please everyone? I consider the mother should have the naming of her babe, and she should choose a name remote from any in the family ranks if she desires to do so.

Miss Jean E. Mullins, Kinadale, Diggers' Rest, Vic.

SYNOPSIS FOR BOOKS

WHO has not gone to a library or bookshop in search of an absorbing book and spent endless time impatiently scanning pages and pages in the hope of discovering a book to their taste?

In a busy time the selection of any book from such places is an ordeal, and it is really annoying to find even after a careful selection that the book chosen is not what you wanted. Usually it means another trip for a further exchange.

This is an unnecessary time-waster to the reading public.

I think the difficulty would be solved by having a synopsis of the chapters of the book or a synopsis of the complete book gummed to the inside of the cover. Then the purchaser or borrower, after having read the synopsis, should be capable of deciding if the book suits. I know this is sometimes done, but couldn't it be adopted more universally?

W. T. Favelle, Hannam St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

CHILDREN ON PATROL

IT may be interesting to have the opinions of readers regarding the system of school children being placed in control of traffic.

I think the idea very unwise. Despite the new conditions which are being instituted, the practice is perilous to the child, for mishaps are likely to happen with the most careful of motorists, and even so the method is apt to have a bad effect on the child's nerves.

Also the fact that the child is given so much authority is detrimental to the training of his character. Those who wish their children to become good citizens know that the small folk must be subordinate to their elders, yet while on patrol the position is entirely reversed—the grown-up is forced to be subordinate to the child.

Such a duty should be undertaken only by members of the police force, or teachers of the respective schools.

Rhoda Astles, Parramatta Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.



At Least You Can Read Letters in Type!

REPLYING to a recent letter from a correspondent on the subject of typewritten private letters.

The mere fact that one's friends have written a compliment in itself, regardless of the medium used. The value of the letter itself is certainly not lessened because it is in typescript and not manuscript; those people who are incapable of expressing themselves freely on paper are certainly not going to write any more interesting letters by hand and those who write fascinatingly and thoroughly readable budgets appear even better, I think, in type.

One would certainly not condemn an interesting book or story because it appears in print, and the same argument should apply to letters. The value of a letter lies in its contents at the time of reading.

Nellie Ditcham, East St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

Lacks Warmth

MRS. G. W. PHILPOT (13/6/36) condemns the use of the typewriter for personal letters, and I agree with her. Although a person's handwriting may not be neat, a friend does not notice that. A typed letter between personal friends seems to rob the text of all warmth of feeling, and imparts a certain stiffness to the note which it is hard to banish from your mind.

Mrs. L. Thomas, No. 16 Bowman House, 172 Adelaide St., Brisbane

Letter Content Only Matters

THE craze for speed does not count in letter-writing. What matters is the clear unfolding of the story one has to tell.

Intimate feeling, or hard, cold fact, is dependent on the mood of the writer, and the letter from "the Girl to the Boy," "the Son to his Mother," or "Daughter to Dad," when typewritten, is just as acceptable as one written by other means, and the thrill of receiving it is just as great.

Miss Gretta Power, 100 Gold St., Collingwood N.S. Vic.

Typing Influences Mood

I'M inclined to agree with Mrs. Philpot re typing personal letters.

I think, too, that the letters themselves are apt to change character when typed. In my own case, the mere fact of typing the letters seems to make them more business-like, brief, and concise, far removed from the newer, discursive style which my correspondents tell me they enjoy. So to please them I, for one, will keep to the pen.

Mrs. Cecil Pelt, 26 Coonenbarra Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Sweethearts Excepted

I FAIL to see the thrill in recognizing handwriting when one receives a personal letter. Certainly, one might look forward to receiving a hand-written letter from a sweetheart or near relation, but when writing to a casual acquaintance, or even a good friend, why is it friendlier to use pen and ink?

I would far rather receive letters typewritten than spend time trying to decipher the hieroglyphics which one's friends are so apt to write, not deeming it necessary to be too particular.

Len Williams, 31 Edmund Ave., Unley, S.A.



Tapping out her little billet-doux.

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Len Williams, 31 Edmund Ave., Unley, S.A.

Easily Followed

WHILE appreciating the view of Mrs. G. W. Philpot (13/6/36), I am inclined to disagree with her in the matter of typing personal letters.

In many cases when in a hurry, for instance, we are apt to scrawl a few pages, the result being so illegible that the recipient is unable to decipher many of the words.

On the other hand, with a few quick taps of a typewriter the letter is done clearly, and one can follow in an unbroken chain the thoughts of the writer.

Nancy J. Browne, 8 Arawatta St., Carnegie, Vic.

Do Broken Mirrors Still Mean 7 Years' Bad Luck?

RE Max Urwin's letter on foolish superstitions of this modern age. I think he is quite wrong. When people refer to bad luck from spilling salt, breaking mirrors, etc., it is generally in jest. Thirteen used to be considered very unlucky, while to-day lots of people will ask for No. 13 in raffles, etc. Green is often used in the modern bridal scheme. There is too much hurry and bustle in life to-day for people to bother about ancient superstitions!

Mrs. E. Wyard, 319 Bay St., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

Conservative Twist

IT is really astounding that here in this advanced age unreasonable beliefs still should sway people.

I think it is because there is still a conservative twist in the minds of most people. "My mother and my grandmother believed it," they think, and so they make themselves believe it, too, and almost hope that things should happen. Rather than open an umbrella before opening the door they get wet; they let a beetle terrorise a roomful of children because to kill it would mean seven years' bad luck. And they do all this against their better reason!

E. Kindervater, Maryborough, Qld.

Children's Pranks Only

I DO not agree with Max Urwin that modern people are superstitious. I have seen children practise the frivolities he mentions, such as throwing salt over the shoulder, but I am quite sure all educated, sound-minded adults never give such things a thought.

Myrtle Biam, 125 Gotha St., Valley, Brisbane.

Is It Mean To Outgrow Friendship?

WHY is one considered fickle to change one's friends? Once they are made, must they remain forever? Is it mean to outgrow friendships? At one stage of our growth we may enjoy afternoons and evenings spent in idle chatter, or gay dances with a certain group.

Why cannot we conscientiously abandon these old friends for new ones, who now suit us better, without being branded "changeable"? Mrs. E. Hill, Kyecma, Bickell Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Superstitions Dying Out

SUPERSTITION is a thing that dies hard, but I do think that people use a lot more common sense nowadays than they did a few years ago.

Green is a very popular color nowadays, and there are few people who will not wear it. But I did hear a titan say the other day: "Yes, green is a lovely color, and I wish I could wear it, but mother thinks it's unlucky, so I don't." "Mother" is one of those few people who are handing on a tradition of foolish superstition.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campbell, N.S.W.

Makes Life Thrilling

DON'T make life too matter-of-fact. Max Urwin. We certainly know these things are not true, but why take all the little thrills out of life—such as picking up a glove for luck, or throwing salt over our shoulder to avoid bad luck? I think it would be a pity for all those old superstitions to be forgotten, as they help life to be more fun. Of course, men wouldn't understand this, but the average woman's day is often bereft of any other excitement.

Mrs. M. Jones, 324 Thomas Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Not Serious

I THINK that Max Urwin is making a mountain out of a molehill. Nobody can deny that superstition does still exist, but really it is only lingering with us, a relic of the past.

Perhaps people do follow tradition by refusing to open an umbrella in the house, or throwing salt over the shoulder, but does it seriously affect their actions? I think not.

Miss Mary Simmon, Maryland, S.A.

No Party-Spirit Dancing In Parties?

DID E. Ames put on rose-colored glasses when she saw the old-fashioned dance as "just one big party, at which the dancers mingled freely?" (13/6/36)

At such dances you find rows of girls sitting against the walls nearly all night because the men are too shy or too stupid to ask them to dance. And as for mingling freely everybody dances with those in his or her own clique only.

Mrs. J. R. Cree, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

Protection For Girls

IN the old days impartial dancing was permissible, for the eagle eye of the chaperon "nipped in the bud" any unlikely romance. Now Miss Sweet Seventeen is dependent on the "party" us-



"Dancing in parties eliminates the wallflower."

tom to shield her from unwelcome attention. Thus the party is a protection to a girl and eliminates the wallflower.

Mrs. A. C. Kent, Advancetown, via Nerang, S.C. Line, Qld.

Encourages Exclusiveness

DANCING in parties may be an ideal arrangement for the girl with a large circle of friends. Either she arranges a party, or is included in some other party, but the newcomer or the not-so-popular is at a sad disadvantage. Then too everybody in the party knows beforehand who is included. What a delightful thrill of uncertainty and anticipation is thereby lost! The whole system tends to encourage exclusiveness at the cost of friendliness.

R. Connors, G.P.O., Toowoomba, Qld.

IT'S YOUR PAGE!

Have you something to add to the opinions expressed on this page? Do you disagree with any of them? Write what you think to So They Say. Remember, literary merit is not everything, it's the idea that counts.

UNFAIR "OVERTIME"

I CANNOT understand why so many employers insist on making their staffs work back until all hours at night when there are so many unemployed who would be only too glad to earn those few shillings.

Employers are forced to pay time and a half for overtime. The employees are satisfied with full-time, and on the whole prefer not to work back. Would it not be better to pay some unemployed person this money?

I have a friend who for a fortnight commenced work at 9.30 a.m. and worked all ten and eleven o'clock each night. On two occasions he had to work over the week-end. I think employers should be urged to give this overtime to the unemployed. What do other readers think?

Mr. W. Gosling, 5 Laycock St., Boxley, N.S.W.

DULLED TO BEAUTY

NUMBERS of young folk bewail the fact that their state of puberty forbids all thought of travelling abroad. Yet one cannot help wondering, if a great proportion of them were to tour the world, how much of its real beauty would they be capable of assimilating.

To those whose eyes are too dulled to appreciate the beauty of their own country, how could the diverse wonders of the world appeal, save perhaps in their novelty?

Let us make a resolve to keep our eyes wide open to all the truly lovely things around us.

Miss M. E. Nicholson, 134 Liverpool Rd., Ashfield, N.S.W.

WHEN OFFERED A SEAT

WHY is it that most women get flurried when offered a seat by a man in a crowded tram or train?

Instead of accepting with a word of thanks, one often hears, "Oh, don't trouble!" or "It doesn't matter, I'm getting out next stop!" etc. Why can't they accept graciously and sit down? The man probably won't sit again while she stands, and therefore feels foolish.

It is usually the suburban housewife returning home at the peak period who is the worst offender.

Mrs. A. Ferguson, 16 Laing St., Mont Albert, E10, Vic.

An Invalid from RHEUMATISM and KIDNEY TROUBLE. Pronounced incurable. Another SCHUMANN'S miracle.

Uric Acid in blood causes crippling Rheumatism:

Uric Acid, when not eliminated by the internal organs,

passes into the blood stream and is carried to, and deposited in, the joints.

Here it crystallizes and every time the joint is moved,

causes intense pain. Schumann's Salts dissolve this Uric Acid in the blood and thereby remove the cause of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and Kidney Uric Acid complications.

Unhealthy Kidneys cause backache:

Your Kidneys are the filtering plant of your body. Day and night they are at work cleansing out the Acids, Disease Germs, Poisons and Waste matter from your blood. If they are not functioning properly, your system gradually, but surely, becomes poisoned.

You feel worn out and listless, nervous and run-down. Before long Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and Neuritis pains develop in the muscles and joints and if this state of affairs is allowed to continue, you will be a crippled martyr to chronic Rheumatism.

Schumann's Salts clear blood stream—tune up Liver and Kidneys:

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are a NATURAL aperient, and contain the same pure ingredients found in famous spas of Europe. Their action on the Liver induces a free flow of bile, which, in turn, aids the action of the digestive juices in the small intestine, creating normal bowel action. The Kidneys are also completely flushed out, and by these means Uric Acid and the poisons of Constipation are completely eliminated from the system. In this way the blood stream is purified, the joints freed from Uric Acid and the internal organs toned up and rejuvenated.

Thousands find lasting cure in Schumann's Salts:

If you at any time feel dull, drowsy or out-of-sorts, or the slightest twinge of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago or

Neuritis, do not delay another day. Go at once to your nearest chemist or store and purchase a jar of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Schumann's has brought instant and lasting relief to thousands of men and women and the cost is trifling—1/4 for the ordinary size and 2/6 for the large family jar.

READ THIS LETTER:

"I suffered for years from Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble. After many months in Hospital, I was discharged as nothing further could be done for me. I still suffered much pain and there were periods when I could not walk at all. At this time a friend told me about Schumann's and after six bottles, my Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble completely vanished."

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Neuritis, do not delay another day. Go at once to your nearest chemist or store and purchase a jar of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Schumann's has brought instant and lasting relief to thousands of men and women and the cost is trifling—1/4 for the ordinary size and 2/6 for the large family jar.

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If you at any time feel dull, drowsy or out-of-sorts, or the slightest twinge of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago or

Neuritis, do not delay another day. Go at once to your nearest chemist or store and purchase a jar of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Schumann's has brought instant and lasting relief to thousands of men and women and the cost is trifling—1/4 for the ordinary size and 2/6 for the large family jar.

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Simple, Yet Ingenious, Invention!

IT TAKES A woman to gauge correctly women's needs. Above you see a demonstration being given of a wonderful new invention by an Australian woman, Mrs. I. C. Pace, of Lavender Bay, North Sydney—a washing board with bristle rubbing surface, the bristles being so fine and close, and the surface so even, that the finest fabrics can be rubbed on them with complete confidence. The board is being sold for the first time in Australia at Grace Bros., Broadway.

SINGER'S Family Are "REGULAR GUYS"

Richard Crooks' Daughter
Has Birthday Party

By DOREEN AIKEN

"To-day I must take morning tea with a singer—Richard Crooks."

This was the note in my diary, but still I was able to sing in my bath.

No fears of temperament disturbed me. No beetle-browed genius would shout me and my little notebook down.

LIKEABLE people these. Why, even the daughter, Patsy, was having a birthday. It was all so friendly. To use an Americanism, "They are regular guys."

There is no need for the Richard Crooks' house to have welcome on the mat, because it emanates from their home.

Before I had ceased ringing the bell the door was pulled open so swiftly that it nearly took my breath away.

I beheld a vivid little lady in beautiful blue negligee.

It was Mrs. Richard Crooks.

Her apologies for her attire conflicted with my apologies for the early hour, and served as an introduction.

Mrs. Crooks does not walk. She darts. Her feet, clad in pretty little blue slippers lined with white fur, pattered about the room.

The room itself was just a delightful informal lounge room and except for the masses of flowers brought to the previous night's concert as tributes to the famous singer it resembles one in any comfortable suburban home.

Patsy's Birthday

IN a nearby room, Mr. Frederick Schumacker, the accompanist of Mr. Richard Crooks, was practising softly. "Patsy and Dicky are not yet out of bed," said Mrs. Crooks. They had been out late the previous night.

However, it was Patsy's birthday and she could not stay in bed indefinitely. She was fourteen, and packages were arriving for her all the time.

Patsy and Dicky eventually appeared. Patsy possessed the poise of a young duchess. Her height for her years is amazing and she towered above her vivacious little mother. Faultlessly groomed, she wore a navy frock, patterned with tiny arrows.

There was a big cake with fourteen candles on it.

Accident to Cake

DICKY'S stay was rather short. He became very interested in the numerous birthday gifts which were on display, whilst Patsy was telling how thrilled she had been when she knew she was to visit Australia for her summer vacation instead of her customary holiday in the family's mountain cabin. Meanwhile, Dicky, imp of mischief as usual, thinking he could improve the cake's appearance by minor alterations in the decorations, accidentally pushed his fist right through the icing into the cake.

Mother was stern. "Dicky, go to your room," she said.

Dicky's automatic response was an outstretched hand, and "Where's my book, mother?"

It was obvious that being sent to his room was no new thing for Dicky.

Meanwhile, Patsy was still busy receiving and opening packages. Her enthusiasm bubbled over, and her mother and I were constantly interrupted by "Listen to this," "Isn't this charming?" "Do look at this, aren't people too wonderfully kind?" "Mother, isn't this glorious?"

I don't know who was the more excited of the two, Mother or Patsy. They were two eager children, both jumping up and down, not still for one moment, until suddenly they would remember that "Father" was still in bed.

"Rest," she explained to me, "is so necessary to him just before or after a concert, as he gives so much of himself in his singing. When he should be sleeping," continued Mrs. Crooks, "long after a concert is over, his songs go through his mind, absolutely refusing to be dismissed."

The atmosphere of the home is one of happiness and good fellowship. There is too much good health and good healthy fun in the little family group to leave room for anything gloomy or morbid.

It is indeed a privilege for anyone to spend a few hours right in the family circle.

Mrs. Thomas thanks GAS for this extra service...



"Cooking with an automatic gas cooker is the greatest boon yet made available, to relieve women of arduous kitchen work" says Mrs. Thomas. "Now I have all the fun of cooking, without the heat, bother and time wastage".

Mrs. Thomas and her family spend many a quietly restful hour in the glow of their modern gas fire. No more tiresome stoking and cleaning now!

Home would not be Home
without GAS

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA



MISS MAGDA NEELD, the Australian soprano, who proved such a favorite in America that an original broadcasting contract of thirteen weeks was twice renewed. It was extended for a second thirteen weeks and then she was induced to sign up until the end of June when she returned to England. While in Chicago the Webb male choir chose her to appear as the soloist at their annual concert.

WOMEN Run 200 Services and FINANCE THEM

Every Australian citizen possessing a spark of national sentiment must regard the record of the Country Women's Association with a thrill of astonishment and pride.

This State-wide organisation, inaugurated and run entirely by women, has only been in existence since 1921, yet it now effectively administers and finances nearly 200 necessary services for women and children in country centres and the lonely outposts of the bush.

THE activities of the association span a vast field, from country Baby Health centres and maternity hospitals to seaside homes, where bush mothers may obtain a well-earned holiday from soul-wearying toil in pioneer settlements outback.

No doubt in an ideal community all these urgent and necessary services would be inaugurated and financed by the Government. Failing to obtain any such aid, the country women wasted no time in bewailing the fact, but set to and organised the services themselves.

From the first, the energy and spirit of co-operation of the founders have ensured the success of the association, a success that is still maintained. More, it has ensured the financial solvency of the various schemes (in spite of generous expenditure), and further extensions are planned.

This is a remarkable tribute to

women's efficiency and initiative.

That efficiency is a quality which women share equally with men has been proved beyond question since the former entered the business and professional spheres; but initiative, according to misogynistic "die-hards," is still the monopoly of the male sex.

The C.W.A., by successfully organising those services which the Government either could not, or would not inaugurate, has effectively disposed of this criticism. It is initiative that has made the association, in the words of the Acting Premier, Mr. Bruxner, "the largest and most forceful organisation of women in the Southern Hemisphere."

This is, from whatever point of view considered, a wonderful record. That the success earned by its unselfish energy and forcefulness will reap further and future triumphs is, we feel sure, the association's "Godspeed" from every Australian citizen.



"I like my wife to keep up with things."

THE Jacksons are a smart young couple. He is one of the firm's rising men, and she is charming and amusing. It wasn't surprising when the "Boss" invited them to dinner one night. Of course they were very keen to make a good impression. As they were leaving, the "Boss" said, "You're a lucky man, Jackson! Your wife's not only pretty—she's interesting. Remarkably well-informed for so young a woman." Jackson beamed, "Thank you, Sir. Molly is a darling, and clever, too. I like my wife to keep up with things."

Molly will always do that. She sees to it by having the Daily Telegraph delivered

every morning. She reads every word of the exclusive Independent Cable Service, and the same editors that made The Australian Women's Weekly a success have seen to it that she'll enjoy the Women's Section, too. They have engaged a special staff of reporters that keep the Women's Pages right up-to-the-minute—just like the rest of the paper. They've arranged a wonderful Shopping Bureau that gives cash prizes just for shopping wisely, Special Feature Articles and interesting Serials.

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DARK HAIR . . .

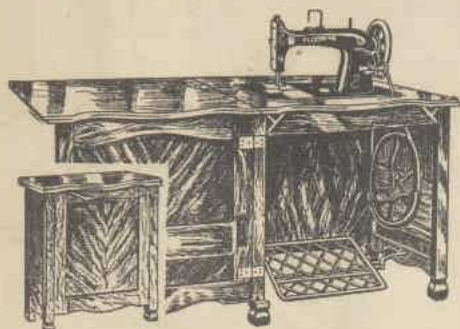
Dark hair has a special romantic beauty of its own, but dirt and dust and smoky atmosphere are for ever robbing it of its deep colour and youthful brightness, even though you wash it regularly with ordinary shampoos. Lavona isn't an ordinary shampoo. It is specially prepared to keep your hair from ever getting that faded, dingy look that makes you look commonplace—and causes people to think you are older than you are. Lavona Shampoo will keep your hair young and silky, absolutely free from greasy lukiness, and sparkling with colourful, fascinating glints. Your 'perm' will last longer, too. Lavona Shampoo contains no dyes, camomile, oris root or harmful ingredients—it

provides the one safe way to remove the film that dulls your hair and reveals its lasting loveliness.

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LUNCHEON TIME at the Northern Suburbs Nursery School. Appetising dishes disappear with amazing rapidity. It is part of the children's training to serve at table.

WOES OF "Too Many Children" SETTLED

Boon to Mothers that would have Helped "Old Woman in the Shoe"

If only the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" could have lived in the days of day nurseries, how easily her problem would have been solved. But then we wouldn't have had that entertaining nursery rhyme handed down to us.

THE Northern Suburbs Nursery School, which is one of six similar nurseries in Sydney, well illustrates the important part these "day homes" play in caring for the children of working mothers.

It is housed in a comfortable-looking bungalow in a well-cared-for garden. The lawns were resplendent from May feet which were sheltering indoors from the unkind weather when I called.

Over the verandah rail peered a little face with cheeks rosy from the cold air.

viewing intruders with a quizzical expression.

The entrance to the house looked most cheerful, and the front door seemed to smile in unison with the pleasant-faced nurse who opened it, carrying a drowsy infant swathed in a cuddle-rug.

After the comparative quiet of the deserted streets outside, the shrill voices of tiny tots singing their nursery rhymes sounded like an Eastern bazaar, and the words they chanted just as intelligible.

Babies, toddlers, nurses, and toys, and toys, and babies!

Fifty pairs of bright eyes surveyed us as we entered, fifty little voices ceased singing, and we became the cynosure of fifty little mites dressed in blues and greens.

While these happy little toddlers were cheerfully playing without a care, their courageous mothers were bravely working at their various occupations.

Most of the babies arrive at 7 a.m. for breakfast, and remain until collected at 6.30 every evening.

There are two sections of infants: those under two years, and those under five. In the younger section were several of six months old.

Regular visitors are John and Joan, the two-year-old twins, who have been at the nursery since the age of three months.

In the playroom were the older toddlers, noisily enjoying their games which are specially selected to develop their sense training. Block-building seemed to be the most popular attraction, although quite a number of dolls and stuffed representatives of the Zoo looked the worse for wear through constant handling.

Two Hours' Siesta

AT the termination of this exhausting half-hour the sound of a gong signified that hands must be washed and hair combed, and as the children thronged into the bathrooms they naturally claimed their individual towels, soap, and combs, which hang with their brightly-handled tooth-brushes.

After these preparations they adjourned to the dining-room, which was furnished with numerous little green tables and chairs and attractive wall decorations of nursery murals.

Taking their accustomed places, one child from each table, irrespective of sex, donned a gingham apron and commenced serving the various foods, which looked most appetising.

In an adjoining room the younger section was also being fed. Tempting dishes disappeared with amazing rapidity.

When the luncheon hour was over, each child of both sections retired for a two hours' siesta, and silence reigned supreme, and the nurses restored order out of chaos. —D.A.

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America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation



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The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

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This is typical of the letters we are constantly receiving from users of Nyal Esterin. Because it acts directly on the nerve centres, where headaches originate, Nyal Esterin relieves pain quickly. It contains ingredients regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the relief of pain, and in addition, a newly developed ingredient, Esterin Compound. For headaches, sleeplessness, neuralgia, rheumatic or nerve pains, take Esterin. Sold and recommended by your chemist, 1/3d. tin.

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A Good Recipe

SILVER CAKE

Ingredients:

1 cup sugar,
1/2 cup milk,
1/2 cup butter,
1/2 cup cornflour,
1/4 cup flour,
2 teaspoons MUMS Baking Powder,
Whites of 2 eggs,
Vanilla,
Salt.

Method:

Beat butter to a cream, and gradually beat in the sugar, and add the flavouring. Mix the flour and Baking Powder together. Dissolve the cornflour in the milk, and add to the sugar and butter. The well-beaten whites and flour must be lightly stirred in. Bake about half-hour.



MUMS Baking Powder

MADE FROM PURE CREAM OF TARTAR

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES!

A Sorry Tale of Death and Disaster and Lost Bets

By BETTY GEE

Just a minute, girls, till I pick up this stitch! Now!! What I want to know is: Do horses feel the cold, and consequently run badly?

Why I want to know is that that is the only reason I can find for the failure of those I backed at Randwick on Saturday.

Anyhow, I know somebody who's going to be cold this week, because there wasn't enough left out of the housekeeping to lay in the winter coals, after all those outsiders, who came home nameless and unknown like strays in the herd.

Of course I had to stick to The Black Cat for the Trial Hurdle after last week's win. But I might just as well have put my £2 on the paubet at the zoo. It fell and broke its neck, and people said afterwards that it collapsed and died just as it came to the hurdle, which it did not see and simply crashed to its death. I almost forgot my loss in my sympathy for the poor little fellow.

But one mustn't let sentiment interfere with betting, my dears, must one? Why I didn't back Omarene for the Nursery I know not. I always go for George Price's two-year-olds. But I heard such a strong tale from Keith Livingston, who has a third interest in Warraving, about how he'd been scorching up the grass at Clarendon course, where Elver Walker hides his horses nowadays, that I could listen to nothing else.

But Warraving couldn't do anything to the Randwick tracks, and Omarene strided past the post lengths to the good.

You can have your rustic-trained horses in future. Give me the ones that know their way about the highways and byways of Randwick.

Bitter Sweet

THINGS were bad, my dears, so I shut the purse with a bang. But just then I ran into Miss Nuttie Mackellar in her woollen suit and silver fox cape, looking very sweet. But sweeter was the information she poured into my ear about Sly Lad for the A.J.C. Hurdle.

I was just making for the ring, the sorry state of my account forgotten, when Dickie checked me and said I had a mad look in my eyes like a woman about to commit financial suicide. So I changed my mind and went to the tote and put only 10/- each way on it. And when it had won by "a street" I collected £4/8/- instead of £10 that was waiting to be picked up if Dickie hadn't jerked me up on my way to the bookmakers. That's what you get for being cautious.

Luck That Wasn't

I WAS thinking bitterly of this when I put £2 on Cognac at 6 to 1 because Jack King sent out word that it couldn't lose. But just to prove it could, Cognac got away slowly, never got out of the rack, and finished eighth.

Vaalmore, the winner, switched her tail like a Catherine-wheel to the complete discomfort of those that followed her in the race. It wasn't fair.

Everybody you met before the June Stakes and asked about Jacene answered something like this: "Yes, it's all right. Willie Pratt thinks it's a good thing. So-and-so's got £600 of their money to put on it."

So when I'd met six who had said the same thing, and added up all the money there was in the stable commission, roughly about £3800, I reckoned I'd better go in with my £2 before the cream of the market was taken.

I got 58 to £2 and was lucky to beat the market—yes, until they ran the race. Then I knew I wasn't so very lucky. Jacene suffered not from the slow, but from a complication of string-halt, locomotor ataxia, and housemaid's knee. Alan Cooper, who was walking about stiff-legged with a plaster cast round his knee, could have raced Jacene on foot.

The one I tried to get it back on in the last race was Buonarroti because I had it from Mrs. Sam Hardy, looking very handsome in her angora blue, and

Buonarroti got back in the rack, and might as well have been in the booby-hatch for all the chance he had of getting out to win this race. He's one of those tantalising creatures who finishes fast at every distance, and he'll keep having punters on until we get him in the eight hours procession, and even that won't be long enough for Buonarroti.

He's named after some Spanish artist of the past, isn't he? Anyway he seems to know how long these Old Masters used to take to complete a masterpiece. He's copying them and making it a life work.

It will be Kensington next week, and a black prospect of getting one's money back. The butcher says Questionnaire, and I've heard Belgravia from Next-Door's housemaid, but I don't even know where they get them. The entries aren't made yet. But Clignac is one I hope to get a new dress out of next time it runs, and I don't care when or where.



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LOST and FOUND

Continued from Page 18

"I'll wait for you outside. Comb your hair, son."

On the way over to the cook-shack the man told him his name. It was Langdon, Hugh Langdon. There were fifty sections in the Langdon ranch, three thousand head of cattle and six cowhands.

Jamie ate a big breakfast at one end of the long table that was covered with white shiny oilcloth. He'd never tasted such food before. Hong Lee, the cook, watched him, grinning.

"Velly good," he kept saying. "Velly good. Long time, no eat. Ketchum more ham 'n eggs? Ketchum more toast?"

Jamie ate until he could hardly walk. Afterwards they sat on the front steps and stretched their legs in the sunshine.

Mr. Langdon had rolled and lighted another cigarette. He smoked slowly, looking at Jamie once in a while.

"Well, Jamie," he said at last, "Jed's almost to the county seat by this time. I'd best call him up and have him headed off, eh?"

"No," said Jamie. "Let him go."

"Let him go, eh? Then what's to become of you?"

"I've been studying about that," said Jamie. "I could stay here, maybe."

"H'm," said Mr. Langdon, and his eyes were hard-boiled and sad again. "You could stay here, eh? Is that your idea, or Jed's?"

"Mine," said Jamie, sturdily. "Jed'll be glad to get rid of me."

"Maybe," Mr. Langdon puffed on his cigarette. "But hurry along. What's this idea you've studied out?"

"Well—" Jamie hunched his shoulders and hung his head. It had seemed

like a good idea, at first. Somehow, it wasn't so good now.

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Langdon. "Out with it, son."

"Well," said Jamie. "That's a good dog-house. If a dog came along that didn't have any home—that was a good dog, I mean—you'd let him live there. You'd let him eat what was left after the others were through. After he'd been around a while, and you got used to him, he'd kind of take the place of the dog that died. Isn't that right?"

"Sounds reasonable. So what?"

"Well," said Jamie. "If you'll let me I'd like to be your dog."

"H'm," said Mr. Langdon. "That is an idea. You'd sleep in the dog-house, eh?"

"Sure, I'd sleep fine there."

"And you'd eat scraps from the table and wouldn't complain?"

"I'd get fat on it," said Jamie.

"And you'd come when you were called? When the cows got into the alfalfa, you'd go hazy them out when I told you to?"

"Sure," said Jamie. "Sure I would. I could be mighty useful."

"I don't know," said Mr. Langdon, shaking his head. "That last dog I had was a good watchdog. He wasn't afraid of the dark. And once, one of the bulls got me down. I called for help and that dog came running to help me out. Would you do that?"

"Yes," said Jamie. He knew he ought to be honest about it. "I'd probably be skeered, but I'd come, anyway. Yes, I'd come."

MR. LANGDON

turned away, hard-boiled as ever. He took out his handkerchief, keeping his face turned away, and blew his nose.

"You're a good salesman, son," he said at length. "But I've got to get some legal advice on this. I'm going to call up a lawyer friend of mine in town. You just wait here, Jamie."

He was gone for quite a while, and pretty soon Jamie happened to look up the road towards the south. Two horsemen were coming, trailed by long funnels of dust.

He jumped up and ran inside. Mr. Langdon was at the end of the hall, sitting at a telephone.

"Mr. Langdon!" said Jamie, all out of breath. "Mr. Langdon!"

"Sh-h-h-h," said Mr. Langdon, and he kept on talking into the phone. "How's that again, Judge? Not legal, eh? Yeah, Yeah. That's right." He nodded while the other man talked. "I got it."

He hung up finally, and looked at Jamie with a twinkle in his eyes.

"You've got to learn to take orders, son. I told you to wait outside."

"But I had to tell you," said Jamie. "Jed and Slink are coming!"

"Sho!" said Mr. Langdon. "So soon?"

He opened up his notebook and wrote in it with his fountain pen. When he was done he motioned Jamie to go outside.

Jed and Slink were still quite a way off, but coming fast. Mr. Langdon looked at them and scratched his head. He grinned a little.

"Sit down, Jamie. I'll be back before they get here."

He went around the house, walking fast. Jamie sat there, feeling small and lost. It seemed to Jamie, watching Jed come, that the wind had grown colder. He pulled up his knees and hugged them tight, and rocked a little, back and forth. He could hear his heart beating.

Then Mr. Langdon came around the corner of the house. He had a big paper sack in his hand, with the top all bunched together. He sat down beside Jamie and pined the sack beside him. He put his notebook and fountain pen down beside the sack. He made himself comfortable.

J

ED and Slink stopped their horses and swung down. "Well," said Jed, looking from Mr. Langdon to Jamie. "I see you found him. I'm shorely relieved." He grinned behind his ragged, moustache. "Run away, will you, Jamie? Get up, young fella, and come along."

Jamie tried to get up, but his knees felt weak. He just sat there trembling. He looked at Mr. Langdon. So did Jed and Slink, waiting.

Mr. Langdon said to Jed: "You expect me to object, eh?"

"Why should I, indeed? He's your boy. Get up, Jamie."

Jamie got up. He felt choked and forlorn, inside; but he didn't protest. Mr. Langdon had given an order.

Jed scowled at Mr. Langdon. But Slink wasn't fooled.

Please turn to Page 26



"I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE SO HAPPY"

You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger...

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

IT'S SO THRILLING to win romance—so important to keep it! And yet some women are foolish enough to let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—soft, smooth skin!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are allowed to choke the pores that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—these are warning signals that you are not removing cosmetics properly.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. The ACTIVE lather of this gentle soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use this Hollywood care!

LIKE MOST GIRLS, I USE ROUGE AND POWDER—BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN! I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY. IT DOES LEAVE YOUR SKIN LIKE VELVET!



LUX Supercreamed TOILET SOAP

Loretta Young

20th Century and Fox star, whose newest picture will be "Lightning Strikes Twice."

A LEVER PRODUCT

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That the lovely diamond ring and corsage ornaments which Mrs. Cope Leithbridge is sporting nowadays are the artistic work of a local firm? . . . The gems were culled from her collection of old-fashioned jewellery . . . Legacies that hadn't seen the light of day for many years.

Shipboard Romance

LAST October Nancy Davis was aboard the Narkunda going for a holiday trip when she met Flight-Lieutenant E. C. Hudleston . . . His new appointment was taking him to India . . . The romance, which began then, culminates on July 24 with a wedding in fair Kashmir . . . Nancy left Sydney and her father left England last week . . . When the Mooltan reaches Bombay, Mr. Boyd Davis will be there to meet his daughter, escort her on the rest of her journey, and "give her away."

The three weeks' sojourn in Honolulu, which was Mrs. Woolcot Forbes' simple intention when she left Sydney, has been extended to include an island pleasure cruise in the luxury yacht, Lurline, according to the cable message received by her husband this week!

P-o-l-o Spells Gaiety

THIS winter's coldest and wettest day couldn't dampen the spirits of the polo enthusiasts who cheered on the teams at Kyeemagh and then foregathered at Elizabeth Bay House for the big afternoon "do" with its 64 hostesses and multiplicity of guests. . . . The hon. secretaries, Margaret Allen (wearing becoming burgundy tones) and Joan Waddell (whose black velvets were worn with a rainbow-hued scarf), did yeoman service in supervising everything and everybody. . . . Masses of nasturtiums trailed on mantelpieces and buffet tables . . . bright fires glowed . . . guests danced with vim and chatted and sipped for a couple of hours before a perfect procession of cars bore them off to prepare for one or another of the evening's dances and entertainments. . . . Sydney has had a gay carnival!

"Two Lovely Black Eyes!"

AFTER spending a month with her people at Muswellbrook, Mrs. John Gunning returned to town last week and . . . Though the weather was so intensely cold that, driving at night, she actually had to break the ice that formed on the windscreen, "Dell" loved every minute of it. . . . Coming home, she and Dr. and Mrs. Rutherford drove the 200 miles in double-quick time, and were not one bit late for the Moss-Rutherford wedding at Uix Lodge that same night. . . . "Twas bad luck that the young "Cranbrookian," who is the eldest hope of the Gunning household, met with an accident the day before and had two badly bruised eyes to greet his mother's return.

The greatest innovation at the polo this year was the wireless equipment on several of the cars . . . Owners watched the matches at Kyeemagh and also kept tab on the racing at Randwick.

Happy Trio

COLONEL AND MRS. ALFRED SPAIN, of Neutral Bay, will be joined by their daughter Nell (Mrs. John Russell, of Ascot) when the good ship Orama reaches Brisbane en route for New Guinea . . . Mrs. Russell is most popular in Brisbane, and her prowess as a bridge player should prove a big asset on this pleasure cruise.

Evergreen Memories

ON the site of the old Wilson home—stead—Plumthorpe, Barraba—the Norman Burdekins have built a truly palatial dwelling . . . New, but full of old memories.

The beautiful windows and graceful Georgian fanlights were integral parts of old Burdekin House, Sydney . . . So were the heavy cedar doors and architraves—much of the old cedar furniture, too . . . Through a lovely garden, the drive sweeps under a friendly portico . . . There, on the front door, the old Macquarie Street number—197—is still preserved.

Sentiment and beauty combine to make this artistic home the pride of the district.

A Sailor's Lass

MARY LANG'S fiancé, Knut Andersson (of Swedish birth), is "a rollicking sailor man." She met him on that long voyage on a windjammer, which she took last year.

Mary was in Sydney for the polo festivities, and several cocktail parties were given for her during the week. She has hosts of relatives in Sydney, both her paternal grandmother and maternal grandfather being members of the big Cape clan.

Fair curls blowing in the wind and fairly "on her toes" with excitement . . . Tiny Edcina Hordern was the youngest spectator of the polo at Kyeemagh.

Newlyweds

BACK from their honeymoon trip to Melbourne and Hobart the Jim Nivisons are spending a few days in town before settling down at Ohio, Walcha . . . Despite the turbulence of the Tasman Sea, Jim can proudly boast that he and Joyce formed half of the stalwart quartet who were the only passengers aboard ready for every meal.

velvet-smooth to the feet," and add a fashion note to the effect that "long gowns are still definitely the thing for formal evening parties, but at afternoon functions or cocktail 'do's' street-length frocks have quite replaced the trailing ones."

"The Ayes Have It!"

THE number of influential women who accepted Mrs. T. H. Kelly's invitation to "sip a cup of tea" and discuss plans for a dance in aid of the Crown Street Women's Hospital at Elizabeth Bay House last Friday have such confidence in her organising ability that all of her suggestions were accepted with acclamation.

The dance will be held on July 30 . . . For the comfort of everybody concerned, the sale of the half-guinea tickets will be limited to two hundred and fifty. . . . Lady Waley is the hon. treasurer, and Mrs. R. C. Dixon the hon. secretary; Mrs. George Earp undertakes to arrange bridge tables.

More than a mere hobby . . . Lady (George) Fuller's big interest nowadays is the breeding of Jersey cattle . . . She's making a real success of it, too!



THIS IS A Dayne study of Nancy Davis, of Hampton Court, who left on June 26 by the Mooltan for India. See paragraph.



Matrimony Ahead

SEVERAL newly-engaged couples were interested spectators at the wedding of Barbara Warry with George Berensford Grant on June 24.

Sue Kater and her fiancé, Sinclair Dixon, motored to Sydney especially for it. So did Margaret Paton and Alec Dalziel.

The bride's mother revived an old convention by wearing grey at her daughter's wedding, a beautiful gown of silver-grey rosiné, grey velvet wrap and soft grey furs.

Mrs. Hubert Gordon has joined her daughters, Noreen and Patsy Dangar. The trio are staying at 52 Macleay St., Ltd.

Literati and Lunch

THERE was a big round-up of the Fellowship of Writers on June 25 at Farmer's . . . Eighty-five of them met to do honor to Mrs. Curlew (Ethel Turner), and, incidentally, to eat an excellent lunch.

Mrs. Zara Aronson, whose appearance and vivid mentality baffle her three-score years and ten, received many a warm, congratulatory handshake on her inclusion in the Birthday honors list. "G. B. Lancaster" (Miss Edith Lyttleton) put in an unexpected appearance and wore soft brown woollens and had a gay little orange flower in her brown felt hat.

Consul's Bachelor Guest

FOR weeks past the Spanish Consul has been thrilled to bits over the approaching visit to Sydney of his kinsman, Señor Raul de Muya y Ygual . . . His arrival from Spain last week was signalled by a pluperfect cocktail party at the Consul's Point Piper home . . . The honored guest is a bachelor still in his twenties, very keen on outdoor sports, and very appreciative of that super car . . . a recent purchase of the Consul.

Here from Flinders Naval Depot, Commander Read, with Mrs. Read, motored over last Saturday to spend his ten days' leave with Sydney friends and relatives.

Likeable Personality

THE Prince Consort of Tonra . . . incidentally he has been Prime Minister for thirteen years . . . was made an honorary member of the Australian Club on his arrival in Sydney . . . He quickly became persona grata with all and sundry . . . Sir George Fuller has fraternised with him, and they have many amusing chats which range from Parliamentary procedure to reminiscences of the Prince's schooldays at Newington . . . By the way, hats off to Newington if it be responsible for his perfect enunciation!

Have You Noticed—

That Mr. Arthur Allen still persists in his stately progress, enthroned behind the long-handled steering gear of his well-mannered electric car? . . . He looks down without envy as his legal confreres dash past in their low, streamlined motors . . . Seemingly well satisfied with his own gentle equipage.

Peggy Geill

THOUSANDS CHAINED to dangerous laxative habit—

**Dosing weakens system —
makes constipation worse!**

**A simple food now
regulates bowels naturally**

* Thousands of men and women are so weakened by constant dosing that they are forced to take ever-increasing quantities of artificial laxatives. But cathartics never cured constipation. They actually make it worse!

Repeated artificial stimulation weakens bowels and intestinal muscles so that normal elimination becomes impossible. Continued use of laxatives, doctors say, causes 75% of intestinal troubles in later life.

Cathartics cannot relieve constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in diet. "Bulk" gives bowels and intestines the gentle exercise that induces regular, natural elimination.

To end constipation, you need only add Kellogg's All-Bran to your diet. This delicious cereal, 100% bran, is rich in "bulk." It supplies the healthful elements

lacking in so many modern foods. Gently, but surely, All-Bran sets your system working normally. You can forget that cathartics ever existed!

All-Bran is deliciously flavoured—tempting and appetising. Two tablespoonful of All-Bran covered with milk or cream, served daily for one week, will relieve constipation. After that, three servings a week ensure normal, regular elimination.

Served with fruit or mixed with other cereals, All-Bran is equally effective. Eat it regularly, and you'll find your system functioning as normally as a healthy child's.

Order Kellogg's All-Bran today! Your grocer has it.



'OVALTINE' will keep you Safe from Winter's Chill

NOW that Winter is here, you must be prepared for chilly winds and rain. You will need ample reserves of vitality to resist coughs, colds and other ills. Start the "Ovaltine" habit now.

For strengthening the natural powers of resistance proper nourishment is essential. To ensure this, make "Ovaltine" the regular daily beverage in your home. It supplies complete and concentrated nourishment in a perfectly balanced form.

Remember that "Ovaltine" definitely provides the maximum of health-giving nutriment at the lowest possible price. Even when you prepare "Ovaltine" entirely with milk it is still the most economical food beverage. This is due to the supremely high quality of its ingredients and the small quantity required to make a cup. Scientifically prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk, and new-laid eggs, "Ovaltine" stands in a class by itself for quality and health-giving value. Quality always tells.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupfuls, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores.
A. WANDER LTD., 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.



LOST and FOUND

Continued from Page 24

"It's a bluff, Paw," he said. He sat down on the grass and took out the knife. He played with it, grinning at Jamie.

"Yes, it's a bluff," said Mr. Langdon. "You want to go, Jamie?"

"No," said Jamie.

"You don't have to," said Mr. Langdon. "There's too many empty dog-houses around here."

"Yeah?" said Jed. Right away he was relieved and grinning again. "Who says he can stay? He's my boy."

Mr. Langdon opened the notebook and handed it to Jed. "Read that, fella. Then sign on the last line."

Jed read it through once, and again. "I'll sign it," said Jed. "I'll be glad to sign it. For five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred?" said Mr. Langdon, raising his eyebrow.

"Five hundred is what I said," Jed's ragged moustache bristled. "You can take it or leave it. I love that boy, mister."

"You stinking, cringing coyote," said Mr. Langdon. "Read it again. When you sign it, you also sign a receipt for one hundred dollars. I'll pay the hundred, no more. Call it an amusement tax. Call it a thank offering. I'll pay your way out of the high desert. This is a clean country. You don't belong here. Do I make myself plain?"

"Don't you do it, Mr. Langdon," cried Jamie. "Don't pay him a hundred dollars."

"Shut!" said Mr. Langdon. "I paid fifty for that dog that died. An extra special good dog ought to be worth a hundred."

"Let's get going, Jamie," said Jed. "You ride double with Slink."

Mr. Langdon sighed. He dropped his

cigarette and ground it beneath his heel.

"I'll sweeten the pot a little, since you insist," he said. "Yeah, I'll raise the ante." He opened up the paper sack beside him and put his hand in it. "Remember, you asked for it, Jed."

He flung his wrist, and a blacksnake whip uncoiled on the porch behind him like it was alive. He looked at Jed, and the twinkle in his eye was like sunlight glinting on blue ice.

"Don't move, Jed," he said. "It happens that I'm a expert myself. At this distance I could pick the buttons off your shirt one by one. Don't run"—he smiled—"or I'll cut you down like wheat."

His arm snapped. The lash exploded like a gunshot. Jed's hat turned over and over in the air and fell on the grass; and the blacksnake was back on the porch, coiled and quivering, ready to leap again.

"And now, Jed," said Mr. Langdon. "what were we saying?"

Jed stood without moving, his hands clenched; and suddenly his face was glistering in the sunlight. Slink wasn't



SALLY EILERS' tailor follows the lines of a man's tuxedo with deep lapels and tight sleeves. A feather chon balances on the edge of her tall hat crown, while her satin blouse and patent leather accessories add the feminine touch to this star's trim ensemble. Miss Eilers is a Universal star.

grinning now. He put his knife in his pocket, and "ot up."

"It's a bluff, Paw," he said. "If he hits you with that blacksnake he never can have Jamie. He knows it."

"Don't move, Jed," said Mr. Langdon. "Slink, my boy, you'll make a good gambler some day. And a shrewd horse-trader. You'll probably end up in Congress—or in gaol. Meanwhile you've got a lot to learn. For instance, it's bad business to crowd your luck too far. Don't move, Jed."

He spoke over his shoulder. "Jamie! You remember I told you about that other good dog I had? He'd do anything I ordered. If I told him to battle a wildcat he'd sail right in. If it killed him, you remember?"

"All right," said Mr. Langdon. "There's Slink. Slink's bigger than you, but he's smaller inside. Go get him, Jamie! You can only die once."

"WHY, you orphan!" said Slink, with his fiercest look. "I've licked you a hundred times. I'll—"

He didn't finish what he started to say, because Jamie charged him like a roaring lion. He was scared, but his knees didn't shake any more. He knew it had to be done, so he ran into Slink as hard as he could, with his head down.

Slink went sprawling, but Jamie got up first.

"Jump on him spread-eagle," said Mr. Langdon; and Jamie jumped on him spread-eagle. "Sock him! Sock him again! Now grab his ears and hang on!"

Jamie grabbed his ears and hung on. "Paw!" Slink blubbered. "Paw!"

"That's enough, Jamie," said Mr. Langdon. "After all, he's only a boy. We mustn't hold grudges, must we? But it seems like he's got a knife that belongs to you, Jamie. Take it out of his pocket."

So Jamie took the knife out of Slink's pocket and put it in his own.

"All right, Jamie," said Mr. Langdon. "You can go back and sit on the step. Get up, Slink, my lad. Hereafter, never steal boys' knives, or ideals, or hopes. It's bad business. Climb aboard. Keep quiet while I talk to Jed."

And he said to Jed: "Well? Still want five hundred?"

"A hundred's okay," said Jed, licking his lips.

"Fine," said Mr. Langdon. "Sign on the last line."

WHILE Jed was signing, Mr. Langdon counted out the money.

"Don't you hit me with that blacksnake, mister," Jed's voice was whiny again. "I'm gonna go now."

"You are, indeed," said Mr. Langdon, nodding. "But as you go, a word to the wise, hombre. For snakes, coyotes, and other things that crawl and creep, this is a hostile region. Head south. Keep travelling. Sabote!"

Mr. Langdon watched them go, out the driveway and out to the road. They swung to the right, without looking back.

Jamie was leaning back, too. Neither of them said anything. There was lots to talk about, but there was plenty of time. Jamie was holding the knife in his hand; and he hung on to it, hard. It was real. It had got away from him he might wake up and find that he was still shivering out yonder in the darkness, where the sand drifted and the wind blew. But as long as he hung on to it the wind was warm; and anybody could have told at a glance, just to look at them, that there weren't any empty dog-houses or loneliness or cold or things like that any more, there at the Box L.

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ASTHMA VICTIMS!

and all sufferers from
Bronchial Coughs, Catarrh,
and Hay Fever.

Dr. HAIR'S
great VASO-DILATION
discovery

brings lasting relief
without dangerous drugs.

Himself an Asthma sufferer for eleven years, Dr. B. W. Hair found that the spasms of Asthma came from the contraction of the muscles of the bronchial tubes and congestion of their mucous membrane. Hair's discovery brought on the familiar choking, strangling sensation.

The world-famous Remedy which Dr. Hair created has a Vaso-Dilator action which disperses congestion, releases the muscles of the bronchial tubes, restores easy natural breathing and breaks the griping hold of the disease on the system.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine is obtainable at all leading chemists at 5/- per bottle, or from the Agents post free (this coupon below.)

FREE! POST TO-DAY for FREE BOOK!

To Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine,
Box 1341E, G.P.O., Sydney, or
Box 1111E, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Please send me FREE and POST PAID
Dr. Hair's book on the Treatment of
Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh.
Name
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HOW TO ENDURE THE WINTER WITHOUT A COLD

A well-known London doctor says:

"Eating food with a deficiency of Vitamins will reduce you to a condition in which you are more liable to catch cold."

But most ordinary foods are deficient in Vitamins. Where are the needed Vitamins to come from?

Take Bemax every day with your breakfast. This tonic food is so rich in Vitamins that one tablespoonful ensures an adult enough Vitamins for the day. Think of the relief to go through the winter immune from infection!

When the last Influenza epidemic was at its height not a solitary worker in the Bemax factory or offices was affected. What a tribute to the power of Bemax!

Put yourself on Bemax before the winter has advanced another day. The 3s. 6d. tin lasts a month.

Keep free from colds. Keep free from flu. Keep fit on

BEMAX

THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD
Price 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
3, 6 & 10—4 month's supply for an adult.

What Women Are Doing

Ship's Nurse

TRAVELLING as ship's nurse is the pleasant and interesting way in which Miss Gwendolyn Reader, of Bristol, sees the world. She is at present making her third trip in the Hobson's Bay.

At the conclusion of her present voyage, Miss Reader will transfer to some other shipping line, and seek "fresh woods and pastures new."

Baroness de Hemptinne To Visit Australia

MEMBERS of the Catholic Women's League in Australia are looking forward anxiously to the arrival about the end of October of Marie, Christine de Hemptinne, the international president of the Youth Section of the C.W. Leagues, which band together two million girls who are organized in 27 leagues of 17 countries of Europe and America, according to Mrs. Michael Magur, who was re-elected president of the South Australian league at the annual meeting on Sunday.

Marie, de Hemptinne is a baroness, and one of the better-known workers among children in Europe. She will arrive for the Centennial Catholic All-Australian Congress, at which a number of papers dealing with child education, the influence of music and art upon children, etc., will be given.

Home For Aged and Incapacitated Nurses

WHEN Lady Huntingfield officially opened Airdrie, the home for aged and incapacitated nurses at Canterbury, Vic., last week, she saw the culmination of much hard work on the part of the Society for the Care of Aged and Incapacitated Nurses.

The object of the society, which was formed in 1928, is to assist nurses who, through age or any disability, are experiencing hard times. In fact, to supplement tiny incomes by providing a comfortable home.

One of the happiest people at the opening was Miss A. E. Broomhall. She knows the needs of nurses, having been secretary of the Victorian Nurses' Board for ten years. The home was an idea that appealed to many, and as hon. secretary of the society she has been helped by a committee that includes many distinguished nurses and representatives of organizations.

President Who Has Unique Position

GOING towards the Lyceum Club, Brisbane, the other morning, was a small group of people. They were members of the Queensland Blindfold Soldiers' Association, who were off to a morning tea-party in honor of a fellow-member from Victoria who was visiting Brisbane. Each man was accompanied by his guide, in most cases the guide being his wife.

Waiting to receive them was Miss Martha Burns, president of the association, who, by the way, is the only woman to hold such a position in a world-wide organization.

Miss Burns' days of looking after the blinded soldiers can be traced to soon after the Great War, when she met and looked after the men who returned. She was on active service as a nurse.

Organizing Church Centennial Exhibition

MISS VIOLET HILLIER, secretary to the S.A. Committee of the Australian Board of Missions, and also of the diocese of Adelaide, has another position as organizer of the Anglican Church Centennial Exhibition.

The exhibition at the Town Hall will be the fourth with which Miss Hillier has been connected and the second which she has organized.

Months of preparation have been necessary, and Miss Hillier says that the exhibition will depict the advance of the Church in South Australia and also in the mission fields where South Australian missionaries are working.

Women from the parishes of seventy South Australian Churches will arrange stalls, and choirs from the secondary boys' and girls' schools, as well as church choirs, will lead singing in the afternoon and evenings.

Won American Award

MISS FRANCES PENINGTON, M.A., of Melbourne University, sailed for America by the Mariposa with high hopes of some interesting research work in the immediate future.

If there had not been a conference of the Australian Federation of University Women in Melbourne last year, she may not have left Australia so soon. During the conference, Miss Penington contributed a paper on the provision of occupation and interests for the unemployed with such success that she was urged to send an outline of her social welfare work and investigations to Smith College, Northampton University, Mass., U.S.A.

The college has awarded her 1000 dollars with which to conduct research work on social science in America, so here is another Australian woman to obtain recognition overseas.

Vice-Principal of Indian School Revisits Sydney

MISS A. E. SLADE, who used to teach in a private school in Sydney some years ago, is returning to revisit it. Since leaving Sydney she has studied music for three years in London for her own interest rather than to put to any practical purpose, and then she went to India to become vice-principal of a school for Indian girls at Peshawar, near the Khyber Pass.

Miss Slade has four months' holiday, three of which she will spend with her family at Sydney.

Designs Frocks For "Princesses"

MISS NGAROMA RUTHERFORD is designing frocks for "princesses," each reminiscent of a flower, and these are to be worn by the ten girls who are standing as Flower Princesses representing the kindergartens in the South Australian Kindergarten Union at the ball on July 25.

Miss Rutherford designed, sketched, and painted these frocks. (The idea for each being based in the individual flower) in one week.

A student first at the Adelaide School of Arts and Crafts and now at the North Adelaide School of Fine Arts, Miss Rutherford concentrates on the various sides of dress designing. At the South Australian Centennial Exhibition recently she won several prizes for sports costume, flower frock, and theatrical costume, but this is the first time she has "dressed a show."

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Interesting Woman Has a Golden Wedding

MORE than two hundred friends visited Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Book home during the week-end, when they celebrated their golden wedding.

Mrs. Book received an opal necklace, brooch, and ring from her children, but there were also many gifts from the numerous organizations in which she is interested.

She has been president of the advisory board of Melbourne City Missions for the past eight years, and is also on the executive of the National Council of Women of Victoria.

Mrs. Book is also interested in the heating system which is now being installed in the Baptist Church, Collins St., Melbourne, and is busy raising the \$300 to pay for it.

Medical Missionary Talks On Her Work

PIONEERING a hospital in Myunt, Tanganyika, training native girls as nurses without the aid of a resident doctor, sounds a huge responsibility for a girl, but Miss May Dobson, of Hobart, would not change places with anyone.

For five years Miss Dobson, who is at present on her first furlough, has worked as a medical missionary at the Anglican Church Missionary Society's Mission in Africa, after training as a nurse at Sydney Hospital.

Miss Dobson has been recounting some of her experiences at the African court at the S.A. Anglican Church Exhibition in Adelaide, travelling from Hobart for that purpose.

Made the Most Of Opportunity

MISS JOAN BUCHANAN, the Queensland girl who is secretary to Mr. Ivan Menzies, is not an opportunist, but certainly recognizes a good opportunity when it comes to her.

There is a distinction if not a difference. The day she was giving a casual broadcast at the same station and at the same hour as Mr. Menzies, he asked her casually if she knew where he could get a good secretary. She had a few qualms, but eventually asked if he thought she would do. She was engaged next day and started work immediately.

That was six months ago. Since then she has toured New Zealand, and after three weeks in Brisbane will go to Melbourne.

New Hospital Auxiliary President

THE new president of the auxiliary that does so much for the Orthopaedic Section of the Children's Hospital, Melbourne—the now famous open-air hospital by the sea at Frankston, Victoria, is Mrs. Wallace Mitchell.

She is taking the place of Mrs. Harold Grimwade, who has retired from office.

Though she lives in Melbourne, Mrs. Wallace Mitchell has a seaside home at Frankston, and spends most of the summer there with her eight children.

When she first saw the little crippled children being treated at the hospital, Mrs. Mitchell was so grateful for her own bonny kiddies that she set to work to help the hospital as much as possible.

All the little patients know her well and greet her gladly. She plans their Christmas tree every year, and never visits them empty handed. The operating-table at the hospital was a gift from the Wallace Mitchell children to the children of the hospital.

This busy president is now working hard for the Joy Bells ball, to be held at the New Embassy on August 1.



Miss Buchanan—New Zealand

Lover of Outdoors Now Runs City Mission

EVEN though she is doing such splendid work for the Adelaide City Mission, Mrs. I. McKay, who has been appointed to the post vacated by the late Miss Annie S. Green, must find life strange working in such closely-settled areas.

Her true-love is the great outdoors, and she has travelled by camel, horse or buggy many times between the railway head of Oodnadatta and Alice Springs, the latter place being a telegraph repeating station, where her late husband was in charge before being moved to Adelaide some years ago.

During this time Mrs. McKay took a great interest in the aborigines and their welfare, and is yet their staunch ally. She is trying to bring something of her love of outdoor things into the lives of the poor people to whom she is now devoting her time, by presenting them with flowers (when she can) along with food and clothing.

Another Novel By Well-known New Zealander

The well-known New Zealand writer, Miss Nell Scanlan, has written another book, which will be out in September. It is called "The Marriage of Nicholas Carter." Unlike Miss Scanlan's other books, which have been about New Zealand, this one is about England.

Youthful Tasmanian Radio Operator

MISS JOYCE CROWDER, of Hobart, is Tasmania's first and only woman amateur radio operator. Her station is 7YL, and although she has held her license for only four months she has been in touch with other amateurs in America, Switzerland, Japan, and England.

She is not yet twenty years of age, and is a teacher in the State Education Department.

After a twelve-months' course at a technical school class in which she was the only girl, she sat for her final examination with eight boys, and was one of the two who succeeded in passing. Incidentally, she also passed a service examination which entitles her to go out and do radio repairs.

Miss Crowder is one of about six women amateurs in Australia, and she is anxious to go a step further and to get a position in one of the commercial stations as a radio engineer.

A four-year contract with the Education Department prevents this, however, for the time being.

American Women Band Together For Charity

THE American Women's Auxiliary for the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, formed by a handful of American women residing in Melbourne in 1931, now has a membership of 40, which is remarkable considering that these women usually only stay in the State for a short while.

Up till last year they were content with bridge parties as a mode of raising money.

Then they held their famous Fourth of July ball with great success. A similar ball is to be held this year. It will begin on July 3, so that Independence Day can be celebrated at midnight.

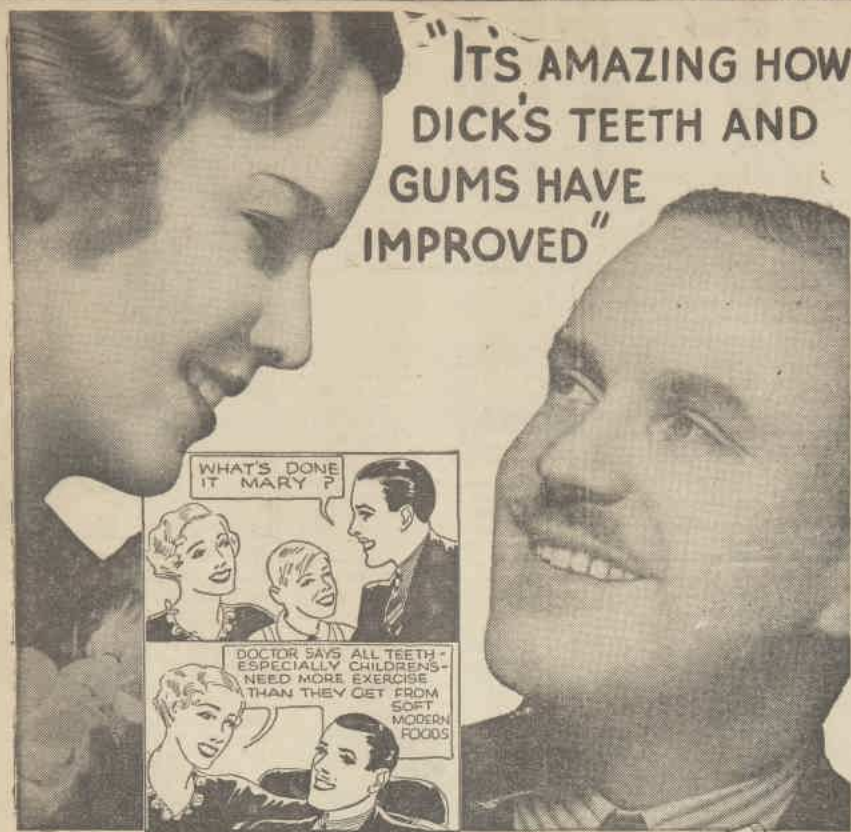
The president is Mrs. John Dye, wife of the American Consul; Mrs. Norman Ploot is the hon. organizer, and her two chief helpers are Mrs. E. A. Callahan and Mrs. James Clymer. Mrs. Ware is the publicity secretary.



Mrs. John Dye—Just Cato

IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP





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A Thief UPSTAIRS

Continued from Page 7

THERE was no denying that she was trying to convey to him by all the wiles at her disposal the fact that she must throw herself upon his mercy. And an odd fact about men is that even when they know a woman is doing this they still like it to be done, poor goofs. It gratifies their sense of self-importance, and gives them that tingling feeling up the spine which makes them objects of such ridicule to other members of their sex not at the moment similarly afflicted. George Bellamy, whose protest on the tip of his tongue had been so hot that even now he could not swallow it, just dithered.

"I just nipped up," he said, "to know if you would also like to have my wireless for the evening." And then he pointed with his finger and he said: "In fact, you may as well have my electric fire as well."

Carol had no means of knowing whether George was being serious or sarcastic, but suspected him. And her eyes narrowed slightly as she raised her chin.

"That's very kind, but what will you do?"

"I shall go out for dinner, to a restaurant."

One of Carol's hands still held the door, and her chin rested on her shoulder as she tried to see behind her. Cautiously she whispered:

"I will explain directly my friend's gone. If you will just be patient..."

"That's quite all right," said George. "I'm good at that."

The man was coming back into the hall. The girl became more business-like at once.

"I'd love to have your wireless, if you can really spare it."

George Bellamy was by the fire. A book was on his lap, his pipe was between his teeth, his feet were in his slippers, and he was looking in to the glowing coals and reminiscing.

He had only just heard the front door close, and had just been wondering how soon he could go upstairs to state his case and to hear Carol's, when a knock sounded on his own door, and he went to answer it, smoothing his hair into rather better shape. Outside stood the accused, no longer in an apron, and with the air of one called from the cells to hear her sentence from the judge.

"I wasn't sure that you were in. I didn't hear you come back."

"Oh," said George. "I wasn't gone five minutes."

"Then haven't you had dinner?"

"No, I haven't. Unfortunately, I found that after doing so much shopping I hadn't money enough to pay for dinner out. I came back here and had sardines."

He studied her expression, which was deprecating and demure.

"Sardines. You poor, poor thing, and on a night like this. Can't I make you an omelette now?"

"It's quite all right, thanks. Any time that I can be of help..."

A MOVEMENT.

her fingers now attracted his attention, and, looking down in the belief (and hope) that she was offering to put her hand into his, he found that she was actually offering him a one-pound note.

"I want to pay for what I took," she said. "I honestly did think you were away. I can see now that you would hardly have ordered all those things if you had been, but I thought there must be some mistake. I asked the boy, you know, but when he said he would go back to the shop and make sure about the address, I said: 'No, don't do that. I'll take them.'"

"I understand. Don't worry."

Gently he steered her hand away. He didn't want the note.

"It wouldn't come to anything like that. I daresay there's some salvage. We'll work it out some other time."

"But I want you to understand I didn't take your things because I was hard up. It was because I had no time to do my shopping. The man who was here to-night had asked me out with him. I made my mind up that it would be better to stay in, and I kept wishing I had something to offer him here. Then, just as I had rubbed Aladdin's lamp, all those parcels were dumped down in front of me. I was sure you had gone away, and they seemed heaven-sent."

She raised her head a little. Her hands were clasped behind her, and she raised and lowered herself on her toes. She was conscious that George was being quite polite and yet was not accepting as gospel everything she said. He was actually looking down his nose.

"The trouble with me is," she said quite sharply, "that I'm the only sister of a bunch of brothers. They've always had a lot of friends, and in school days I used to find I could take anybody's car or golf clubs without asking, and provided I was nice enough to the

owner when I brought them back, nobody minded: I suppose I got spoiled. I should have remembered that I'm not at home now and that you aren't one of my brothers' friends."

George turned his lips. He was flattered to find that he had evidently evoked in this young lady some wholesome respect. He decided to pursue the same course for a time.

Before he could answer her, however, they were both surprised by the turning of the handle of the front door, and they looked into the hall. To George's annoyance the man who had eaten his dinner had come back with some considerable ferocity in his expression. He looked at Carol and his tone was certainly uncompromising.

"I DIDN'T get as far as you hoped, young lady! I know now what your game was. You're a thief!"

George perplexedly moved closer. The visitor went on:

"You have a man with you this time, I see. I suppose you are in this together?"

"This gentleman," said Carol, "lives here."

Her voice had risen, and George, hearing the tone of it, made a mental note that apart from having plenty of cheek she had the necessary gallantry to get away with it. To offer her some slight support in such a time of need, and because in a dispute a man is generally drawn towards the woman first, he said:

"I cannot say I like this individual's tone, considering he was so recently your guest."

"And would you feel polite," the other blurted out, "if you had had your pocket picked?"

George's eyes rested upon the other stonily. Beside him Carol stood, as he well knew, with a pound-note in her fingers.

"I was induced," the other went on bitterly, "to come to dinner here. This girl is just a pickpocket. She asked me to put a washer on a tap for her. Now that I come to think of it, the tap didn't need a washer, but that was her excuse to get me to take my coat off, and let her hold it. That's when it was done."

Please turn to Page 46

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THE MOVIE WORLD

July 4, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 29

CALLING Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Ann Goes Talkie

ON her arrival in England, Ann Harding bitterly denied the charge of Harry Bannister, her former husband, that she was planning to take their daughter Jane out of America for a lengthy stay. She declared Bannister had received more than 100,000 dollars of property settlement at the time of their divorce, and went on to state: "Mr. Bannister's assertions are untrue. I voluntarily agreed in court to return my daughter to California before December 10, 1936, and gave a personal bond of 5000 dollars that I would keep that promise."

The placid-faced Ann of the movies is thoroughly annoyed with Bannister's latest statements. "It seems," she says,

Fjords Lose To Australia

Interviewed just prior to his departure for Australia to make a picture from a Zane Grey scenario for Columbia, Victor Jory expressed his gratification at having been offered the trip.

So impressed was he that he cancelled tickets he had already purchased for a vacation trip to Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

Jory plans to spend a couple of weeks in Honolulu, en route to Australia.

"that because Mr. Bannister is the father of my daughter I am to be continually harassed, annoyed and threatened. I do not intend to accede to his demands, nor do I fear his threats."

In accordance with the court order Bannister will have "reasonable rights of visitation" with Jane, but Miss Harding, according to her statement, has sole custody. Her plans to make a brief visit to England, she added, had been publicly announced.

Now the "Quads"

ST. NEOT'S "Quads" are latest recruits to the ranks of film stars. The success of "The Country Doctor," starring the "Quins" along with Jean Hersholt, has fired the imagination of the "Quads." Anyhow, Gracie Fields is to star in a picture which will feature St. Neot's most famous inhabitants.

The announcement was made when Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miles, the "Quads" proud parents, were tendered a civic reception at Morecambe while attending the premiere of the Dionne picture.

Gracie and the "Quads," it is stated, will start work as soon as Gracie's present engagements are fulfilled and, it is whispered, the film will be made in Lancashire, Morecambe, to be exact.



CLIVE BROOK...Now in British Pictures

Neagle and Lord Nelson

ANNA NEAGLE is to portray Lady Hamilton, celebrated beauty of the Napoleonic period, and friend of Lord Nelson, in a film not yet titled. Preliminary work has started at the Herbert Wilcox studios in England, and a famous star is being sought to play opposite her as Lord Nelson. Romney, the painter whose portraits of Lady Hamilton have helped to establish her as one of the world's best-known beauties, will also be an important character in the film.

Wilcox, who will direct the picture, decided to make the film after he had received numerous requests for Anna Neagle to play the role.

Easier This Way

THE fashion for adopting children rather than acquiring them in the good old-fashioned way is spreading in Hollywood.

Latest to follow the new trend are Sally Eilers and Joe E. Brown, who, it is reported, plan to adopt a two-year-old boy as their son.

One reason for this way of getting a family together is the terrific cost (owing to loss of salary) involved when an actress decides to have a child of her own. Then, too, there is the ever-present fear that an absence from the screen will mean the loss of her public.

Cochran Deserts Stage

C. B. COCHRAN, who has been responsible for staging such successes as "Private Lives," "Bitter Sweet," "Cavalcade," and "Escape Me Never" in both London and New York, has been signed to produce a film for Capitol in the early autumn. It will be a story involving a cavalcade of the English music-hall and will be produced entirely in color.

Cochran has already arranged to secure the services of leading music-hall stars of the last decade, and their individual turns will be arranged in collaboration with him.

SCRAMBLED ROMANCES in HOLLYWOOD

Bad Moments When Ex-Lovers Meet

By . . .
**JEANNETTE
MacMAHON**

HERE'S a poser! How would you conduct yourself; what would you say; and how much quicker would your pulse beat if you were confronted at a party by your ex-husband or ex-sweetheart? Pretty tough, eh? Yet this very situation has arisen time and time again in the li'l old town where most things that happen are quite out of the ordinary . . . Hollywood!!

I've seen it happen plenty! I've seen many a glamorous movie star get a severe touch of the shakes when she saw her ex-lover approaching acting as escort to another gorgeous girl; and some of the screen's most debonair lovers blush to the ears when their former wives are spied listening to sweet nothings from some other gallant guy.

A FEW nights ago, lovely Adrienne Ames sat in the Trocadero looking quite charming and self-possessed. She'd been working hard at the studio and wasn't exactly bright company for the two young men, looking like relatives or out-of-town visitors, who accompanied her!

She was leaning back on the arm of her chair looking as relaxed as a newborn babe, when suddenly Mr. Stephen Ames, Adrienne's "ex," arrived in a party with the now Mrs. Ames (Raquel Torres), her sister, Rene, and Victor Orsatti. Perhaps Mr. Ames had been a little tired, too, before he reached the Troc, where his ex-wife was dining. Possibly he was all set to enjoy eating his meal in an equal state of relaxation.

Then, hey presto! They saw each other—and the cabaret became an electric hotbed of gossip and pep!

Mr. Ames could hardly ask Raquel to dance quick enough. And the conversation at Adrienne's table immediately

became happy while the laughter between herself and her two escorts became general and most insistent.

It wasn't until Bruce Cabot, from whom Adrienne, of course, is now separated, walked in with the director of his latest picture, that the Troc practically got out of hand in its hysterical good times. For surely you remember the Cabots and the Ames' . . .? (Mr. Cabot being another Adrienne "ex.")

All of which goes to prove that Hollywood may be, as Press agents will have you believe, the garden spot of love-in-bloom! But it's the toughest place in the world to let that order wilt!

Most of the big shots live in Beverly Hills, which, of course, is a mere ten miles from Hollywood proper. The cafes at which the stars can dance and dine are limited, and there are even fewer people to give parties and invite the "exs"!

For the most part, romance in Hollywood is like an egg that's been scrambled . . . with the two yolks continually bumping shoulders on dance floors, at parties, previews, and first nights. The two people who've been wrecked on the tempest-tossed sea of matrimony are

generally pals with the same people, and, yes, even work in the same picture in the most socially-strained post-love status in the world.

It's often been my ambition to see the woman who can afford to look bored and blasé when her ex-husband or ex-sweetheart is in the room.

They can leave 'em . . . but they can't just shake 'em entirely in Hollywood.

Remember that old gag of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster who were married yet lived in different houses. They were going to beat the marriage racket and stay happy though wedded.



ABOVE: Another link in a long chain. Bruce Cabot, who played a part in Adrienne's past.

LEFT: Adrienne Ames herself. Imagine how these three people whose parts are all mixed together feel when they find themselves together under the eyes of a curious public, and with their new heart interests watching their reactions!

It worked out for a time, but, unfortunately, was not permanent. Then they had to think up new gags to stop themselves from being thrown together after the divorce decree became absolute.

This was fun! Claudette had turned down a charming invitation to a party, for, as she explained to her hostess, "Norman and I really haven't had a chance to talk to each other since we separated, and I'm inclined to think that our meeting would be a little strained at your house." And here's the laugh! Columbia put them both under contract, and instead they met every day at the studio!

The only thing that could have been more scrambled than this situation would have been to have Sally Blane, who is now married to Norman, play the ingenue lead in Claudette's picture.

Then there's Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. They've been trying for well



RAQUEL TORRES, now Mrs. Stephen Ames. Things become a trifle hectic when she and Adrienne Ames (a prior venture of Stephen's) happen to be in the same night club.

over a year to be divorced socially as well as legally. They have, of course, always been the best of friends, and have circulated in the same group of pals. Now, however, with Carole teamed up with Robert Riskin, and Bill hitting the high spots with Jean Harlow, things seem to be working out better. But even now there are side issues.

I remember one evening when Carole walked into the Coconut Grove with Robert Riskin and proceeded to eat her dinner and mind her own business. Not a gossip writer in town failed to report that she had merely nodded to her ex-husband and given a stony stare to Jean Harlow.

Nobody particularly cared that the so-called "coolness" between the girls was nothing short of a plain lack of introduction. They'd never met. But that didn't mean a thing to the Hollywood columnists who, as soon as their papers hit the streets, had proclaimed that Carole and Jean were feuding.

It wasn't until Carole, hot under the collar at the heckling, called up Jean, introduced herself, and invited Jean (and Bill, of course) to her next party, that the newspaper fun stopped.

There was a time when Norma Talmadge and hubby George Jessel arrived in Hollywood for a little vacation and a few personal appearances . . . and with them came plenty of news for the gossip writers!

Norma Talmadge was once, as you may remember, married to Joseph Schenck, big shot producer. And the same Joseph recently paid knightly court to lovely Merle Oberon. So that when Norma met Merle at a party, everybody expected something right out of the box would happen. It was all pretty disappointing when the girls merely acknowledged the introduction in formal style, and then separated themselves by the entire length of the room . . . which is as far as anybody ever gets in Hollywood.

Dining and Cooring

THINGS could have been much more hectic if Connie Bennett had attended the party in the company of Gilbert Roland, because Norma Talmadge used to see plenty of the same Gilbert, who has quite a way with lovely ladies. Then include George Jessel, Norma's present husband, and David Niven, who is Miss Oberon's main heart-throb . . . and, for good measure, toss in Joe Schenck with the New York lass he's now engaged to, and what have you but a typical Hollywood party full of ex-lovers and ex-husbands, etc., etc.!

It was just the other night that I saw "Van" Smith and Estelle Taylor dining and cooring at the Brown Derby, and I couldn't help wondering if they'd seen the day's papers. There were a couple

of front-page stories that would have been intensely interesting to them both.

Firstly, there was the announcement that Miss Nancy Carroll—you remember that enticing little red-head—was in Reno for what the reporters took to be the purpose of getting a divorce from Bolton Mallory so that she could marry . . . you'd never guess . . . "Van" Smith, the lad who was in Hollywood whispering sweet nothings to Estelle Taylor.

Elsewhere in the paper, and almost as conspicuous, was a human interest story to the effect that Isabel Jewell had taken a tearful leave of Hollywood, proclaiming that the men there were "not to be trusted." For six years Isabel had gone with Lee Tracy, who was now, supposedly, going with Estelle Jewell. Yet I've just told you what that same Estelle was doing.

Mixed Business

BETWEEN all these items of interest was a large photograph of Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams with their gurgling baby daughter. And it was kindly called to the reader's attention that the jovial Jack was formerly the husband of Estelle Taylor, who was rumored to be the present fiancée of Lee Tracy, who had formerly been the fiancée of Isabel Jewell, until Nancy Carroll had left town. . . . But stop me, I'm going nuts.

Despite their many social contacts, it is possibly the studios which do most harm and create the majority of fun and electric moments when these ex-lovers are thrown together. To pretty Ann Sothern it must have seemed nothing short of the irony of fate that she happened to be cast in "The Girl Friend" with Roger Prior as her screen sweetheart just at the time she was tiffing violently with him in private life.

While Roger whispered sweet nothings to Ann before the camera, he looked the other way when there was no screen emoting to be done. Screen directors laugh at heartaches, though, and the show must go on. Which may have accounted for the fact that about a week after the picture was finished they made up their tiff and became sweeties again.

And that's the way it is in Hollywood. Where the town has them all is that it is a small town with a big business; and everybody who is important is tied up with contracts and perforce can go no place else.

In New York, London, or Paris, when a marriage goes on the rocks or a romance goes "screwy," the principals are usually accorded the privilege of getting out of one another's lives without any fuss or bother.

But not in Hollywood . . . no, sir. They're not built that way, that's all.



CLARK GABLE'S First Matrimonial VENTURE

June-December Marriage With Josephine Dillon

By . . .
Clark Gable
Exclusive to The
Australian Women's
Weekly

WHEN I joined this "Communal Theatre Movement" it was just moving off to Astoria, a small town in Oregon. We stayed there eight weeks. Eight weeks too long!

My first week's share in profits brought me 22/4. I never was burdened with that much again. The last week I carried off 5/3. The weight of it nearly broke my heart.

We had put on 14 performances of two plays, and when the Communal Theatre Movement folded there were no mourners.

SO here I was, broke again. There was nothing for it but to go back to lumber-cutting once more. I was hungry.

Most of the men, like those in the earlier camp, were Scandinavians, but the camp itself was in many ways a model place.

Rough enough, but no place in which to get dull. There was too much work about.

All the week from peep of daylight until dusk, we'd be hewing and tearing at those giant trees, hacking a way to them through brush as thick as any African jungle.

On Sundays we had to do our washing and clean up ready for the coming week.

There were no women anywhere near the camp. Too bad!

I'd get up early each Sunday and make a dash for the washing utensil . . . a rough bucket which early birds could manage to fill with hot suds.

I became a perfect laundry hand, like "Chinese velly, velly good."

After I'd done my wash I'd soak up my boots with oil—my stiff, working boots, of course.

I used a thick, black grease, which softened under heat.

Putting on one's boots in the morning was something like forcing one's feet down a drain pipe. After standing all night, the leather would set like an iron casting.

Just Like Prison

THEN as the warmth in the feet softened the grease in the leather, the boots would "go to the feet" again.

We lived in communal huts built near the job, and slept in long, wooden bunk-houses with rows of cots down either side.

You've seen American prison pictures? Well, much like that.

Things were not exactly on a de-luxe scale. We had to make our own fun. Some drinking, a whole lot of smoking, and maybe a bit of swearing made up the evening programme.

Every day there was rain, rain, and more rain. Most of us would come back to the camp soaked to the skin.

This was no place for women. There was no time for romance.

Men stood it as long as they could, and then they left for the cities.

My turn to leave came round just as soon as I'd saved enough "dough."

I doubled back to Portland, hoping for another theatre job. I couldn't find one.

One bright morning I wandered aimlessly along the streets of Portland, thinking hard.

How did people get jobs? Where did

● In the first two instalments of this enthralling autobiography, Clark Gable told of his childhood, his early ambition to become a doctor, and of his first introduction to acting, the art which was to become the passion of his life.

Hardship, rebuffs and travelling with tenth-rate touring companies were his introduction to the stage. Lumber-cutting and other jobs helped out between engagements.

We now find him joined up with a "Communal" troupe, in which the actors received no wages, but shared the profits, if any.

they find them? Through the newspapers, I supposed.

I stopped still. Through the NEWS-PAPERS.

Then the luckiest guy was the newspaper advertisement clerk who took in the new advertisements. He knew what jobs were going before anybody else.

I went to the "Portland Oregonian," asked for a job in the advertising department, and got it!

Eight weeks later I landed "a steady position" with the Portland Telephone Company. I became a time-keeping clerk at \$5 a week.

I had heard about the Portland Little Theatre Movement, a very fine school of dramatics, and I had wanted a job which would give me evenings free to join.

With my \$5 a week I could afford to go headlong into the Little Theatre, which would give me stage experience but no money.

For one and a half years—right up to 1934 in fact—I studied and worked in this Little Theatre of unpaid artists.

A young fellow didn't get much time

for the sowing of wild oats. Early in the morning the old time clock had to be punched.

The uneventful hours of a long working day would drag by, and at last there'd come the wild dash for a little dinner and a general brush up.

Then off I'd run to the theatre.

The manager of the Little Theatre in Portland, Miss Josephine Dillon, had been a stage actress. Her interest in the stage appealed to me, because, like my own, it didn't depend entirely on what money she could get out of it.

She was in the show business because she couldn't keep out of it. She loved the stage.

For the same good reasons I had tried for years, and was trying still, to do something worth while with myself in the theatre.

She Inspired Me

AT this time I was about 24 or 25. Miss Dillon was 12 years older.

Her enthusiasm inspired me. It was like the response to my own long-felt urges. Her experience of the theatre helped and encouraged me.

She was a sound critic, and we found many interests in common.

Out of our hard work together in that theatre there grew a firm friendship.

Six or eight months after we first met we fell in love. This was the first real love affair in my life.

Romance had fluttered around me at times—as I imagine it does around any man who knocks about the world; but it had been flippant, and for the most part meaningless.

There had been the little blonde comedienne in this show, and the brunette ingenue I met in the other. But they hadn't lasted.

As soon as the show came to an end and the company disbanded, they had gone out of my life as lightly as they came.

I'd forgotten their names in a matter of days.

This time, however, it was different. A whole lot of nonsense has been written about my ultimate marriage to Josephine Dillon, as about the rest of my so-called private life.

Continued on Page 36



RIGHT: A well-dressed, groomed Gable, different to the man who had only one suit when he tried for a job as "extra" when first he arrived in Hollywood.

BELOW: An enthusiastic motorist, Clark Gable spends a lot of time acting as his own mechanic. Nothing delights him more than fooling with the innards of a car.



STARS ENJOY Life Between FILMS Off-Screen Pastimes

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Correspondent

What do the "stars" do between pictures, when there are no calls for appearance on the set, in costume, make-up and letter perfect by nine o'clock? What are their pet little hobbies and methods of relaxation?

Living in Hollywood and moving among the movie people, one gets to know their personal habits, hates and joys.

For instance, there is the polo group. This set will dash out to Snowy Baker's Riviera Club on the slightest provocation for a little hard riding and ball whacking.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

Three stars in the mood for love! That's the happy situation in "Wife versus Secretary," M.G.M.'s merry matrimonial mix-up, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy, which is giving folks plenty to giggle over at Sydney St. James and Melbourne Metro.

Girls will be plentiful soon at Melbourne Metro. Janet Gaynor co-stars with heart-breaker Robert Taylor in "Small Town Girl," and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy bring you the glorious comedies (mixed with their delightful tomfoolery) of Halie's "The Bohemian Girl."

That "Thin Man" fellow is on his way back to the St. James! William Powell is even more irresistible as the secret agent in "Reckless," whose investigations are hampered by the "dumb" interference of Rosalind Russell and the adept "villainy" of Binnie Barnes.

The familiar strains of "Rose Marie I Love You," "Indian Love Call," "Totem Tom Tom," are again with us—on the air—in the cabarets—theatres... advance indications of the interest with which Australia awaits the appearance of Jeannette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie."

"Petitot Fever" is a positive delight. Bob Montgomery, not having seen a girl for two long years, suddenly finds his Arctic cabin inhabited by delicious Myrna Loy. Bob hasn't forgotten how to make love, but there is that nuisance, Reginald Owen (Myrna's fiancé), to cope with. Doesn't make much difference to Bob, as Brisbane audiences will find out when they see "Petitot Fever" and Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce in "Mystery Man" in next programme at the Cremorne.

Remember "In Old Arizona"? It brought stadium to Warner Baxter as "The Cisco Kid." Now, adays all Australia is waiting for him to re-appear in a similar type of role... that of Joaquín Murrieta, lovable peon turned bandit to avenge his sweetheart... in "Robin Hood of El Dorado." Sydney will see it first at the Mayfair with Brisbane Cremorne next in line.

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

AMONG these are Leslie Howard, an ardent rider, who if he doesn't play polo invariably takes a two-hour ride on Sunday mornings with his little daughter; Spencer Tracy, perhaps the most ardent of them all, John Mack Brown, Walt Disney and brother Roy, Producer Hal Roach, Charlie Farrell, and a few others not so regular.

Of course most of the studios will not allow their players to indulge in polo while working for fear of injury; some refuse them permission to play at all. Bob Montgomery never plays now, and Jack Holt confines himself to refereeing games at Snowy's.

Even Inventing

LESLIE HOWARD'S interests outside polo and the screen are in radio and stage work. Dick Powell also has a regular weekly radio programme to keep him busy. At present he's very interested in rebuilding his almost new house. And, of course, there's always his music to practice.

Warren William's chief delight in life is inventing. He tinkers with all sorts of household and garden appliances. For sport he likes archery, tennis, swimming, and sailing model yachts—and, of course, cruising on his full-sized schooner, the Pegasus. His five wire-haired foxies take care too. Charlie Ruggles is particularly interested in breeding thoroughbred Schnauzers, and his dogs have won him lots of cups and ribbons. Edward Everett Horton raises beautiful colliers at his Encino home.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee have a very full life apart from their picture work. They live on a large ranch, and looking after it and their two baby sons is a full-time job. Most of Paul Muni's time between films is spent working on his next role. But he also finds time to add to his unusual collection of stationary and to practise his violin.

The He-men

THEN there's the outdoor group—those who like the wide, open spaces. Foremost of these is Clark Gable. Clark dashes off for fishing or hunting at every spare moment. It doesn't matter whether it's in South America, Siem, or the local Sierra Mountains—just so long as he's outside. In May he plans to hop the China Clipper and go after some tigers in the Siamese jungles. Gary Cooper is another fresh-air fiend. His next trip will be to Bermuda angling for big fish.

For those who prefer the mountains there are all the High Sierras. On Christmas Day, the middle of winter, a star can hop into his wagon, spend a few hours getting a tan in Palm Springs sunshine, then take an hour's drive up to Lake Arrowhead and indulge in winter sports in feet of snow. Many of the movielets have little shacks on the shores of this mountain lake, and many more stay at the huge Arrowhead Lodge. Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow, and Bill Powell can frequently be seen putting around the lake in a motor boat or going in for a bit of serious angling. Bill's idea of a good time would be a fishing jaunt to Alaska if he ever gets another vacation, which doesn't look likely.

A Favorite Star At His Favorite Game

★
SPENCER
TRACY — one
of Hollywood's
most ardent
poloists.



Of course, during the racing season at Santa Anita, the horses make an interesting diversion for Hollywoodites. Bing Crosby is the foremost race fan. He owns several racers, and sometimes seems to show more interest in them than in movies. Joe E. Brown also keeps racehorses, as does Mae West's brother Jack. Of course, Gable has little Beverly Hills, but I rather doubt if he could be called a racehorse in the true sense of the word now.

Freddie Rides

SINCE Victor McLaglen presented him with a saddle-horse, Freddie Bartholomew has gone in for lots of riding. Of course, Vic's hobby is his free sports centre, where he encourages young people to go in for all types of athletics, runs a troop of light horse and a snappy band.

Recently Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone have evinced a great deal of interest in music. They take singing lessons every day, attend all the concerts, and when Leopold Stokowski was here gave an elaborate reception for him.

Of the feminine stars, Maureen O'Sullivan is the most enthusiastic yachswoman. She simply dotes on cruising around aboard Johnny Farrow's Mayvourneen. Catole Lombard's pet sport is tennis, and she plays a harder game than many men. She also finds it fun to give crazy parties.

As for Bette Davis, her Saturday night suppers are the spice of life to her. Bette hails from Boston, and knows all about making delicious Boston baked beans and Boston brown bread and hot gingerbread. Every Saturday she holds a sort of open house for her friends. And believe me, those little stone jars of beans and hot gingerbread don't stay around long when your guests have just come from tennis and swimming parties.

Pipe-organ, Too

APART from doing her daily scales, Jeannette MacDonald tends to favor horseback riding as a pastime and a fine exercise, as does Miriam Hopkins. Jean Harlow indulges in lots of swimming in her lovely pool, also a bit of riding and fishing. Her vacations are usually spent on a large ranch where she can absorb the fine California scene. Recently Jean bought a huge pineapple ranch in Hawaii, and told me recently she intends to spend six weeks of every year there. That should make a sizable hobby. On the set she indulges in hemsitching for relaxation. Modesty handkerchiefs with Bill Powell's initials in one corner, I've noticed.

Virginia Bruce's latest craze is the pipe organ. She takes daily lessons, and is

becoming quite proficient. Bill Powell is also quite an organist.

There are stars who like the hustle and bustle of a big city. If they can steal the time, for them there's always glamorous, exciting New York. Three thousand miles away, but just overnight by plane. Ginger Rogers and Josephine Hutchinson have just returned from thrilling trips back there, to the city which brought them fame. And still further afield is Europe. There's hardly a star in Hollywood who doesn't want to visit Europe, whether again, or for the first time. Joan Bennett is on her way now. Mary Carlisle and Myrna Loy have returned, having loved every inch of it. Now Hollywood is casting its eye towards the new Zeppelin-Hindenburg.

Director Eddie Sutherland left on its last trip, the first Hollywoodite to fly the Atlantic. If this venture succeeds, it will mean European vacations for lots more stars with just a few brief weeks to spare.

Work, Sometimes

OF course, before all these hobbies come hours of between-picture work which every star must do—posing for still pictures, granting interviews, learning parts, appearing at benefits and on the radio, having dress fittings, dancing lessons, and a hundred and one other things. And always, working or not, there's the fan mail problem to be cared for. It's a busy life, this movie game!

INDIGESTION

When Indigestion has really taken a firm hold, the unfortunate sufferer feels condemned to a life of pain and barred from the enjoyment of good food.

Now, with De Witt's Antacid Powder there is no longer any need for suffering or dieting. The complicated disorders are quickly dispelled.

Mrs. M. Ray, writing from Graceton, N.S.W., says:—"I am a male teacher, and for years I suffered from stomach disorders, acid dyspepsia, flatulence, palpitation and sleepless nights. My diet was most stringent, very often not being able to eat more than a few biscuits, but, since using your Antacid Powder I am able to eat all plain foods, sleep at night, and am free from awful stomach headaches. It is worth its weight in gold to me."



On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder FIRSTLY neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

SECONDLY, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

THIRDLY, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach. This "rest" rapidly strengthens the stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, excess acidity is avoided, your pains vanish and medicine is not needed. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/6

De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

★
RENDEZVOUS



WHAT a break for Rosalind Russell to be selected to play opposite the debonair Bill Powell in M.-G.-M.'s "Rendezvous." It will be interesting to see how she shapes. Meantime, the above are advance scenes from the picture. The tall, dark, handsome gentleman is Cesar Romero.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,
Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

HERE was a dreadful moment during the filming of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" the other day. The company was up on location filming scenes of the cavalry charge. The air was filled with the booming of cannon, the crack of rifles, and the thundering of the hoofs of hundreds of horses. The charge was led by star Errol Flynn, clad in a bright blue uniform and mounted on a rather tricky horse, inclined to be a bit nervous. At the signal for

DOTS and DASHES

of rare 14th century musical instruments used in "Romeo and Juliet." • Clark Gable eager to try out a trick fish hook which needs no bait and was given him by a Chinese extra.

action, the brigade tore across the turf, while on-lookers almost forgot to breathe.

During the scene, Errol was supposed to lean forward on his horse, wounded. Something went wrong. A horrified shout rose in the throats of the crowd. Some

turned away. On the ground in the middle of the roaring charge of horses was a bright blue spot—Errol Flynn, the star. Director Mike Curtis screamed for a cut. The cavalrymen threw themselves from the mounts and

rushed towards Flynn. There are still echoes of the sighs of relief that went up as that Irishman, with traditional luck, sat up grinning, none the worse for having been ridden over by the entire Light Brigade!

Emlyn Williams, who takes the lead in "Broken Blossoms," has been acting in his own play, "Night Must Fall," at the Duchess Theatre. He complains that his wrists are permanently raw after playing for eleven months in a handcuffing scene. The play will be taken off in a few weeks, and then Mr. Williams will return to films.

It is impossible to buy a ready-made suit for Clark Gable. He is going to ruin a few suits in the making of "Cain and Mabel," and it seemed a pity to waste his perfectly tailor-made creations. But although they looked all over town they couldn't fit him.

The movie idols' chest measurement is 46 inches and his waist only 32. The stenographers and other girl employees at Warner Brothers are showing unabated interest in Clark ever since he has appeared on their lot for "Cain and Mabel," with Marion Davies. They are continually contriving new ways of catching a glimpse of him.

THERE is a bit of fun left in acting. I walked on to a set at Paramount just in time to witness a very fervent clinch scene between Gertrude Michael and Ray Milland (lucky guy). In case you're not up on American slang I mean that Ray had to kiss Gertrude. It was really a very easy scene. After all, Miss Michael is very attractive, and no actor could call that sort of thing hard work. The only dialogue consisted of a couple of "Good—nights" apiece. And yet they had to take it five times! Judging from the very pleased smile on Ray's face following each take, I've a sneaking and rather mean suspicion that Ray was well in with the cameraman, or director.

EVERY promise of being a show of the first rank is shown by "Southern Roses." Starring with George Robey are Gina Mabo and Neill Hamilton. Gina, who was just one of a crowd of girls who danced and sang in chorus work, was discovered by Jack Hulbert who made her his leading lady in "Jack Of All Trades." It is curious that she has co-starred with three of England's greatest comedians—Jack Hulbert, Will Hay (the Markover schoolmaster), and now George Robey.

Gina is an immense worker. She returned from a holiday in America a few days ago, and the following morning at nine o'clock she was rehearsing scenes from "Southern Roses" at the Scala Theatre. The story for this film was written by Rudolf Bernau, who wrote "The Chocolate Soldier."

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS. Pay Wray's husband, telephones her from London every other night, which is a sign of devotion even among lavish film players. Pay has an extension telephone in her house that is never used except for conversations with her husband.

Saunders has just signed another contract that will keep him in England for a year, and we're waiting to see how long the transatlantic calls will keep up

SCREEN ODDITIES

★ By Captain Faircett ★



MARLENE DIETRICH

REDUCES BY LOSING SLEEP. SHE GOES TO BED AND READS 'TIL THE WEE HOURS.

HARRY STOCKWELL ALWAYS STANDS ON A SOFT SOUNDLESS MAT WHILE SINGING BEFORE THE MICROPHONE. HE HAS A HABIT OF TAPPING TIME WITH HIS TOE.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMPOSED MOST OF THE MUSIC IN HIS NEW PICTURE.

JOAN CRAWFORD is studying voice earnestly for her next film, "Baratoga." Every week she makes a recording of her voice to note the improvement.

Irene Dunne has finally convinced the producers that she need not necessarily stick to straight dramatic roles. Her black-face dance in "Show Boat" was enough to prove to them that she reacts beautifully to comedy, and Columbia is starting her in the comedy, "Theodora Goes Wild," her first picture for them.

When Miriam Hopkins returns from Europe her first picture will be "The Prince and the Pauper." She will star in it alone.

Universal has changed its mind about the Dionne epic. The original five Dionne children (not the quintuplets) will not star in "Where Are My Children," nor will Mere and Faye Dionne. What's more, even the title will be changed; new name still unannounced. Which seems to leave very little of the original idea.

There is a possibility that Merle Oberon will make "Mona Lisa" in color

one year for the girl earning \$4 a week consist of one dress suit, one swagger suit, one black crepe dress, two summer dresses, one summer suit, two evening ensembles, four hats, five pairs of shoes, and \$4 worth of accessories.

Bette doesn't say whether or not she has tried it herself.

Marlene Dietrich's idea of a good time is watching her own pictures. To amuse the crew and cast on location of "The Garden of Allah," she sent for a projection machine and two of her old pictures.

Unreliable rumor has it that La Dietrich will settle in Reno in an effort to get a divorce from her husband, Herr Sieber.

NOW that Agua Caliente, famous Mexican resort just below the border, and formerly so popular with the stars, has been closed following the Mexican gambling ban, Hollywood has moved its interest sixty-seven miles further south on the Mexican coast to another lovely resort, Ensenada.

Even Actors Get Thrills

for Pioneer. Her next film with Samuel Goldwyn will be "Covenant With Death."

THERE have been some exciting moments during the filming of Boris Karloff's new film, "Juggernaut," now in production at Twickenham Studios, under the direction of Henry Edwards. Joan Wyndham, who plays the part of a nurse working for Karloff, has to make an escape out of a skylight, after being imprisoned in Karloff's house. Two or three times she nearly fell, and with rehearsals and actual shooting she had to repeat the scene six times.

Anthony Ireland, who plays the villain, has to be pushed over the bannisters and fall fifteen feet to the floor below. Although a mattress was provided, he was badly shaken in his last attempt to perfect the shot. In yet another scene Arthur Margerson has a struggle with Mona Goya, who plays the part of a French vamp. During the disturbance Miss Goya has to pretend to bite Margerson's hand. She actually did bite, and hard, on one occasion, with the result that Margerson had to receive first aid treatment before the scene could be continued.

BETTE DAVIS has figured out how a girl can live on \$4 a week. This is how the screen star, who makes rather more than that herself, writes it out on a monthly basis:

Rent—\$3
Food—\$4
Miscellaneous—\$3/10/-
Transportation—10/-
Clothes—\$4
It is to be put away for rainy day. The clothes necessary in the course of

Each week-end the movie crowd pours into the lovely Playa Ensenada Hotel by car, plane and yacht, for a merry time of fishing in the blue waters of the bay, exploring the nearby Mexican town, horseback riding and automobile racing along the eight miles of hard beach, swimming, tennis, badminton, ping-pong on the broad verandah, sunbathing, lounging in the bar, and even a bit of the forbidden gambling in the large but very secluded casino. Some of the younger set go in for donkey races along the beach, and as soon as they get a couple of days off simultaneously Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery intend to take their supercharged cars down there for a race along the beach.

IF you have ever had the desire to "throw things," you'll envy Margaret Sullivan's excellent opportunity in "The Moon's Our Home." She depicts a temperamental actress in a fiery frenzy, and is called upon to smash every breakable object in an exquisite drawing-room. When she first saw the script, she asked the director incredulously, "You really mean for me to smash those beautiful lamps and vases?"

"The Moon's Our Home" bears a strong resemblance to the private lives of Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullivan, and watching its filming was amusing. Henry was Margaret's first husband, and the film shows a young couple in continual throes of marital differences. The picture ends with the pair gazing into each other's eyes. Hollywood is now wondering if the stars will carry out the story in their private lives. Margaret has recently been divorced from—William Wyler the director



Mr. TOSSY SPIVAKOVSKY,

the world-famous violinist, praises

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EIGHT bottles of the best family cough remedy for the cost of one when you use

HEENZO

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Here's a recipe, given by a leading chemist, that will enable people to make the best family cough remedy, and at the same time save much money. Everybody knows that a good cough and influenza remedy consists of two main sections.

The first section is the undiluted medicinal ingredients and the second is, of course, the necessary water and sweetening. The preparation of the medicinal ingredients requires trained knowledge, but the water and sweetening can be added in the home just as easily as in the pharmacy, and you save a lot of money by doing so. Now, prove these facts by trying this HEENZO recipe: Into a jug put four tablespoonful of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfastcupful of warm water. Stir till dissolved, and when the syrup is quite cold pour into a large bottle, and then add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, obtained from your chemist or store. By doing this you will have a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the best ready-mixed cough remedy that, if purchased in the usual way, would cost up to £1. An outstanding feature about HEENZO is the fact that it is a safe remedy for babies as well as adults, and over 12,000 people have written letters proclaiming it the best remedy they have ever used for quickly banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza.

HEENZO

should be used in every home

PLAIN FOOD In Plenty For Five YOUNG MAIDS

But Then the "Quins" Don't
Worry About Keeping Slim

This is the last of a series of six stories written by
Dr. Allan R. Dajoe on the development and training of
the Dionne quintuplets.

By ALLAN R. DAJOE, O.B.E., M.D.

(Copyright)

THE Dionne quintuplets, whom I think of as "the royal babies of Canada," eat only plain, simple food. None of it is elaborate or expensive, and it is of the type available to almost any family.

Bread and butter, eggs, milk, crackers, soups, fruit, carrots, lettuce, spinach, and other vegetables, porridge, orange juice, a little liver. These are all simple foods, easily obtainable.

Evaporated milk is as good as fresh

milk, and is free of all germs. Canned fruits and vegetables are perfectly satisfactory, and tomato or turnip juices are just as good as orange juice if that is unavailable. They contain much the same vitamins.

In cities, most of these foods are readily available in markets or in tins at the corner grocery. In towns, through visiting nurses' associations and health centres, much aid can be had by those who are in need.

Any city health officer will be glad to help a family with such problems, and the Red Cross has done a great deal of good work in making cod-liver oil available. My advice in preventing rickets in children is cod-liver oil and plenty of it.

We've never had any trouble in getting these children to eat spinach. But of course we have an advantage in the fact that the five are together.

If one of them doesn't want to eat her spinach, we don't insist. Generally she looks sideways and sees the others eating theirs, and, feeling she is going to miss something, follows along.

If she doesn't eat it, we just take it away. Later, then, she wishes she had, and the next time there's no trouble.

Incidentally, we've found it best not to try to insist or coax a child to eat anything. It becomes a game—a matching of wills. When it gets hungry enough, the child will eat.

Very soon now, we are going to stop daily weighings. As the children approach two years of age, the daily variations become less important.

Parents ought not to expect a child to gain weight every day. So long as the trend is continually upward over a period of weeks and months, there is no reason to worry. Our weighings will soon be weekly.

Learn to Feed Selves

INCIDENTALLY, we are letting the quintuplets learn, just as rapidly as possible, to feed themselves.

They are clumsy with their spoons, and it makes extra work cleaning up. But they develop self-reliance that way, and parents make a mistake if they continue to hand-feed babies too long, just because they want to avoid cleaning up the mess left by unskilled little fingers.

The quintuplets have never been spanked or punished physically. It hasn't been necessary.

LAST WEEK for Entries in "QUINS" CONTEST

Thousands Aspire to Lovely Shirley Dolls.

With the competition now in its last week, the judges of the "Quins" Contest are faced with a task that has assumed formidable dimensions.

The subject is one that is close to all mothers' hearts; and attractive as are the hundred beautiful Shirley dolls which go to the winners, it is obvious that most of the entrants are expressing their very sincere views on a vital subject, quite apart from the consideration of a prize.

THIS is what we require—a simple and sincere statement of your opinion as to what should be done regarding the "Quins."

Should they be returned to their mother, or are they better off under the scientific care of Dr. Dajoe and his assistants?

Illustrating the unparalleled, widespread response the competition has aroused in our readers, we received this week a letter from a mother of twelve children and one from a little girl of nine years old.

One of these entrants votes for the return of the "Quins" to their mother, the other against it; but both letters express an equally unbiased point of view. The disparity in the ages of these contestants counts for nothing.

Those who wish to, may see how the "Quins" have thrived under scientific care by seeing "The Country Doctor,"

A Hundred To Be Won

THE BEAUTIFUL
Shirley doll which
will go to each of
the hundred lucky
winners of the
"Quins" contest

We let them play
together in their
own way, and
straighten out their
little squabbles in
their own way.

The nurses never
interfere unless one
child is plainly in
the wrong. Then
that one is taken
and set aside from
the others. Thus
she knows she has
forfeited the right
to play with, and be
with, the others.

She has been bad,
and she knows it.
That's much better
than a whack on
the ear adminis-
tered by an angry,
ill-tempered parent.

It's the same way with crying. The quintuplets cry very little. That's because we have always proceeded like this: when one of the babies cried we would make certain that nothing specific was troubling it, as a pin or uncomfortable clothing. Then, if there was nothing, we just let the child cry.

Like all children, they sometimes try to "put something over" on us. When they found that nothing happened when they cried, they soon stopped. There's nothing in it, so why do it?

One thing has been especially borne out in caring for the quintuplets. That is the matter of slight temperature rises.

Many parents worry when they take a child's temperature and find it abnormally high, say, up to 102 degrees. But that is really nothing at all to worry about unless the condition per-

sists. Slight constipation, nervousness, excitement, any one of a dozen minor things can cause a baby's temperature to rise markedly. The parent notes this, and worries.

But unless the condition persists, it probably doesn't mean a thing. Much needless worry is caused by the too-ready use of the thermometer in the nursery.

All these common-sense things we do at the hospital in beginning the training of the quintuplets are no more than any enlightened parent does for her children these days. I want to state emphatically that though we have had expert University of Toronto advice in

these early stages of the children's development, we are doing no experimenting.

I have had many requests from scientists, some from men of unquestioned reputation, to make blood tests, to try out this stunt or that fad. These children are not guinea pigs, and are not going to be treated as such.

The aim of the guardians is to protect them from exploitation, protect their health, and provide every possible opportunity for their development along just as nearly normal lines as is possible for babies who are, after all, unique.

THE END

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

FOUR GREAT STARS IN ONE
GREAT PICTURE

When Fox-20th Century decided to make the film version of Quaid's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, "UNDER TWO FLAGS," executives were faced with the problem of finding the stars who best suited the characters of this immortal drama.

The task, however, was finally accomplished, and all who have read the book will agree when they see the picture, that those to whom the casting fell showed excellent judgment.

RONALD COLMAN, still remembered for his brilliant characterization in "Beau Geste," plays Sergeant Victor.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT,

whose delightful role in "It Happened One Night" gained for her many new admirers, is Cigarette.



VICTOR McLAGLEN, award winner for 1935, is the hard-bitten commandant of the Foreign Legion.



ROSALIND RUSSELL,

enchantress, a "Rendezvous," the proud aristocrat who mocked emotion until the strong arms of a Legionnaire turned her heart to fire.



"UNDER TWO FLAGS" is a glorious drama of man's heroism and woman's devotion... a story of those devil-may-care outcasts in the uniform of death... fighting for their lives, living for their loves... loves such as only Sahara's burning sands could inspire.

Only four such stars could bring you its true glory... only a cast of 10,000 could depict the spectacular sweep of Quaid's unforgettable stirring story of the French Foreign Legion.

Directed by FRANK LLOYD, of "Cavalcade" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" fame and with a supporting cast including Gregory Ratoff, Nigel Bruce, and Herbert Mundin, "UNDER TWO FLAGS" is a memorable screen achievement.

A 20th CENTURY
PICTURE
FOR EARLY GENERAL
RELEASE BY FOX



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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ THE PETRIFIED FOREST

Leslie Howard, Bette Davis. (Warners.)

THIS is a very fine screen play. Intelligently written, directed, and produced, it stands head and shoulders over even those films which are sufficiently well done to be called good. It has a dramatic quality which must grip the most blasé, plus a story different enough to be sufficient in itself to lift any picture out of the rut; and, for good measure, sentiment for those to whom this quality is counted as an indispensable ingredient in any movie offering.

I am not going to attempt to paraphrase the story; a few lines could not deal adequately with it. If you are curious, however, I don't think you will consider as wasted a night spent in satisfying your curiosity. You will see something unusual, and, to me, at least, absorbing from start to finish.

The acting? Well, both Leslie Howard and Bette Davis are among those few stars who have achieved their eminence by real ability rather than by reliance on their profiles. Their performance together in this film will bring them further laurels. Out of the rest of the cast—all good—Humphrey Bogart, who plays the killer attempting to escape from justice, stands out. His work is fine.

There are people who maintain that the theatre-going public will not support anything unusual, anything really good. I don't believe that, and I'm looking to this picture to prove it—State; showing.

★★★ CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Edward Arnold, Peter Lorre, Marian Marsh. (Columbia.)

THIS picture is a triumph for three men: Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, and Josef von Sternberg. The first two give exhibitions of acting which could not be matched by any picture—"Pavlov" excepted—at present running in Sydney, while von Sternberg's artistry as a director is something that is very rarely approached by those who make the films we import into Australia.

In essence, "Crime and Punishment," as pictured, is the story of the tensely dramatic struggle between two minds. Raskolnikov (Peter Lorre), a brilliant student of criminology, commits a murder to save his sister from an unhappy marriage. To Inspector Porfiry, played by Edward Arnold, falls the task of solving the crime. Beautifully timed by von Sternberg, the action moves forward inevitably. Porfiry is first suspicious of Raskolnikov; suspicion hardens into certainty. Then comes the inexorable wearing down of Raskolnikov's resistance, the slow breaking of his nerve, the playing on his conscience by an intelligence the keenness of which is masked by a suave presence and a rich laugh.

There are scenes in this picture which are unforgettable in their grim realism. The murder of the old pawnbroker is one such; Lorre's acting here and in the following sequence when he is interrupted as he is searching for her money, is something that I do not expect to see equalled for a long, long time.

Yes, there are women in the picture, and all of them headed by Marian Marsh, as the street girl who finally makes Raskolnikov confess, do good work. But the outstanding quality of the film is due to men; just the three of them, but what a job they've done!—Piazza; showing.

★ THE COUNTRY BEYOND

Rochelle Hudson, Paul Kelly. (Fox.)

WEEK after week they come: those pictures which nobody will remember five minutes after they're over, and which nobody would grieve about if they were never produced. This is one of 'em, and the worst of it is, it isn't nearly good enough to praise nor bad enough to serve as target for a good, shattering charge of criticism. Once more, under Fox guidance, we visit the Royal North-West Mounted Police, observing these stalwarts in barracks and on the trail. There are the usual bad men, the usual good-looking hero, the love interest, fights, misunderstandings and final clenchings that make up all these offerings. In addition, we are given Miss Rochelle Hudson, just as bad an actress as ever, and Buck, the wonder dog, whose intelligence and understanding are even greater than those with which child-stars are endowed.

This mixture makes up a picture that is just fair—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE FARMER IN THE DELL

Fred Stone, Jean Parker. (R.K.O.)

WELL, it makes the one-star grading, but with about as much margin as the Queen Mary had in getting in

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

and out of the floating dock at Southampton. Fred Stone, in fact, as Pa Beyer, provides the only worth-while stuff in the picture, and even he is more like the vaudeville idea of a farmer than the real thing. That is, of course, unless they breed a special kind of farmer in Iowa, U.S.A., just so that variety artists will have something to model themselves on.

The story is mildly amusing until it is approaching its end. The idea of a gnarled, earthy, elderly man getting into the movies instead of the beautiful daughter for the sake of whose career the family moved to Hollywood is novel. The catch in it is that, in order to bring the offering to a close within the usual 70-minute period, the director has forced a climax that is thoroughly unreal and clumsy—as unreal and clumsy as some of the incidents that lead up to it—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE LAST OF THE PAGANS

Mala, Lotus. (M.-G.-M.)

THIS is the kind of picture that may not appeal to everybody, but its freshness and difference to the average run of shows kept me interested to the end.

Pacific Islanders are the main actors in the story, which is a simple tale of primitive courtship, love, separation by treachery and final triumph for the lovers. The early scenes are laid on an island as yet uninhabited by whites. The dialogue here is in the native vernacular, translated captions giving the audience the meaning of the actors' words.

In this section of the film there are some charming and interesting scenes, well photographed and very natural. Another novel sequence is the dance of the village youths and maidens when Lotus is going through a forced marriage with the unscrupulous chief who has got Mala out of the way by trading him to black-birders for work in the phosphate mines.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

★ LOVE ON A BET

Gene Raymond, Wendy Barrie, Helen Broderick. (R.K.O.)

ANY film which concerns a wager to be won in ten days, and covers the country between New York and Los Angeles—just the bare few thousand miles—should be taken at breathless speed. This picture does and it isn't; it goes over the territory all right, but at a ramble.

Gene Raymond's blond facetiousness is given overmuch footage. Setting out penniless, just to prove to his rich uncle that he can win a suit of clothes, a hundred dollars and a beautiful girl, he gets all three after kicking off from Central Park in the scantiest attire. Need I say he brings home the bacon? While both Raymond and Wendy Barrie got by the palm for most of what's good in the picture goes to Helen Broderick, a good comedienne who has the best lines in the production—and says 'em.—State; showing.

★ AH, WILDERNESS

Wally Beery, Lionel Barrymore. (M.G.M.)

WHILE Barrymore and Beery are billed as the two stars of this production, and while it is their work one remembers after seeing the picture, actually they are cast in secondary roles as the father and uncle, respectively, of a youngster whose call-love pangs and youthful bombast provide the meat of the story.

The Eugene O'Neill play from which this film was adapted does not make good screen material. Sympathetic as we may be towards the wordy extravagances of youth, and its romantic exaltations, seventy minutes of this kind of fare—only varied when the boy, in romantic despair, gets drunk and behaves recklessly—tends to become more than a bit dull. On stage, it can be put over; there is a personal contact there between actors and audience to help out. On the screen, however, the effect given is that of much ado about very little.—Cameo and Civic; showing.



CO-STARRING FOR THE FIRST TIME, Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March are pictured in their roles for R.K.O. Radio's "Mary of Scotland." Miss Hepburn plays the title role of the beautiful and tragic Mary Stuart, whose undoing was the fact that she was a woman first, and a Queen second. March is seen as the Earl of Bothwell, whose love for Mary plunges them into the middle of many dramatic situations.

CLARK GABLE'S First Matrimonial VENTURE

IF I am called upon to explain, Josephine Dillon and I got married because we believed we were in love. That's simple enough, isn't it?

I don't believe any reasonable person is going to suggest that the 12 years difference in our ages was any bar to the happiness we hoped for, and expected. I don't believe real friendship between two people is affected either one way or the other by similarity or disparity in their ages.

And if real friendship isn't the best basis for a happy and agreeable marriage, what is?

From the first day we worked together in the Little Theatre at Portland, Josephine Dillon and I found we had a great deal in common. We were congenial companions; socially and intellectually our tastes and attainments were about the same.

I never was able to see anything remarkable in the fact that, although not of equal ages, we married.

Married

I'm certain that that difference had nothing to do with ultimate failure of the match. How could it?

Those who figure it might have, had better ask themselves how many marriages have occurred between people who did happen to be of equal ages.

I think experience counts more than age, and experience can't be measured by the yardstick of years.

At 24 I'd gone through more difficulties and faced up to more responsibilities than a great many men of 35.

All the time Miss Dillon and I were together we both worked hard. There never was any question of the one carrying the other along.

Neither of us reclined on a bed of roses provided by the other; we didn't even have a bed of roses between us.

We were nearly always just a bit too near being broke to indulge in the easy life.

I spent one and a half years with the Little Theatre movement, and during all that time I lived on my earnings as a time clerk.

Some months before I was ready to leave Portland, Josephine went home to Los Angeles, where she had been running a small dramatic school before she started at the theatre.

But by this time, as I told you before, we were in love, and I suppose romance will have its day.

As soon as I could raise the money, I joined her in Los Angeles.

During that first week we went to San Diego and saw the county clerk. He whipped us up a couple of witnesses and we were quietly married.

We didn't have to fight our way through crowds of cameramen; there were no howling mobs to maul us up with confetti.

We were just a couple of theatrical nobodies so they left us in peace.

That same evening we came back to Los Angeles in a friend's car. We had no fine honeymoon. We might have liked one, but we had no money to go homecoming.

My first home on arriving in Hollywood had been a tiny single apartment in the Iris Hotel, an almost unknown place off the main boulevards. I think it cost me about 15/- a week.

Immediately after the wedding we went to the modest little apartment

Another Divorce Pending?

From JOHN B. DAVIES.

By Cable

LOS ANGELES

DIVORCE appears to be looming once more on Clark Gable's horizon.

He has now filed suit against Rheta Gable (formerly Mrs. Lauchlin), his second wife, demanding that she abide by a property agreement made between them at the time of their separation in November last year.

The question Hollywood asks is: Will this lead to a divorce, and, if so, will Carole Lombard be Mrs. Gable the third?

where Josephine had been living and where she held her dramatic classes.

Just at the time money didn't seem terribly important. We were happy.

California was bathed in lovely autumn sunshine—it was late 1924—and I was all pepped up about the big break I was sure would soon come to me at one of the Los Angeles theatres.

Although I was in Hollywood for the first time, I hadn't given a serious thought to films. I might have been in Portland still, for all I cared about movies.

The forbidding gates and long white walls of the new studios neither challenged me, nor stirred in me the mildest curiosity.

My great ambition was to become an actor, and in those days I thought of movie stars as shadows rather than as actors.

Some time after we married and the first flush of romance had passed, love in a cottage no longer seemed such a good idea.

You know how it is. A man suddenly can become practical; something in him tells him he should get a move on.

One morning I woke up in just that mood. It seemed an ugly thought that crossed my mind.

I toyed with it, and, as I turned it over, it didn't seem so bad.

I sprang out of bed, shaved and dressed.

Still thinking hard, I found myself in a long line of would-be extras outside the casting offices of the old Pathe studios.

When my turn came I found myself up against some embarrassing questions.

"Got a good wardrobe?" snapped a little casting clerk.

"Not so bad," I bluffed.

"Dinner suits, evening suits, sports clothes and lounges?" he went on, fixing me with a doubtful stare.

"No, just this one," I said, realising the game was up.

"Okay," he said, scribbling on a long form.

Then he turned to the next in line, and I passed through the wicket gate into the film studio. A fl a day "extra" for a mob scene!

I don't recall the title of the picture; I'm almost sure I never even heard it. I didn't know who was starring in it.

All that mattered to me was the little bit of paper they gave me as I passed through the wicket again on my way out.

Tired and dishevelled, I went home for the night.

For days and weeks after that I joined the lines of waiting "extras." Far too often it seemed there was "nothing to-day boys."

"Romeo and Juliet"

THROUGH with my work as an "extra" one day, I walked home. On the corner I bought an evening paper, which I read listlessly as I climbed the stairs to the apartment.

I never believed in lucky numbers, but if I did, and if you told me my luckiest number was nine, I'd say I was on the ninth stair when I stopped dead.

I read that Jane Cowd had arrived in town to star in a stage production of "Romeo and Juliet," which later would go on tour prior to a New York run.

I'd been introduced to Jane Cowd. I knew she would help me to get a part. She did.

She whispered in the ear of the producer, a Mr. Louis O. MacLennan. He offered me a role at \$8 a week.

I was to be a soldier-servant of the house of Montagu, with nothing much to do except bear myself with dignity and stand well backstage with a spear motionless in my hand.

Even at half the salary it would have seemed grand. I was "nuts" about getting back to the theatre. Those film studios were just "the bunk."

NEXT WEEK: The Break With Josephine Dillon.

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Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:
MANDRAKE: A clever magician, travels the world with his servant,
LOTHAR: Helping those in trouble. At present they have offered their services to
LORA GATES: A girl who lives with
VASIL: Her uncouth cousin, and
BORIS: Her weird uncle. Her home is inhabited by a mysterious werewolf, and Vasil and Boris plot together to frustrate Mandrake's efforts to track it down. In the course of events Mandrake meets
EMIL JACQUES: A circus man who is anxious to exhibit the werewolf in his side-show. Mandrake gets the key of a distant shack from Boris by magical means, and goes with Lora to the shack. Vasil guards the shack and refuses admittance. Mandrake soon knocks him aside and they enter. Inside the shack they discover a warm mattress which tells clearly of a recent inhabitant. Vasil rushes back to his uncle and tells of Mandrake's entrance into the shack. They prepare to blow it up
 Now read on—

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT SLEPT ON THAT MATTRESS. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY BORIS TRIED TO KEEP US OUT OF THIS SHACK!

MANDRAKE! LISTEN!

FROM A DISTANCE COMES THE EERIE SOUND OF A HOWLING DOG.

MANDRAKE, DOGS HOWL WHEN THE WEREWOLF WALKS. WE MUST HURRY HOME! WE MUST!

THERE! IN FIVE SECONDS, WE'LL HEAR THE EXPLOSION. THE SHACK, MANDRAKE, AND LORA--- THEY'LL ALL GO SKY-HIGH!

ONE -- TWO --

BORIS COUNTS OFF THE FATAL FIVE SECONDS--

THREE -- FOUR --

AND RUSHES TO A WINDOW TO WATCH THE EXPLOSION!

MEANWHILE--

MANDRAKE, I'M FRIGHTENED. WE MUST GO.

NOT UNTIL I SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THIS SHACK, LORA.

FIVE! WHY--WHY, NOTHING HAPPENED! NO--NO EXPLOSION!

LOTHAR! WHAT--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ME WANT TO RETURN SCISSORS. THEM BELONG TO YOU.

ALL RIGHT--ALL RIGHT PUT THEM DOWN! WHAT--WHAT DID YOU WANT THEM FOR IN THE FIRST PLACE?

ME USE YOUR SCISSORS TO CUT WIRES--

--SO YOU CAN'T BLOW UP MASTER, BAD LITTLE MAN. ME GOING SMACK YOUR NOSE.

WELL--W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

ME CANNIBAL. ME GOING TO CUT OFF YOUR NOSE, CUT OFF YOUR EARS---

--AND MAKE SOUP.

SOUP!

BAD LITTLE MAN NO CAN TAKE JOKE.

BORIS FAINTS.

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE THIS JOKE!

BORIS'S EVIL SON, VASIL, QUIETLY STEALS UP BEHIND LOTHAR

SOMEWHERE IN THIS SHACK IS THE ANSWER TO ALL THIS MYSTERY, I'M CERTAIN.

MANDRAKE, I WANT TO GO HOME. DID YOU HEAR THAT DOG HOWL? DOGS HOWL WHEN THE WEREWOLF WALKS.

MANY HAVE SEEN THE WEREWOLF. ITS BITE WILL TURN ITS VICTIM INTO A WEREWOLF, TOO.

LORA, FOR THE LAST TIME BELIEVE ME, THE WEREWOLF IS JUST A SILLY SUPERSTITION.

AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE SHACK--

To be Continued.

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The missing letters which you place in the empty spaces add to 101

T T M
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 O I E
 D E O

Above is a well-known saying with some of the letters missing. The puzzle is to complete the sentence by filling in the empty spaces, using some of the letters in the square. After completing the puzzle there will remain 7 letters in the square, these 7 letters can be so arranged to form the hidden word. The clue to the hidden word is "to be right or accurate." If you wish to make sure of your answer, you may check it in this manner: To find the corresponding number of each letter we give you the alphabet above, with the number that each letter represents directly underneath, as A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on. Write down on a piece of plain paper the numbers that correspond with the letters that you have placed in the empty spaces in the puzzle above, and add them up. If you have filled the sentence correctly, the total will add to 101. There will now remain 7 letters in the square. These, when added up by substituting numbers in place of the letters will total 82. The £50 cash prize will be given to the person who solves the puzzle correctly. Should there be more than one correct answer the prize will be divided equally between the successful contestants. Every competitor who enters this competition is bound by the decision of the Manager as final. 1/- entrance fee must be sent with a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you the results with your cash prize, if you are correct, together with our £5 minimum prize offer, which gives you a further opportunity of winning at least £5. All entries must be posted before JULY 18.

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Over 17 Million Vicks Aids Used Yearly for Better Control of Colds

LOWER waistlines are seen on some daytime models; skirts are swathed across the hipbone, whilst the bodice is slightly bloused above. Most evening waistlines remain normal. Bustles and cascades reaching the floor concentrate the interest at the back of new dance frocks. Puffs of taffeta and big bows are placed on the back.

LITTLE flaring peplums appear on spring day frocks; they fall from the waist or outline a hip yoke which is curved like a basque.

PASTEL-TONED stockings are new for evening, for instance, with a sapphire-blue dress and shoes, pale blue hose.

Continuing A.B.C. Murders

from Page 6

POIROT did not answer my question directly. He went on:

"As soon as I heard you were coming over I said to myself: something will arise. As in former days we will hunt together, we two. But if so it must be no common affair. It must be something"—he waved his hands excitedly—"something recherche—delicate—fine..." He gave the last translatable word in its full flavor.

"Upon my word, Poirot," I said, "any one would think you were ordering a dinner at the Ritz."

"Whereas one cannot command a crime to order? Very true," he sighed. "But I believe in luck—in destiny, if you will. It is your destiny to stand beside me and prevent me from committing the unforgivable error."

"What do you call the unforgivable error?"

"Overlooking the obvious."

I turned this over in my mind without quite seeing the point.

"Well," I said presently, smiling, "has this super crime turned up yet?"

"Pas encore. At least—that is—"

He paused. A frown of perplexity creased his forehead. His hands automatically straightened an object or two that I had inadvertently pushed away.

"I am not sure," he said slowly.

There was something so odd about his tone that I looked at him in surprise.

The frown still lingered.

Suddenly with a brief decisive nod of the head he crossed the room to a desk near the window. Its contents, I need hardly say, were all neatly docketed and pigeon-holed so that he was able at once to lay his hand upon the paper he wanted.

He came slowly across to me, an open letter in his hand. He read it through himself, then passed it to me.

"Tell me, mon ami," he said, "what do you make of this?"

I took it from him with some interest.

IT was written on thickish white notepaper in printed characters:

"Mr. Hercule Poirot.—You fancy yourself, don't you, at solving mysteries that are too difficult for our poor, thick-headed British police? Let us see, Mr. Clever Poirot, just how clever you can be. Perhaps you'll find this nut too hard to crack. Look out for Andover on the 21st of the month."

"Yours, etc.,
 "A.B.C."

I glanced at the envelope. That also was printed.

"Postmarked W.C.I.," said Poirot, as I turned my attention to the postmark.

"Well, what is your opinion?"

I shrugged my shoulders as I handed it back to him.

"Some madman or other, I suppose."

"That is all you have to say?"

"Well—doesn't it sound like a madman to you?"

"Yes, my friend, it does."

His tone was grave. I looked at him curiously.

"You take this very seriously, Poirot."

"A madman, mon ami, is to be taken seriously. A madman is a very dangerous thing."

"Yes, of course, that is true. I hadn't considered that point..."

But what I meant was, it sounds more like a rather idiotic kind of hoax. Perhaps some convivial idiot who had had one over the eight."

"Comment? Nine? Nine what?"

"Nothing—just an expression. I meant a fellow who was tight. No, damn it, a fellow who had had a spot too much to drink."

"Merci, Hastings—the expression 'tight' I am acquainted with. As you say, there may be nothing more to it than that..."

"But you think there is?" I asked, struck by the dissatisfaction of his tone.

Poirot shook his head doubtfully, but he did not speak.

"What have you done about it?" I inquired.

"What can one do? I showed it to Japp. He was of the same opinion as you—a stupid hoax—that was the expression he used. They get these things every day at Scotland Yard. I, too, have had my share..."

"But you take this one seriously?"

Poirot replied slowly.

"There is something about that letter, Hastings, that I do not like..."

In spite of myself, his tone impressed me.

"You think—what?"

He shook his head, and picking up the letter, put it away again in the desk.

"If you really take it seriously, can't you do something?" I asked.

"As always, the man of action! But what is there to do? The county police have seen the letter, but they, too, do not take it seriously. There are no fingerprints on it. There are no local clues or to the possible writer."

"In fact there is only your own instinct?"

"Not instinct, Hastings. Instinct is a bad word. It is my knowledge—my experience—that tells me that something about that letter is wrong..."

HE gesticulated as words failed him, then shook his head again.

"I may be making the mountain out of the ant-hill. In any case, there is nothing to be done but wait."

"Well, the 21st is Friday. If a whacking great robbery takes place near Andover then..."

"Ah, what a comfort that would be!"

"A comfort?" I stared. The word

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SPECIAL smokers—for women only—are planned by British railways.

A number of trains are likely to be equipped with the new compartments, but they will be introduced gradually to see if they are appreciated.

seemed to be a very extraordinary one to use.

"A robbery may be a thrill, but it can hardly be a comfort!" I protested.

Poirot shook his head energetically.

"You are in error, my friend. You do not understand my meaning. A robbery would be a relief since it would dispossess my mind of the fear of something else."

"Or what?"

"Murder," said Hercule Poirot.

CHAPTER 2
 (Not from Captain Hastings' Personal Narrative.)

MR. ALEXANDER

BONAPARTE CUST rose from his seat and peered near-sightedly round the shabby bedroom. His back was stiff from sitting in a cramped position, and as he stretched himself to his full height an onlooker would have realised that he was in reality quite a tall man.

His stoop and his near-sighted peering gave a delusive impression.

Going to a well-worn overcoat hanging on the back of the door, he took from the pocket a packet of cheap cigarettes and some matches. He lit a cigarette and then returned to the table at which he had been sitting. He picked up a railway guide and consulted it, then he returned to the consideration of a typewritten list of names. With a pen, he made a tick against one of the first names on the list.

It was Thursday, June 20th.

CHAPTER 3

I HAD been impressed at the time by Poirot's forebodings about the anonymous letter he had received, but I must admit that the matter had passed from my mind when the 21st actually arrived and the first reminder of it came with a visit paid to my friend by Chief Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard. The O.I.D. Inspector had been known to us for many years and he gave me a hearty welcome.

"Well, I never," he exclaimed, "if it isn't Captain Hastings back from the wilds of the what do you call it? Quite like old days seeing you here with Monsieur Poirot. You're looking well, too. Just a little bit thin on top, eh? Well, that's what we're all coming to. I'm the same."

Please turn to Page 43



'And the next, Madam'

"A tin of Cerebos Salt, please." She's often heard her Mother say that. For once a housewife uses Cerebos she will never change. She quickly learns that the little extra paid is easily saved, because Cerebos goes so much further. Its fine white crystals never cake but remain dry and free-running in all weathers.

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COPHA DUTCH COOKIES

2 ozs. brown sugar, 2 ozs. Copha (softened), 2 tablespoons golden syrup, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 lb. self-raising flour, 1 oz. sultanas.

Mix the first four items well together then beat in the egg, add fruit and flour and make into a dough. Form into long round strips about 1 in. in diameter, cut 1/2 in. slices, place pieces on a greased tray, cut side up about 1 1/2 in. apart. Press gently and wash over with milk or beaten egg. Bake in moderately warm oven.

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 42

I WINCED slightly. I was under the impression that owing to the careful way I brushed my hair across the top of my head the thinness referred to by Japp was quite unnoticeable. However, Japp had never been remarkable for tact where I was concerned, so I put a good face upon it and agreed that we were none of us getting any younger.

"Except Monsieur Poirot here," said Japp. "Quite a good advertisement for a hair tonic, he'd be. Face fungus sprouting finer than ever. Coming out into the limelight, too, in his old age. Mixed up in all the celebrated cases of the day. Train mysteries, air mysteries, high society deaths—oh, he's here, there and everywhere. Never been so celebrated as since he retired."

"I have already told Hastings that I am like the prima donna who makes always one more appearance," said Poirot smiling.

"Shouldn't wonder if you ended by detecting your own death," said Japp, laughing heartily. "That's an idea, that is. Ought to be put in a book."

"It will be Hastings who will have to do that," said Poirot, twinkling at me.

"Ha ha! That would be a joke, that would," laughed Japp.

I failed to see why the idea was so extremely amusing, and in any case I thought the joke was in poor taste. Poirot, poor old chap, is getting on. Jokes about his approaching demise can hardly be agreeable to him.

Perhaps my manner showed my feelings, for Japp changed the subject.

"Have you heard about Monsieur Poirot's anonymous letter?" he asked.

"I showed it to Hastings the other day," said my friend.

"Of course," I exclaimed. "It had quite slipped my memory. Let me see, what was the date mentioned?"

"The 21st," said Japp. "That's what I dropped in about. Yesterday was the 21st and just out of curiosity I rang up Andover last night. It was a hoax all right. Nothing doing. One broken shop window—kid throwing stones—and a couple of drunk and disorderlies. So just for once our Belgian friend was barking up the wrong tree."

"I am relieved. I must confess," acknowledged Poirot.

"You'd quite got the wind up about it, hadn't you?" said Japp affectionately. "Bless you, we get dozens of letters like that coming in every day! People with nothing better to do and a bit weak in the top story sit down and write 'em. They don't mean any harm! Just a kind of excitement."

"I have indeed been foolish to take the matter so seriously," said Poirot. "It is the nest of the horse that I put my nose into there."

"You're mixing up mares and wasps," said Japp.

"Pardon?"

"Just a couple of proverbs. Well, I must be off. Got a little business in the next street to see to—receiving stolen jewellery. I thought I'd just drop in on my way and put your mind at rest. Pity to let those grey cells function unnecessarily."

With which words and a hearty laugh, Japp departed.

"He does not change much, the good Japp, eh?" asked Poirot.

"He looks much older," I said. "Getting as grey as a badger," I added vindictively.

POIROT coughed and said:

"You know, Hastings, there is a little device—a hairdresser is a man of great ingenuity—one attaches it to the scalp and brushes one's own hair over it—it is not a wig, you comprehend—but—"

"Poirot," I roared. "Once and for all I will have nothing to do with the beastly inventions of your confounded hairdresser. What's the matter with the top of my head?"

"Nothing—nothing at all."

"It's not as though I were going bald."

"Of course not! Of course not! The hot sunners out there naturally cause the hair to fall out a bit. I shall take back a really good hair tonic."

"Precisement."

"And, anyway, what business is it of Japp's? He always was an offensive kind of devil. And no sense of humor. The kind of man who laughs when a chair is pulled away just as a man is about to sit down."

"A great many people would laugh at that."

"It's utterly senseless."

"From the point of view of the man about to sit, certainly it is."

"Well," I said, slightly recovering my temper. "I admit that I am touchy about the thinness of my hair. 'I'm sorry that anonymous letter business came to nothing.'"

"I have indeed been in the wrong over that. About that letter, there was, I thought, the odor of the fish. Instead a mere stupidity. Alas I grow old and suspicious like the blind watchdog who grows when there is nothing there."

"If I'm going to co-operate with you, we must look about for some other 'creamy' crime," I said with a laugh.

"You remember your remark of the other day? If you could order a crime as one orders a dinner, what would you choose?"

I fell in with his humor.

"Let me see now. Let's review the menu. Robbery? Forgery? No, I think not. Rather too vegetarian. It must be murder—red-blooded murder—with trimmings, of course."

"Naturally. The hors d'oeuvres."

"Who shall the victim be—man or woman? Man, I think. Some big wig. American millionaire. Prime Minister. Newspaper proprietor. Scene of the crime—well, what's wrong with the good old library? Nothing like it for atmosphere. As for the weapon—well, it might be a curiously twisted dagger—or some blunt instrument—a carved stone idol..."

Poirot sighed.

"Or, of course," I said, "there's poison—but that's always so technical. Or a revolver shot echoing in the night. Then there must be a beautiful girl or two..."

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"No, because there are no curiously twisted daggers, no blackmail, no emerald that in the stolen eye of a god, no untraceable Eastern poison. You have the melodramatic soul, Hastings. You would like, not one murder, but a series of murders."

Poirot threw me a glance of reproach.

Please turn to Page 44

Mm. Blackheads too—your skin is most unhealthy. But that's nothing to worry about. We'll soon have it right with REXONA SOAP



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1. Anyone is eligible to compete, except employees and students of the Australian School of Sketching and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by 28th July, 1936.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. Use bottom left-hand corner of the envelope should be marked plainly—Competition.
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with date.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 24 in. high by 18 in. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prize-winners. The Australian School of Sketching cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a postal note value 1/6 (one shilling and six pence). Please do not send stamps or coins.
9. Sketch and postal note MUST BE KEPT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketches in one envelope and postal note under separate cover.
10. Sketches received too late to be accepted. All sketches should be sealed and bear letter value of postage (10s. for 5s.).
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"I ADMIT," I said, "that a second murder in a book often cheers things up. If the murder happens in the first chapter and you have to follow up everybody's alibi until the last page but one—well, it does get a bit tedious."

The telephone rang and Poirot rose to answer.

"Allo," he said. "Allo. Yes, it is Hercule Poirot speaking."

He listened for a minute or two and then I saw his face change. His own side of the conversation was short and disjointed.

"Mals Out..."

"Yes, of course..."

"But yes, we will come..."

"Naturally..."

"It may be as you say..."

"Yes, I will bring it. A tout à l'heure then."

He replaced the receiver and came across the room to me.

"That was Japp speaking, Hastings."

"Yes?"

"He had just got back to the Yard. There was a message from Andover..."

"Andover?" I cried excitedly.

Poirot said slowly.

"An old woman of the name of Andover who keeps a little tobacco and newspaper shop has been found murdered."

I think I felt ever so slightly damped. My interest, quickened by the sound of Andover, suffered a faint check. I had expected something fantastic—out of the way! The murder of an old woman who kept a little tobacco shop seemed somehow sordid and uninteresting.

Poirot continued in the same slow, grave voice:

"The Andover police believe they can put their hand on the man who did it..."

I felt a second throb of disappointment.

"It seems the woman was on bad terms with her husband. He drinks, and is by way of being rather a nasty customer. He's threatened to take her life more than once."

"Nevertheless," continued Poirot, "in view of what has happened, the police there would like to have another look at the anonymous letter I received. I have said that you and I will go down to Andover at once."

My spirits revived a little. After all,

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 43

vice near Overton. Very superior, steady young woman."

"And you say this man Ascher used to threaten his wife?"

"That's right. He was a terror when he was in drink—cursing and swearing that he'd bash her head in. She had a hard time, did Mrs. Ascher."

"What age of woman was she?"

"Close on sixty—respectable and hard-working."

Poirot said gravely:

"It is your opinion, Inspector, that this man Ascher committed the crime?"

CHAPTER 4

WE were received at Andover by Inspector Glen, a tall, fair-haired man with a pleasant smile.

For the sake of conciseness, I think I had better give a brief resume of the bare facts of the case.

The crime was discovered by Police Constable Dover at 1 a.m. on the morning of the 22nd, when on his round he tried the door of the shop and found it unfastened. He entered, and at first thought the place was empty. Directing his torch over the counter, however, he caught sight of the huddled-up body of the old woman. When the police surgeon arrived on the spot it was elicited that the woman had been struck down by a heavy blow on the back of the head, probably while she was reaching down a packet of cigarettes from the shelf behind the counter. Death must have occurred about nine to seven hours previously.

"But we've been able to get it down a bit nearer than that," explained the

Inspector.

"It doesn't read like Ascher," he said at last. "I doubt if Ascher would use the term 'our British police'—not unless he was trying to be extra cunning—and I doubt if he's got the wits for that. Then the man's a wreck—all to pieces. His hand's too shaky to print letters clearly like this. It's good quality notepaper and ink, too. It's odd that the letter should mention the 21st of this month. Of course it might be a coincidence."

"That is possible—yes."

"But I don't like this kind of coincidence, Mr. Poirot. It's a bit too pat."

HE was silent for a minute or two—a frown creasing his forehead.

"A.B.C. Who the devil could A.B.C. be? We'll see if Mary Drower (that's the niece) can give us any help. It's an odd business. But for this letter I'd have put my money on Franz Ascher for a certainty."

"Do you know anything of Mrs. Ascher's past?"

"She's a Hampshire woman. Went into service as a girl up in London—that's where she met Ascher and married him. Things must have been difficult for them during the war. She actually left him for good in 1922. They were in London then. She came back here to get away from him, but he got wind of where she was and followed her down here, pestering her for money—" A constable came in. "Yes, Briggs, what is it?"

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THE inspector

coughed cautiously.

"It's a bit early to say that, Mr. Poirot, but I'd like to hear Franz Ascher's own account of how he spent yesterday evening. If he can give a satisfactory account of himself, well and good—if not—"

His pause was a pregnant one.

"Nothing was missing from the shop?"

"Nothing. Money in the till quite undisturbed. No signs of robbery."

"You think that this man Ascher came into the shop drunk, started abusing his wife, and finally struck her down?"

"It seems the most likely solution. But I must confess, sir, I'd like to have another look at that very odd letter you received. I was wondering if it was just possible that it came from this man Ascher."

Poirot handed over the letter and the inspector read it with a frown.

"It doesn't read like Ascher," he said at last. "I doubt if Ascher would use the term 'our British police'—not unless he was trying to be extra cunning—and I doubt if he's got the wits for that. Then the man's a wreck—all to pieces. His hand's too shaky to print letters clearly like this. It's good quality notepaper and ink, too. It's odd that the letter should mention the 21st of this month. Of course it might be a coincidence."

"That is possible—yes."

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HOME-LOVERS and HOME-LEAVERS

Cancer People are "Fussy" But Faithful in Love

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

Astrologers contend that Cancer people (those born between June 22 and July 23) make the most faithful husbands and wives. At the same time they are "fussy," and must be looked after and encouraged.

Cancer men are delightfully romantic and idealistic about their womenfolk, and will continually strive to keep the affection alive. With this trait cultivated, they are very easy to live with.

Cancer women are generally less romantic than the men, but are ideal home-makers and can therefore usually hold their men.

The best way to manage those belonging to this sign is to make them happy and contented. They have great powers of self-sacrifice when the happiness and goodwill of loved ones are at stake, but care must be taken not to impose on this unselfishness, for no one can cultivate a coldness and reserve equal to that of a Cancer person who feels hurt through imposition or neglect.

The marriage partner of a Cancer person must provide a home with an atmosphere which is cheerful, attractive, and peaceful. Otherwise the inherent restlessness and wanderlust of these people incline them to clear out, for they are a peculiar mixture of home-lovers and home-leavers.

The homes of Cancer people should always be chosen with forethought, for they like a good location and views, and are particularly happy when living or working on, or near, the sea or rivers. The furnishings of the home should be gay with green, orange, or bright blue. Most Cancer men like to see their womenfolk daintily and gaily clad, though they usually dress conservatively themselves.

This may be due to their natural

Are You Magnetic?

Of course you are! Everyone is. But to get the best results every person should try to give expression through his or her own individual type of personal charm. **TAURUS PEOPLE** (born April 21 to May 21): These people are perhaps the most magnetic of all, and can usually attract others with ease. Their capacity to both give and receive affection is one of their biggest assets, though their love of art, beauty, dress, and amusements also brings them much happiness and many friends.

reserve and shyness, and their willingness to sit back and let others take the spotlight. Yet, strangely enough, these "crab" folk thoroughly enjoy favorable publicity and usually manage to come before the public in some way.

In choosing marriage (or business) partners, more than ordinary caution is necessary, for the lives of these people can be made or marred by the happiness (or lack of it) produced by the partnership.

Marriage Prospects

STRANGELY enough they mate best with the rather eruptive and forceful people born under the sign **SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23), for these folk seem to have the power to enthuse and encourage the Cancer person to greater achievements and success in life.

The confidence and capability of Scorpions—not to mention their tendency to criticism—help the Cancer person to even exceed the high expectations of the partner. Moreover, both these types love travel, living by the water, and investigating occult matters, and have many other interests in common.

Cancer people also harmonise well with **PISCAN** people (born February 19 to March 21), **TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21), **VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23), and, by opposite attraction, with **CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20).

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise the Daily Diary in planning your everyday affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Live very cautiously this week, especially on July 4 and 5.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): The 4th and 5th should be quite fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Fair on July 6 and 7.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Make the most of opportunities on July 1, but live quietly on the 4th and 5th.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Nothing spectacular. Fair on the 2nd and 3rd.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite fair for you on the 4th and 5th.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be careful in all matters, especially on the 4th and 5th. Avoid upsets and delays.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Make the most of your chances on July 1, 4, and 5. Be cautious on the 6th and 7th.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Nothing spectacular, though 2nd and 3rd fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Live cautiously. Try to avoid losses and partings this week. The 4th and 5th a poor best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): The 6th and 7th should be fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Plan well ahead. The 1st best, and the 4th and 5th quite good; the 2nd and 3rd poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment, without endorsing it in any way.—Editor, A.W.W.]

GUARD AGAINST WINTER'S ONSLAUGHT . . . BIDOMAK



WILL KEEP YOU FIT . . .

Why are colds and influenza more prevalent in winter? Doctors say because bodily resistance is lowered due to a combination of factors:

- 1 There is less sunlight.
- 2 We spend more time indoors huddled around fires or radiators.
- 3 We expose ourselves in the course of our daily life to considerable variations in temperature, and when leaving our warm homes membranes in the throat and nose are relaxed and more susceptible to the onslaught of germs.

On the other hand, when the body is fit and well—chockful of vitality—its immune mechanism stops germs taking hold. That is why it is necessary, during the winter, to take Bidomak and to give it to your family. General health is improved, infection is ward off, and even if colds or flu do develop, the attack is milder and thrown off quicker.

BIDOMAK ENDS MINERAL STARVATION

If you are nervous, run-down, not eating or sleeping well, you need Bidomak to-day to build you up and make you fit to stand the onslaught of winter, because the valuable mineral foods in Bidomak make it possible for you to quickly assimilate the protecting influences in your daily food whilst at the same time correcting the deficiency in mineral salts suffered by almost everybody. Indeed, one leading research worker states that death will occur in one month if the mineral salts present in Bidomak are absent from the diet.

WHAT DOES BIDOMAK CONTAIN?

Bidomak contains iron to combat anaemia and to increase the supply of red blood corpuscles, which carry oxygen through the arteries for the purpose of oxidising the body's waste products. Bidomak contains calcium in a readily assimilable inorganic form. Bidomak provides phosphorus, which keeps nerves in tone, brain alert and vigorous. Potassium in Bidomak aids in the development of muscles, vigorous blood and nerve cells. Sodium improves nerve tone, particularly that of the gastric nerves, which affect digestion; and, in addition, Bidomak contains acacia, which provides quick energy and aids in the assimilation of the other mineral salts. All these vital minerals are provided in predissolved liquid form so that they can be immediately made use of even by a very run-down system.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

Bidomak makes pale, thin, miserable people fit, vigorous and well. They sleep better, eat better. Hard work or play does not knock them out. Instead of bodily resistance being lowered, Bidomak provides a fund of vitality which prevents the inroads of illness due to winter conditions. Bidomak contains no dangerous drugs, alcohol nor opiates. It is very pleasant to take, so get a big bottle from your chemist or store. Take it yourself and give it to every member of your family.

AMAZING REPORT FROM USER

Original of report quoted below may be inspected at our office:

PRaise FROM UNIVERSITY LECTURER

Clovelly, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
21st April, 1936
The Manager,
DOUGLAS DRUG CO.

Dear Sir,
It is not my practice to offer testimonials, but under the circumstances I feel that I would be wanting in thanks if I failed to write you. Briefly—my work as a lecturer in applied psychology and various branches, involving, on one alone, as many as ten lectures weekly, is such that the nervous system suffers in direct ratio. Six weeks ago I went down with an attack of sheer lethargy, which was really the warning of the possibility of a breakdown. To make matters worse I found that my skin erupted on the chest, back and the face and legs, until the irritation was well nigh maddening. I understood that the starved nerves allowed the lymph content of the blood to erupt through the skin and the toxic state of the blood brought on poisoning. My condition was grave, so much that the specialists were concerned to a degree. I was plagued with itches and what not, but failed in securing cure. In disgust I decided that I would be my own doctor and, having heard Bidomak extolled, I decided to give it a trial. A week ago I bought the first bottle. Today I pronounced the second. My face, chest and back are healed, the skin of my face being clear and almost too good for a man. The legs are practically healed being only treated with an emollient to ease the irritation. I forget to mention that the leg muscles around an almost constant state of stiffness, rendering walking extremely difficult, and impossible without the aid of a cane. To-day I can walk with anyone. Withhold my name, but publish the rest of this letter, and by all means refer other sufferers to me. I will answer their letters willingly.

I am,
Yours gratefully,
(Signed) J.W.

BIDOMAK IS A PRODUCT OF THE DOUGLAS DRUG CO. — ADELAIDE, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE

AFTER 'FLU

Bidomak stops depressing after-effects from 'flu and prevents a relapse because it builds you up so quickly. Take Bidomak through the winter and ward off winter 'flu.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you do not benefit from the first bottle of Bidomak we will refund the money paid on return of the nearly empty Bidomak bottle to the Douglas Drug Co.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
3/-



My secret for quick skin cleansing

..Daggett & Ramsdell
Perfect Cleansing Oil

Here is the answer to women who have always hoped for a liquid skin cleanser that would quickly and completely remove dust, dirt and make-up. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Oil penetrates deeply into the pores, and dirt and stale make-up vanish instantly. It leaves your skin soft, smooth and immaculately clean. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Oil is especially convenient when traveling or when you wish to refresh your skin in a hurry. Try this modern way of keeping your skin beautiful.



Daggett & Ramsdell

Grand NEW SERIES of 'BRAN TUBS'

The 'QUICK-WIN' WEEKLY PUZZLE

£500

MUST BE WON
FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS No. 12

The following persons tied for First Prize with a total of 700 points, and the total prize money (£500) will be divided equally between them:—Mrs. G. W. Rogers, Commercial Road, Yarram, Victoria; Mr. J. J. Contencin, 118 King Street, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania; Mr. H. D. M. Heroux, c/o H. Archer, 29 Bligh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.; Mr. S. Rawle, 54 New South Head Road, Vaucluse, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. W. Rogers, 5 Padley Street, Lithgow, N.S.W.; Mr. R. Tyler, 12 McIntyre Street, Gordon, N.S.W.; Mr. Don Macky, 44 Bellevue Street, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.; Mr. P. H. Clayton, 55 Caxton Street, Petrie Terrace, Brisbane, Queensland; Mr. O. Thomsen, 55 Anderson Street, Valley, Brisbane, Q'land; Mr. J. H. Shuttleworth, Bethania Junction, S.C.L. Q'land; Mrs. F. H. Shaborn, Galatea Street, Charkville, Q'land; Miss Thelma Jones, Cherwonda, Q'land; Miss V. Atkinson, Prince Street,

Annerley, Q'land; Miss E. Robinson, 71 Thorn Street, Ipswich, Queensland.

SOLUTION: Zea, Drum, Stock, Invest, Vulture, Bysant, Tizey, Buss, Sty. Prize Money will be posted on **FRIDAY, 10th JULY.**

RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS No. 13

FIRST PRIZE, £35: Mr. C. J. McIntosh, 29 Victoria Street, Spring Hill, Brisbane. **Solution:** Mrs. Toit, Curry, Rhysa, Buttons, Morrot, Study, Pome, Fry. **Total Points, 600.**
SECOND PRIZE, £10: Mr. P. H. Clayton, 55 Caxton Street, Petrie Terrace, Brisbane. **Solution:** Mun, Toit, Curry, Rhysa, Buttons, Morrot, Study, Pome, Fry. **Total Points, 604.**
THIRD PRIZE, £5: Mr. A. Bowie, Matheson Street, Balbirnie, via Cessnock, N.S.W. **Solution:** Mun, Toit, Curry, Rhysa, Buttons, Morrot, Study, Pome, Fry. **Total Points, 600.**
Prize Money will be posted on **FRIDAY, 17th JULY.**

No appetite? Always tired?

Women who complain of having "no appetite" and being "always tired" rarely suspect that the probable cause of their trouble is anemia. In its manifestations and effects, anemia can be likened to the terrifying vampire bat of fiction—it secretly attacks the blood-stream and drains all energy-giving vitality from the veins, leaving its victims listless and tired. To banish anemia and its distressing symptoms, doctors will tell you that there is nothing so good as Wincarnis. With the very first glass you'll feel better, and if you take Wincarnis regularly three times a day, you will soon experience a complete restoration of vitality and the joy of living. Buy a bottle today. Quarts: 7/3. Pints: 4/3.



WINCARNIS

Puts New Blood in your veins.

GEORGE stroked his waistcoat thoughtfully.

"It isn't money that he's lost," said Carol evenly. "I happen to be private secretary to quite an important man. This," and she jerked her head at the third party, "is a blackmailer. He has letters belonging to my chief which he thinks are worth money. He called at the office to-day, and he had them in his pocket. He has a habit of stopping at my desk to ask me out to dinner, and I thought I would take the opportunity for once. I said he could call this evening for me, thinking I might get the letters from him, but afterwards I realised that I couldn't do that without letting him make love to me, which would be beastly, and I thought how much easier it would be if we were able to stay in. I could find some way of making him take off his coat to do some job for me, and I couldn't have done that in a taxi or a restaurant."

George turned. "I see."

"I was still wondering if I had time to go shopping when your parcels practically fell into my lap out of the blue. The housekeeper had said you were away. I simply took the things to save being pawed by him!"

"Well, that seems eminently reasonable," said George. "I must confess."

"I am not interested in all this," the other cried. "You give my letters back!"

George also moved. He had made up his mind.

"GET out!" he said.

"If you have a complaint, go to a policeman. Not that I advise you to. Most policemen would blow their whistles and get out their truncheons at first sight of you."

The other backed as if caught in a trap. He flung one hand out.

"You give me my letters!"

"Get out, I said," commanded George. He reached for the other's shoulder and assisted him towards the door, and out of it.

"I suppose you are wondering," said Carol, "whether he'll come back with a policeman."

A Thief UPSTAIRS

Continued from Page 28

"No," George coolly said, "I wasn't wondering that."

His arms were folded on his chest; he looked down upon her from his greater height with a glint in his sombre eyes. And she spoke now with a quick defensiveness.

"I was going to write you a note . . . a very nice note . . . I was looking forward to it . . . I did take your things, and made you go without, but I always got away with that kind of thing before, and it's humiliating for a girl to find her powers are so distinctly on the wane . . . and that no matter how much she eats humble pie, and offers to make good the

as consolation. I wanted to show her how I keep house."

"But why on earth couldn't you say so, then? I would have let you have the dinner!"

"I QUITE intended to demand it. But when I realised your own plight I felt that it would be only courteous if I took my guest out to dinner and left you in possession."

"I thought you said you had no dinner?"

"No, because I had no money. I was too late to cash a cheque, and I found I had spent too much shopping. I rang up and told this girl we had better go out to feed, and asked if she could lend me any money till the morning. She said she had no money to lend anybody, and so I asked her in that case if she would be sportman enough to come and share a tin of sardines by the fire. Do you know what she said?"

"Well, what?"

"That mine was not the way she was accustomed to being treated. Her week-end arrangements had been ruined. I could not give her dinner myself, and now I had no money with which to take her out. She was not coming to eat sardines with any man, and she said: 'I suppose that after we have eaten those you will sit back behind the paper while I darn your socks.' And do you know what I have been thinking ever since?"

"I can just imagine."

"I have been wanting to finish a most unusual evening by helping you to wash-up the dishes for the man you gave my dinner to. That ought to show, I fancy, that your powers aren't waning."

Her eyes were very tender, and her voice was throaty.

"I'm not going to have that," said she. "I'm going to stay down here and d-d-darn your socks. There's never been a man yet I'd do that for."

(Copyright)

DANCE-O-GRAMS

CARL THOMAS

says:—

If you move your feet softly and smoothly over the ball-room floor, you will avoid sliding your high, sharp heels down a man's ankle.

damage, people go on looking angry and disapproving and unneighborly."

"Does it occur to you as at all odd," said George, "that when you opened my parcels you found that I had bought dinner for two?"

"You surely can't mean you were expecting anyone?"

"The time has come for you to know," said George, "that I was going to give dinner to a lady."

If Carol could have sunk into a chair she would have done.

"A girl who was to have been in the week-end party, and was as disappointed as I was myself when it was cancelled. I asked her here to dinner

LADY WARWICK

says

"I use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing at least twice a day!"

The Countess of Warwick, an exquisite dark beauty, is another charming aristocrat who keeps her skin scrupulously clean and youthful by using Pond's Cold Cream.

All complexions are subject to the ordinary skin faults unless care is taken to keep the pores free from accumulations of dust, grease and make-up. Examine your skin closely. Does it look dull—sallow—old? Are there coarse pores, blackheads, little lines and wrinkles? Have the tissues begun to sag or become crepey? These skin faults can be corrected by regular cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Besides, special ingredients in Pond's keep skin tissues firm and young.

Follow this simple method of Skin Care.

Every night remove all dirt from the pores by applying Pond's Cold Cream generously. Let it remain on a few moments, then wipe off. Repeat this process until no soil appears. Then smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream and leave overnight. In the morning another Cold Cream cleansing, followed by Vanishing Cream and make-up. This simple method ensures a radiant lovely skin.

Larger jars, 2/6; large tubes, 1/-.



● TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day, with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Russet) [] Light Cream [] Rose Cream (Natural) [] Natural (Light Natural) [] Rose Brunette [] Dark Brunette (Sunburn) []

POND'S Dept. 558 Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name.....

Address.....

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 44

"It's the man Ascher, sir. We've brought him in."

"Right. Bring him in here. Where was he?"

"Hiding in a truck on the railway siding."

"He was, was he? Bring him along."

Franz Ascher was indeed a miserable and unimpressive specimen. He was blubbery and cringing and blustering alternately. His bleary eyes moved shifty from one face to another.

"What do you want with me? I have not done nothing. It is a shame and a scandal to bring me here! You are swine, how dare you!" His manner changed suddenly. "No, no, I do not mean that—you would not hurt a poor old man—not be hard on him. Every one is hard on poor old Franz. Poor old Franz."

Mr. Ascher started to weep.

"That'll do, Ascher," said the inspector. "Pull yourself together. I'm not charging you with anything—yet. And you're not bound to make a statement unless you like. On the other hand, if you're not concerned in the murder of your wife—"

Ascher interrupted him—his voice rising to a scream.

"I did not kill her! I did not kill her! It is all lies! You are English pigs—all against me. I never kill her—never."

"You threatened to often enough, Ascher."

"No, no. You do not understand. That was just a joke—a good joke between me and Alice. She understood."

"Funny kind of joke! Do you care to say where you were yesterday evening, Ascher?"

"Yes, yes—I tell you everything. I did not go near Alice. I am with friends—good friends. We are at the Seven Stars—and then we are at the Red Dog—"

He hurried on, his words tumbling over each other.

"Dick Willows—he was with me—and old Curdle—and George—and Platt and lots of the boys. I tell you I do not never go near Alice. Ach Gott, it is the truth I am telling you."

His voice rose to a scream. The inspector nodded to his underling.

"Take him away. Detained on suspicion."

"I don't know what to think," he said as the unpleasant shaking old man with the malevolent, mouthing jaw was removed. "If it wasn't for the letter, I'd say he did it."

"What about the men he mentions?"

"A bad crowd—not one of them would stick at perjury. I've no doubt he was with them the greater part of the evening. A lot depends on whether anyone saw him near the shop between half-past five and six."

Poirot shook his head thoughtfully. "You are sure nothing was taken from the shop?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "That depends. A packet or two of cigarettes might have been taken—but you'd hardly commit murder for that."

"And there was nothing—how shall I put it—introduced into the shop. Nothing that was odd there—incongruous?"

"There was a railway guide," said the inspector.

"A railway guide?"

"Yes. It was open and turned face downward on the counter. Looked as though someone had been looking up the trains from Andover. Either the old woman or a customer."

"Did she sell that type of thing?"

The inspector shook his head.

"She sold penny time-tables. This was a big one—kind of thing only Smith's or a big stationer would keep."

A light came into Poirot's eyes. He leant forward.

"A railway guide, you say. A Bradshaw—or an A.B.C.?"

A light came into the inspector's eyes also.

"By the lord," he said. "It was an A.B.C."

CHAPTER 5

I THINK that I can date my interest in the case from that first mention of the A.B.C. railway guide. Up till then I had not been able to raise much enthusiasm. This sordid murder of an old woman in a back street shop was so like the usual type of crime reported in the newspapers that it failed to strike a significant note. In my own mind I had put down the anonymous letter with its mention of the 21st as a mere coincidence. Mrs. Ascher, I felt reasonably sure, had been the victim of her drunkard's brute of a husband. But now the mention of the railway guide (so familiarly known by its abbreviation of A.B.C., listing as it did all railway stations in their alphabetical order) sent a quiver of excitement through me. Surely—surely this could not be a second coincidence?

The sordid crime took on a new aspect.

Who was the mysterious individual who had killed Mrs. Ascher and left an A.B.C. railway guide behind him?

When we left the notice station our

first visit was to the mortuary to see the body of the dead woman. A strange feeling came over me as I gazed down on that wrinkled old face with the scanty grey hair drawn back tightly from the temples. It looked so peaceful, so incredibly remote from violence.

"Never knew who or what struck her," observed the sergeant. "That's what Dr. Kerr says. I'm glad it was that way, poor old soul. A decent woman, she was."

"SHE must have been beautiful once," said Poirot.

"Really?" I murmured incredulously.

"But yes, look at the line of the jaw, the bones, the moulding of the head."

He sighed as he replaced the sheet and we left the mortuary.

Our next move was a brief interview with the police surgeon.

Dr. Kerr was a competent-looking, middle-aged man. He spoke briskly and with decision.

"The weapon wasn't found," he said. "Impossible to say what it may have been. A weighted stick, a club, a form of sandbag—any of those would fit the case."

"Would much force be needed to strike such a blow?"

"The doctor shot a keen glance at Poirot.

"Meaning, I suppose, could a shaky old man of seventy do it? Oh, yes,



ALASKAN SEALS. In the new shade, safari-brown, fashions this sports coat for Sally Eilers, a Universal Films star. Each sleeve is a full skin and the ripple back swings from a deep yoke. The tulp collar is clasped with small polished South American pine cones, and another centres the crown of her sealskin hat.

It's perfectly possible—given sufficient weight in the head of the weapon, quite a feeble person could achieve the desired result."

"Then the murderer could just as well be a woman as a man?"

The suggestion took the doctor somewhat aback.

"A woman, eh? Well, I confess it never occurred to me to connect a woman with this type of crime. But, of course, it's possible—perfectly possible. Only, psychologically speaking, I shouldn't say this was a woman's crime."

Poirot nodded his head in eager agreement.

"Perfectly, perfectly. On the face of it, highly improbable. But one must take all possibilities into account. The body was lying—how?"

The doctor gave us a careful description of the position of the victim. It was his opinion that she had been standing with her back to the counter (and therefore to her assailant) when the blow had been struck. She had slipped down in a heap behind the counter quite out of sight of anyone entering the shop casually.

When we had thanked Dr. Kerr and taken our leave, Poirot said:

"You perceive, Hastings, that we have already one further point in favor of Ascher's innocence. If he had been abusing his wife and threatening her she would have been facing him over the counter. Instead, she had her back to her assailant—obviously she was reaching down tobacco or cigarettes for a customer."

I gave a little shiver.

"Pretty gruesome."

Poirot shook his head gravely.

"Pauvre femme," he murmured.

Then he glanced at his watch.

Please turn to Page 48



"This sale means a lot to me—I must have my wits about me... so my drink is tea. It's a pick-me-up that really works when the old vitality sinks halfway through a busy morning."

Tea puts new life into me—gives me extra punch and keenness. Most of my friends order Tea at 11 a.m. ... and I say "Tea for me!" as well.



TEA OF COURSE!

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ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.
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FOR YOUR LIPS...**

*gives the illusion
of colour BENEATH the skin*

Here's headline news for smart girls! Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has evolved a NEW principle of colouring for the Kissproof Lipstick. Clear, glowing shades that give the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin. This NEW Kissproof Lipstick keeps lips soft and smooth, prevents chapping and drying. Four vital shades—Natural, Theatrical, Raspberry, Orange.

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BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES with Delica-Brow. Makes lashes
look longer, darker; encourages that fascinating upward
curl. Black, Brown or Blue. A Kissproof product.

EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/- K2-108

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 47

"OVERTON is not, I think, many miles from here. Shall we run over there and have an interview with the niece of the dead woman?"

"Surely you will go first to the shop where the crime took place?"

"I prefer to do that later. I have a reason."

He did not explain further, and a few minutes later we were driving on the London road in the direction of Overton.

The address which the inspector had given us was that of a good-sized house about a mile on the London side of the village.

Our ring at the bell was answered by a pretty dark-haired girl whose eyes were red with recent weeping.

Poirot said gently: "Ah! I think it is you who are Miss Mary Drower, the parlourmaid here?"

"Yes, sir, that's right, I'm Mary, sir."

"Then perhaps I can talk to you for a few minutes if your mistress will not object. It is about your aunt, Mrs. Ascher."

"The mistress is out, sir. She wouldn't mind, I'm sure, if you came in here."

"She opened the door of a small morning-room. We entered and Poirot, seating himself on a chair by the window, looked up keenly into the girl's face."

"You have heard of your aunt's death, of course?"

"The police did not suggest your returning to Andover?"

"They said I must come to the inquest—that's on Monday, sir. But I've nowhere to go there—I couldn't fancy being over the shop—now—and what with the housemaid being away, I didn't want to put the mistress out more than may be."

"You were fond of your aunt, Mary?" said Poirot gently.

"Indeed I was, sir. Very good she's been to me always, auntie has. I went to her in London when I was eleven years old, after mother died. I started in service when I was sixteen, but I usually went along to auntie's on my day out. A lot of trouble she went through with that German fellow, 'My old devil,' she used to call him. He'd never let her be in peace anywhere. Spouting, cadging old beast."

"The girl spoke with vehemence. 'Your aunt never thought of freeing herself by legal means from this persecution?'"

"Well, you see, he was her husband, sir, you couldn't get away from that."

"The girl spoke simply, but with finality. 'Tell me, Mary, he threatened her, did he not?'"

"Oh, yes, sir, it was awful the things he used to say. That he'd cut her throat, and such like. Cursing and swearing, too—both in German and in English. And yet auntie says he was a fine handsome figure of a man when she married him. It's dreadful to think, sir, what people come to."

"Yes, indeed. And so, I suppose, Mary, having actually heard these threats, you were not so very surprised when you learnt what had happened?"

"Oh, but I was, sir. You see, sir, I never thought for one moment that he meant it. I thought it was just nasty talk and nothing more to it. And it isn't as though auntie was afraid of him. Why, I've seen him sink away like a dog with its tail between its legs when she turned on him. He was afraid of her if you like."

"And yet she gave him money?"

"Well, he was her husband, you see, sir."

"Yes, so you said before. He paused for a minute or two. Then he said: 'Suppose that, after all, he did not kill her?'"

"Didn't kill her?"

"That is what I said. Supposing someone else killed her... Have you any idea who that someone else could be?"

SHE stared at him with even more amazement. "I've no idea, sir. It doesn't seem likely, though, does it?"

"There was no one your aunt was afraid of?"

Mary shook her head. "Auntie wasn't afraid of people. She'd a sharp tongue and she'd stand up to anybody."

"You never heard her mention anyone who had a grudge against her?"

"No, indeed, sir."

"Did she ever get anonymous letters?"

"What kind of letters did you say, sir?"

"Letters that weren't signed—or only signed by something like A.B.C." He watched her narrowly, but plainly she was at a loss. She shook her head wonderingly.

"Has your aunt any relations except you?"

"Not now, sir. One of ten she was, but only three lived to grow up. My Uncle Tom was killed in the war, and my Uncle Harry went to South America and no one's heard of him since, and mother's dead, of course, so there's only me."

"Had your aunt any savings? Any money put by?"

"She'd a little in the Savings Bank, sir—enough to bury her proper, that's what she always said. Otherwise she didn't more than just make ends meet—what with her old devil and all."

POIROT nodded thoughtfully. He said—perhaps more to himself than to her.

"At present one is in the dark—there is no direction—if things get clearer..." He got up. "If I want you at any time, Mary, I will write to you here."

"As a matter of fact, sir, I'm giving in my notice. I don't like the country. I stayed here because I fancied it was a comfort to auntie to have me nearby. But now—again the tears rose in her eyes—there's no reason I should stay, and so I'll go back to London. It's gayer for a girl there."

"I wish that, when you do go, you would give me your address. Here is my card."

He handed it to her. She looked at it with a puzzled frown. "Then you're not—anything to do with the police, sir?"

"I am a private detective."

She stood there looking at him for some moments in silence.

She said at last: "Is there anything... queer going on, sir?"

"Yes, my child. There is... something queer going on. Later you may be able to help me."

"I'll do anything, sir. It—it wasn't right, sir, auntie being killed."

A strange way of putting it—but deeply moving.

A few seconds later we were driving back to Andover.

To Be Continued

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

**MISS
SUPER
SHEEN Jnr.**
SEW FAST TO HELP!

"RUN IT THROUGH QUICKLY
IN HOT WATER.
THAT'LL TAKE
THE STAIN OUT!"



"BUT IT'LL TAKE THE COLOR OUT
OF STITCHES AS WELL!"



"I CAN SEE
YOU NEED
ME TO
KEEP
YOUR
UNDIES
NEW-
LOOKING!"



"SWAGGER UNDIES!
—NEW?"

"WASHED
SCORES
OF TIMES
ALREADY
BUT YOU SEE
I USE COATS'
SUPER-SHEEN—ITS COLOR-FAST!"

**COATS'
SUPER SHEEN**
Color fast JUNIOR

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To Bring
Vitality, Clear Skin
and
Youthful Looks



Women Need Help More Often Than Men

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Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Night, Leg Pains, Backache, Claps Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present-day foods throw an extra heavy load on the kidneys. Fortunately, by suffering, it is easy to help Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription, Cystex, which now is available at all chemists under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Russell, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the best remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many Kidney and Bladder troubles. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. Z. Rendine, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner

of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in all different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the British Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the kidneys and bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a great improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 3 days.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 3 days, or money back on return of empty package. But Cystex in the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work in your complete satisfaction or you must return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs very little at chemists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) in any Schaeffer & Co. Branch or Mailorder.



Dr. T. J. Russell

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

July 4, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

49

Let Them Serve You Well!

Those useful and decorative little tables that dot your homes

THOUGH almost bewildering in their variety, the new types of small tables showing in shops to-day are destined to serve you smartly and well. The tables illustrated on this page, however, are not, by any means, to be regarded in the light of fashion. They merely illustrate use and sane placement in the home.

TALKING of tables—or occasional tables, as they are generally termed—reminds me of a visit I once made to a very small home, which seemed to be overflowing with tables of every shape and size. In every corner of the 10 x 12 lounge stood a table, crowded with bric-a-brac, and in the centre stood a tall, fragile-looking affair, upon which was perched a tall silver vase, flower filled.

Of course, with half a dozen people crowded into the room, the inevitable happened. One of the males present, handing round cakes, sent the table flying. I laugh even now at his remark as he scooped up chair, vase, and

By : : :
Our Home
Decorator



A CONVENIENT type of table for the bedside. Note how it fits flush with the bed—not too high, and not too low, and yet capacious enough to hold your requirements.



A DECORATIVE table that is perfectly at home with modern or old world furniture. Note the modernistic print above.

—Photo by courtesy M.G.M. Pictures.

holding potted plants. This type can be placed against the wall in lounge or entrance hall to give a decorative touch to your home.

Now in No. 5 sketch you see a rather clever idea for a nursery.

This table without its three extra "blocks" is really a stool for a tiny. But this simple addition turns it into a handy table, and, as you see it, at the desired height to hold a lamp for reading purposes.

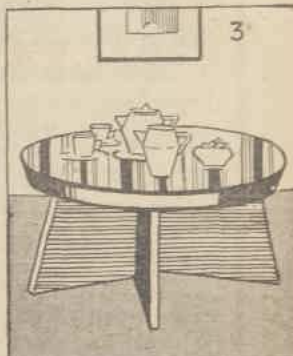
Next to this in sketch No. 6 may be seen a modern type of table which stands conveniently by a lounge. This is another sturdy type and is capacious enough to hold lamp, smoking needs, papers, and books required.

The illustration adjoining this shows how a table may serve you if you wish to sew or read by window or by the fire. It may be brought to its temporary quarters from any other part of the home and play its part unobtrusively and well.

In No. 8 sketch you see a very useful type of bedroom table. It fits flush with the bed, and is not too high and not too low. This is a matter to be remembered in connection with bedside tables. Whatever type you choose—be it square, oblong, circular, half-circular, three-cornered, or otherwise—in the interests of comfort select one that conforms exactly with the height of the bed.—E.E.G.



THIS, or an oblong type of table, is best suited to a small or narrow entrance hall.



THE STURDY, capacious low table makes the serving of tea from lounge or easy chair an easy matter for the hostess.



A NEW TYPE of table specially constructed to hold potted plants.



AN INGENIOUS homemaker turns a child's stool into a handy table with the addition of sturdy pieces of wood matching exactly in size the stool top.



NOTE THE PLACEMENT of this sturdy type of table to the lounge. It is big enough to hold books, papers, and smoking needs in addition to the reading-lamp.



A TEMPORARY arrangement for a small oblong table beside an easy chair. See story.

mirror above is not only useful, but helps to create an illusion of space.

The sketch below that, No. 3, shows a low and sturdy type of table. Ideally suited for the hostess who wishes to serve tea from an easy chair or lounge. With this type of table, there is no need to stretch or bend.

Below that again is shown a smart little table especially constructed for

flowers, and sopped up the water with his handkerchief before his distressed wife—and our hostess—could move: "Tricky little things, aren't they?" he said.

But what do you think he said to his wife afterwards? "Listen to me, Mary. If ever you put that spindly thing in the room again I'll—I'll—burn it!"

Could you blame him? Rooms should not be overcrowded with furniture any more than they should be cluttered with bric-a-brac.

Apart from comfort and appearance, cluttered-up rooms have a psychological effect on the mind. They distress, cramp, and wear one mentally.

So, I would say, as I have said before: Out with the non-essentials, relegate them to the store-room, or the auction-room if you feel you can possibly part with them. Be strong-minded about it all.

Now, with regard to little tables: They can be both useful and decorative assets to your rooms, used with discretion.

If your hall is a narrow one, don't place a round or square table in it, but select an oblong one, or one shaped like sketch No. 2, showing in the top right-hand corner of the page. This type of table fits flush with the wall, takes up little space, and can be most decorative. The

FOR THE SLEEPING BABY: Sew an ordinary stocking suspender to each corner of the baby's mattress. Then you can easily fasten the covers into position, while allowing for free movement.

QUINT NEEDLE-CUSHION: Keep a small square of hard soap in lieu of the usual pin-cushion in which to keep your needles. They will then never get rusty—nor lost, either.

CLOTHES - BASKET HINT: Your clothes-basket always wears out first on the bottom because it is always being dragged over the ground when full of clothes. So now, while it is still intact, nail several strips of wood across the bottom of the basket. This prevents the basket from ever touching the ground and it cannot wear out.

CLEVER IDEAS

BROWN LEATHER: Rub brown leather handbags and shoes over with the inside of a banana skin, and then polish. You will be surprised at the shine got this way.

TO WASH STOCKINGS: Try rinsing your stockings in clean soapy water. It doesn't leave any marks on the stockings if kept to a weak solution, and they won't ladder so easily.

STRAINING LIQUIDS: When straining a liquid into a basin through muslin, clip the muslin to the edges of the basin with spring clothes-pegs. This will keep it in place.

TO RENOVATE GOLD BRAID: If your gold or tinseled braid or cording has become tarnished, take some rock ammonia and pound it into a powder. Rub this briskly into the braid. Leave for a while, and remove with a soft brush.

EXPANDING COTTON WOOL: To make cotton wool go twice as far before using a roll, unroll it and warm it in front of a fire or radiator. The wool then expands to twice its original thickness. Now separate this thickness into two, and roll up both rolls again for use.

TO CLEAN WICKER CHAIRS: Clean wicker chairs by rubbing all over lightly with a duster dipped in paraffin. Then polish with furniture polish to take away the smell of the paraffin.

MUMMY LEARNS A LESSON.



Hard rubbing works dirt further into the weave giving white clothes a dull, dingy look. But even the ingrained dirt will respond to the oxygen-charged action of PERSIL's myriads of bubbles ... PERSIL gets out every tiny speck of dirt. That's why PERSIL whites are so truly white.



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SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'



Sing to the tune of—

Daisy, Daisy!

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter)

"Daisy, Daisy, tell me your secret do,
I'm half crazy, all for your Irish Stew."
Said she, "There is Bisto in it,
'Twill be ready in a minute,
For it's a treat, that's hard to beat,
Is this stew that is made for two."

BISTO
for delicious stews



Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney

GOOD Recipes

Win CASH PRIZES

Six Best Recipes in This Week's Competition Given Below . . . Have You Entered Yet?

Turn your cooking talents to good account, and make your best recipe earn a little pocket money for you!

You have only to write out a good recipe, and send it in to us, marked plainly "Best Recipes." Each week we award six prizes to the six best recipes received. First prize is £1, second 10/-, and there are four at 2/6 each.

READ the following recipes—the six prizewinners for this week—and try them out yourself!

RAINBOW TART

One ounce butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups flour, 1 small teaspoon baking powder.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream; add egg, then flour and powder sifted together. Roll out and line a tart-plate about 1½ in. thick. Into this put a cup of mashed gramma that has been sweetened, and a little lemon juice added to taste, next put the following:

To 1 cup milk add 1 egg well-beaten, 1 tablespoon sugar. Add to tart and put in oven until cooked a nice golden brown and custard set. When cold, cover the tart with ½ cup of raspberry jelly just before it starts to set, and leave to stand until jelly is firm. Then cut into strips and you will have the rainbow effect. This is delicious served with whipped cream.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Brown, Highfield, Kyogle, N.S.W.

ALMOND KING BISCUITS

Four ounces flour, 2oz. butter, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, yolk of egg, red currant jelly, chopped pistachio nuts.

Almond mixture: 2oz. ground almonds, 1oz. castor sugar, 1oz. ground rice, white of egg, almond essence, chopped almonds.

To make biscuits, cream butter and sugar, beat in yolk of egg and some of the flour, work in rest of the flour sifted with the baking powder. Knead until smooth, and roll out. Cut into rounds and stand on a baking sheet. To make almond mixture, mix together sugar, ground almonds, ground rice, almond essence, and enough white of egg to make a stiff mixture. Beat well; turn into a forcing-bag and pipe in a ring on to the biscuit. Sprinkle with chopped almonds. Bake for 25 minutes in moderate oven. When the biscuits are cold, fill the centres with jelly and sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. L. Sinclair, 7 Donald St., Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

FRIED FIGLETS

One cup flour, 1lb. pressed or preserved figs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, grated rind of 1 lemon.

Cut figs into small pieces. Sift together flour, salt, sugar, soda, and baking powder; beat egg with milk, and stir into dry mixture; then add melted butter, figs, and lemon rind.

Drop teaspoonfuls into deep, hot fat, fry till richly brown, drain on absorbent paper, and serve warm with brown sugar hard sauce.

To make sauce, measure 1 cup light brown sugar after sifting. Blend 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 of the sugar, and beat in 1 cup thick cream alternately with rest of sugar. When smooth and fluffy, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pile on top of figlets, and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. W. Scott, 7 Grantham St., West Brunswick N12, Vic.

HALLOWEEN CAKE

(With Black Magic Cream)

Two cups flour, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons butter.

Beat eggs and sugar to a yellow foam in a basin. Heat milk and butter in a double boiler. Lightly stir in sifted flour to the eggs and sugar. Add vanilla, 1 teaspoon of grated lemon rind, milk, and butter, and, lastly, the baking powder. Put mixture into two warm, buttered sandwich tins. Bake in a quick oven, and when golden and firm remove pan from oven, stand a moment or two, then turn on to sugared paper. When quite cold, put layers together with the cream. Spread with water icing and decorate with walnut halves and mimosa balls.

Black Magic Cream.—2 cups icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon finely-minced walnuts, 1 cup fresh butter, 4 tablespoons strongly-made coffee.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add

Tips for Boiling Puddings

GREASE well with butter the basin in which you are going to boil your pudding. Make a pleat in the padding cloth to allow for swelling. When the pudding is cooked, do not attempt to turn it out immediately, but leave it to stand for a minute or two. This will allow the pudding to shrink a little.

cocoa, coffee, and nuts, finely crushed, then use.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Harle, 20 Oakland Pde., East Brisbane.

CARAMEL TART

Line a plate with a good short crust, put in oven to cook. Then make the following caramel mixture:—

Take 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 tablespoon flour, a pinch of salt, put on the fire to melt, then add 1 cup of milk and well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Stir well together and cook in a double saucepan until as thick as lemon cheese. Set aside to cool. When the crust is almost cooked, spread with cooled caramel mixture and place over this the well-beaten egg-whites, with sugar to taste. Leave in a cool oven until the meringue is set. Serve cold, with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. S. Mulley, 54 Cathcart St., Lismore, N.S.W.

BALLOONS

One cup water, 1 tablespoon good cooking fat, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs unbeaten.

Bring fat and water to boil in a saucepan. Take from fire and add flour and salt. Return to fire, and beat until it forms paste which leaves sides of pan. When partly cool, add eggs, one at a time, beating each one in thoroughly. Drop tablespoonfuls of mixture into moderately hot fat and fry slowly until puffed and brown. Test with a toothpick or warmed knitting needle. Drain and cool. Make a slit in one side and fill with jam mixed with sweetened whipped cream. Dust with powdered sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Leak, 20 Craddock St., Broadview, S.A.



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YOU'LL be anxious and embarrassed if you have the slightest suspicion that your breath is displeasing to those about you. Now there's a new way to be sure, to be definitely certain your breath is always fresh and sweet. May-Breath will destroy all odours... one tablet banishes "tobacco breath"—acts like a charm after eating, drinking or smoking.

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Woman's Delight at Slimming Success

Glad She Carried On With Kruschen

How would you like to lose 20 lbs. of fat in 20 weeks, and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health? How would you like to lose your double chin and prominent hips, and at the same time make your skin so clear that it will compel admiration?

Get weighed to-day and note your weight, then buy a bottle of Kruschen Salts, take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning for a month, and when you have finished the bottle get weighed again. You'll be amazed at the difference in your weight, and at the feeling of energy and well-being that will have crept over you. Read this letter from a woman who tried this experiment:—

"It is with great pleasure that I write to you about Kruschen Salts. It has worked wonders with me. I was 10 stone 13 lbs. five months ago. Now I am 9 stone 7 lbs., weighed a few days ago. How much nicer it is to get about one's duties. And I feel so much better, too. I shall keep on with Kruschen, as I am too big even now, and can afford to lose a little more weight. I am glad I carried on with Kruschen, instead of giving up. When people ask me if I am slimming,



I say: 'Certainly, with the safest and surest thing, Kruschen Salts!'

(Mrs.) V.I. Kruschen strikes at the usual cause of fat. It effects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food, substances and excessive waste matter. Unless this wastage is regularly expelled, Nature is liable to store it up out of the way in the form of fatty tissue.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/0 per bottle.

New and APPETISING Ways with TRIPE

Experts say that tripe contains the same valuable constituents as liver. Among other things, it is rich in iron. Consider this, serve it more often, and in the appetising ways as suggested in these expert recipes.

TRIPE is wholesome, nutritious, and an easily-digested food when properly cooked. While it is health-giving and beneficial to young and old, of special benefit to convalescents, it is cheap, easy to prepare, and forms a very welcome change from meat dishes.

WHEN the word tripe is mentioned, most people think only of a dish of tripe garnished with onions and parsley, and little else, but read the following recipes, and you will realise there are many tasty ways of making different and succulent tripe dishes. Try them out!

TRIPE ROLL

Two pounds tripe, 3 potatoes, 1 large onion, 3 rashers of bacon, salt, cayenne, fat.
Choose tripe in one piece and boil slowly till tender. Boil potatoes and onions. Drain, mash well. Add chopped bacon, salt and cayenne to taste. Lay the tripe out flat, and spread the potato mixture on. Roll up. Tie with string. Place in baking dish, add fat and cover roll with slices of bacon. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hour. Serve on hot dish with brown or tomato sauce.

TRIPE RISsoles

One pound tripe, 2 slices of bacon, 1 cup thick white sauce, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat.
Put tripe and bacon through mincer, add white sauce, salt, cayenne and parsley. Leave on a plate till cold and set. Form into rissoles, using a little flour to prevent sticking to the hands. Dip in egg, then toss in crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with parsley.

STUFFED TRIPE

Two pounds tripe, 1 1/2 cups breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, nutmeg, bacon, fat, gravy.
Choose tripe in one piece, and boil slowly till tender. Then drain well. Add parsley, salt, and cayenne to crumbs. Add beaten egg. Lay tripe out flat, spread with the forcemeat. Roll up, tie firmly with string. Place in baking dish, add fat. Cover roll with slices of bacon. Bake about 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve with brown gravy.

SAVORY TRIPE

Two cups minced tripe, 1 cup minced onion, 2 slices minced bacon, chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, batter.
Make the batter in the usual way, and allow to stand 30 minutes. Then add to it tripe, onion, bacon, parsley, with salt and cayenne to taste. Pour mixture into well-greased pialish. Cover with breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven. Serve very hot with gravy or tomato sauce.

BY
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

FRICASSEE TRIPE

Two pounds tripe, water, salt, cayenne, 2 onions, chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 cup milk.
Blanch tripe, cover with water, add chopped onions, salt and cayenne, and



TRIPE CUTLETS being turned on to white paper after frying till crisp.

simmer gently till tender. Drain, cut tripe into small pieces, add milk to liquid, bring to the boil, pour onto blended flour. Return to saucepan and cook for one minute after it boils, add tripe and onion, reheat, add chopped parsley, and serve at once.

CURRIED TRIPE

One and a half pounds tripe, 2 cups curry sauce, boiled rice, lemon, parsley.
Cook tripe till tender, drain well. Make curry sauce in the usual way; add to it the tripe, cut in small pieces. Bring to the boil and cook for five minutes. Make a border of the hot boiled rice on hot entree dish, pour curry in the centre. Garnish with slices of lemon and chopped parsley.

FRIED TRIPE

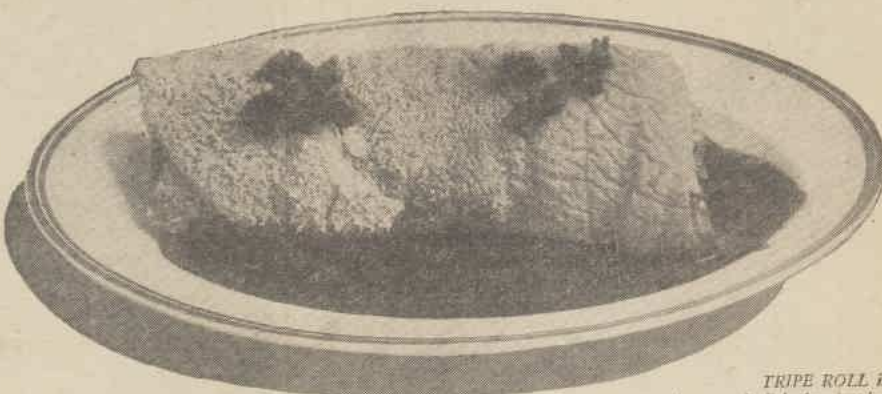
Tripe, flour, salt, cayenne, fat.
Cook tripe till tender. Drain well. Cut into strips, coat with plain flour to which salt and cayenne have been added. Then drop into boiling fat and fry till a golden-brown all over. Drain well. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

TRIPE CUTLETS

Two lb. tripe, salt, cayenne, egg-glazing, flour, breadcrumbs, frying fat, rolls of bacon, tomato sauce.
Cook tripe till tender, drain, and cut into strips 2 inches by 1 inch; sprinkle with salt and cayenne, dip in flour, then completely cover with egg-glazing. Toss in crumbs. Put into a frying-basket and lower into the boiling fat, fry till golden brown. Drain well. Serve on a hot dish garnished with rolls of bacon and tomato sauce.

TRIPE FRITTERS

Tripe, salt, cayenne, batter, frying-fat, bacon.
Cook tripe slowly till tender. Drain and cut into 3-inch squares. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Make batter in the usual way. Dip pieces of tripe in batter, then into boiling fat. Fry till golden brown; drain well. Cut bacon into strips, roll up, thread on a skewer. Place under grill or in hot oven till bacon fat is clear. Serve the fritters on a hot dish garnished with rolls of bacon.



TRIPE ROLL is a tasty and unusual dish for luncheon. Its savory filling will tempt even those who have been prone, hitherto, to refuse tripe when served in more homely guise.



HERE YOU SEE tripe fritters all hot, and ready for the table, and (at left), tripe au gratin, garnished with browned breadcrumbs.

milk, add salt and cayenne. Stir well. Put tripe and onion into wetted mould. Pour over the milk. Leave on ice till quite firm. Turn out and serve with lettuce or salad vegetables.

TRIPE IN TOMATO SAUCE

One pound cooked tripe, 1oz butter, 1 onion, parsley, 4 tomatoes, Worcester sauce, boiled rice, 1 tablespoon plain flour, salt, cayenne.
Melt butter in a saucepan. Add chopped onion and fry for a few minutes without browning. Add the sliced,

skinned tomatoes. Cook till soft, add blended flour, and cook till thick. Add salt, cayenne, sauce. Cut the tripe into small pieces and add to the sauce. Cook gently for 1 hour. Make a border of the rice on a hot dish. Pour tripe in the centre. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

TRIPE A LA COUTANCE

Two pounds tripe, 1lb rashers of bacon, 6 mushrooms, eschalois, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 2 cups stock, puree of carrots.
Blanch the tripe, cut into strips 4 x 2. Chop mushrooms, bacon, and eschalois. Mix well. Put a little on each portion of tripe. Roll up. Tie with string. Put into saucepan. Cover with stock. Cook till tender. Melt fat in a saucepan, add flour, then liquid from tripe. Stir till it boils. Cook 1 minute longer. Add seasoning if necessary, also browning. Remove string from tripe. Return to sauce and reheat. Pile carrots in centre of dish and pour tripe round.

For These Cold Days There is nothing nicer for Dinner than A Steaming Hot Plum Pudding



MAKE ONE TO-DAY. Here is a good, tested Recipe.

Sago Plum Pudding

1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup sago (soaked overnight in enough milk to cover), 2 tablespoons butter (melted), 1 cup seeded raisins or mixed fruit, 1 level teaspoon caromate seeds dissolved in boiling water.
Mix all ingredients except soda well together; if not moist enough, add a little more milk. Add soda last, put in a greased mould, and steam for three hours.

Currants, Sultanas, Raisins, Dried Apricots, Peaches, Pears, Nectarines, and Prunes

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LYLE IS A bonny little Queenslander. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Munro, of Morphees, Mitchell. —Nora Maitland.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

The One-to-Two-Year-Old's Day

By MARY TRUBY KING

After baby has passed his first birthday he will require more time for exercise and play than he has hitherto been used to. Nature will not allow him to sit still very much when he is awake, and provision should be made for him to have a place in which he cannot get into any serious difficulties.

WHEN baby wakes he should be allowed to sit up in his cot, clad in a warm wrapper. Give him his drink of milk-mixture, or, if he is over 18 months, his raw apple and drink of water. Beware of giving baby small pieces of apple which might choke him.

It is best to peel the apple, core it, thread a strong ribbon through it, and tie it round baby's neck. Then he is unable to get too much of it into his mouth at one time.
At 8 a.m. bath and dress him and leave him to do his before-breakfast crawling exercises! A boarded-in verandah with rugs spread on the floor is a good place for this, or a large playing-pen.

At 9.30 will come his breakfast. Oat-cake and butter, wholemeal bread and butter, or oven-baked bread or toast and butter, plus a drink of milk-mixture.

After breakfast the daily duty should be performed, after which the child may go out in the sun for a little while, and later, when tired, be placed in his pram. If the child is walking, romping in the garden may be allowed at this time.

At 10.30 a.m. give the toddler his orange juice and water, and tuck him up for his morning sleep. Two table-spoons of orange juice diluted with two table-spoons of water is the allowance for this age; or, if oranges are not procurable, three table-spoons of vegetable juice may be given instead.

To make the vegetable juice: wash a swede turnip under running water, then dip it in boiling water for half a minute to kill any germs, grate, just cover with cold boiled water, and stand for two hours before straining. When prepared like this it may be given undiluted.

The child should now sleep till about 12.30 p.m. Then a short playtime comes before dinner. Hands and face are washed, and the main meal of the day eaten. Perhaps the dinner will be spinach with a poached egg on top; baked apple and semolina pudding; a small drink of milk (say, two to three ounces), and a hard crust.

Fresh Air Essential

AFTER dinner the child should be held out and put into its cot for a rest. At about 2.15 p.m. he may be dressed for his afternoon outing, or perhaps there is no need for you to go shopping, in which case it is better for the child just to play quietly in the garden.

About 4.15 give the child another drink of fruit juice and water (dividing the

total quantity for the day between the morning and afternoon), or, if the ration of fruit juice was given in the morning, let him have a drink of plain water. He will need a little rest, maybe a sleep, before his evening meal.

Between 4.30 and 5 p.m. is supper-time for the toddler. This should be a very simple meal. Perhaps about 4 ounces of wheatmeal jelly, with 2 ounces of scalded milk over it, and two or three fingers of toast and butter. (Buttered when the toast is cold.) A drink of milk-mixture and some raw, ripe apple to finish off with.

After this meal comes a period for "mothering" and play before the bath, about 6-8.30 p.m. Regarding the bath, make a habit of putting in the cold water first. Some day this habit may prevent a nasty scald.

An hour should elapse between the end of the last meal and the bath. Do not dawdle over the bath, or the child may catch cold. Have his nightgown warmed for him on cold nights, and pop him straight into bed.

At about 10 p.m. it is wise to peep at the child and finally make him comfortable for the night. There is no need to wake him up unduly for this performance, though the healthy child will soon fall asleep again.

Sleep Restores Energy

CHILDREN of from one to two years require about fifteen hours of sleep out of the twenty-four. This embraces the daytime sleep of several hours. Try not to let the little one do without his before-dinner nap.

It is impossible for children of this age to store up a sufficient reserve of energy during the night to carry them through the day without at least one good long sleep, but preferably two—one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Clothing for the toddler should be warm, especially when he is creeping about on the floor. Little knitted woollen suits are best, and of a dark color, so that they need not be washed after every wearing!

If the suits do not cover the feet, put soft shoes on the child, and socks or stockings may be necessary in cold weather. A child's legs and feet should never be allowed to become cold.

Over the cellular cotton singlet which he wears next to the skin place a silk-and-wool or pure wool vest for warmth; and when taking him out in the pram or for a walk see that his head is protected from cold winds by a snugly-knitted bonnet.

DANDRUFF



Dandruff is caused by tiny germs which infect the scalp and kill the surface skin cells. Keep your scalp clean and healthy—that's the only way to put an end to irritating dandruff.

Massage regularly with Rexona Ointment. Its special medications cleanse and stimulate the scalp, removing the dead skin cells.
Shampoo each week with Rexona Medicated Soap. It's just as good for the hair as it is for the skin. Its medicated lather keeps the scalp really healthy—and that prevents a recurrence of dandruff.

TREATMENT.—Rub Rexona Ointment lightly into the scalp at night. Wash thoroughly next day with Rexona Medicated Soap, making a thick lather and massaging briskly.
MY HAIR IMPROVED AT ONCE.
Mrs. T. W. Wallace, N.Z., writes—
"A while ago my hair was full of dandruff and used to fall out whenever I touched it. One day I rubbed some Rexona Ointment into the scalp; then I shampooed later with Rexona Soap. My hair improved at once."



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The arrival of Baby puts an almost unbearable strain on a woman's back muscles. Wise to deal with this situation promptly, Harrison's Pills are just the thing. They give prompt relief, and ward off a danger that, neglected, may mean loss of baby and years of suffering. Ask your chemist for a package of genuine Harrison's Pills today, 2/6, 3/6, or 1/6. Accept no ill-advised suggestion to take something else. Only HARRISON'S PILLS remember, are the ones recommended.

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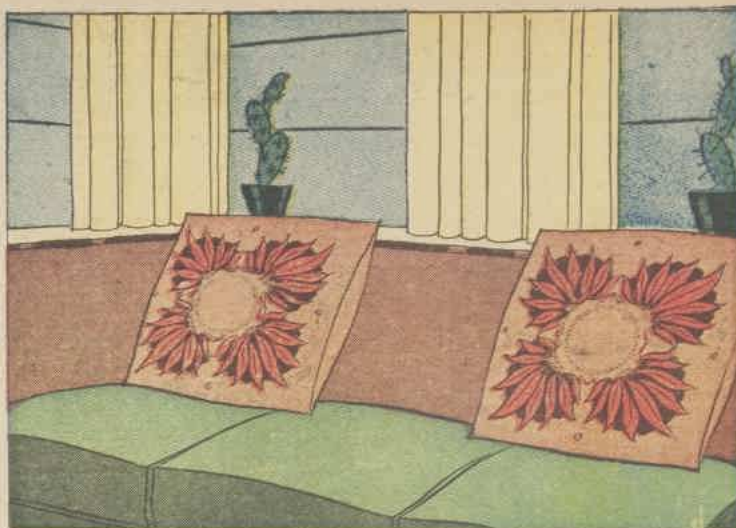
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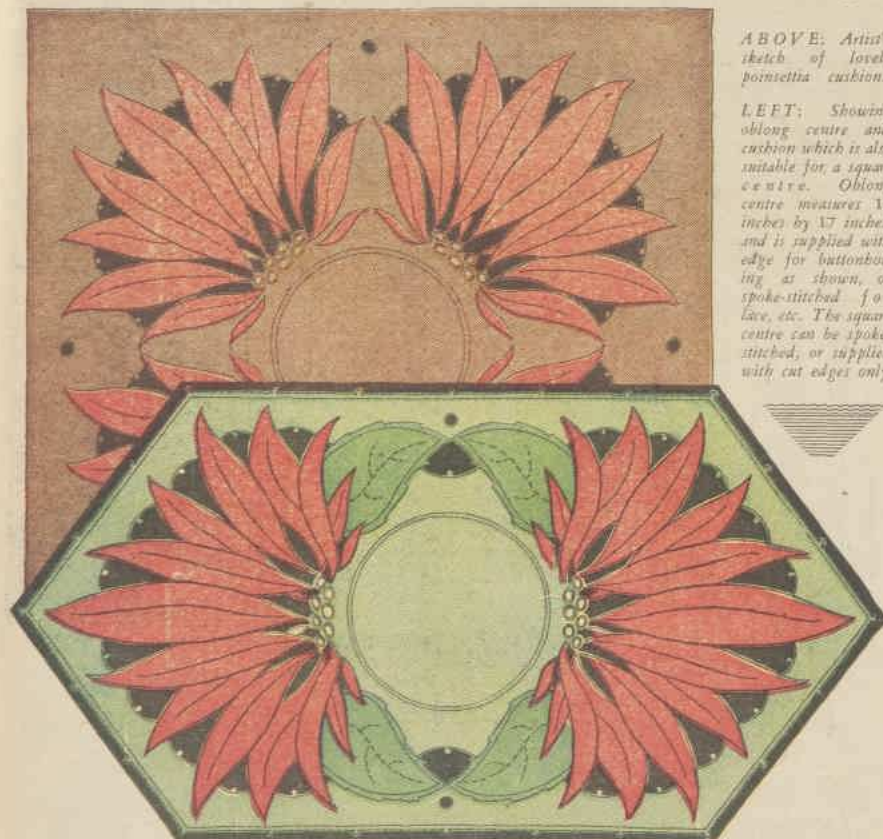
Now Bertha Maxwell transfers the grace and beauty of brilliant poinsettias to lovely linens ...

You may send for a centre-piece measuring 11 x 17 inches, another measuring 17 x 17 inches; also a cushion cover traced with this glorious design. Simple, easy-to-follow directions for embroidering them are given below.



ABOVE: Artist's sketch of lovely poinsettia cushions.

LEFT: Showing oblong centre and cushion which is also suitable for a square centre. Oblong centre measures 11 inches by 17 inches, and is supplied with edge for buttonholing as shown, or spoke-stitched for lace, etc. The square centre can be spoke-stitched, or supplied with cut edges only.



GLORIOUS bushes of flaming red flowers, poinsettias greet the eye in almost every direction during the coldest months of the year. True friends to the home decorator, they are glorious when massed in great bowls about the house; to the applied art worker, they are one of nature's gifts whether used in needlework or any other craft, their simplicity and grace combined with brilliant coloring making them an ideal subject for the beautifying of the home.

Study their lovely shapes and colors during their blossoming period, and so get the best out of your work.

IT is so easy to brighten your home with the addition of a new cushion or two, or a well-stitched centre for your living-room table; needlework possesses a charm all its own, and no room is complete in its furnishings without something beautiful which has been made by the human hand alone; something which has been thought over and worked at has a message for the eye and the mind which gives life and interest to the home.

Perhaps you have not very much time for such work, so we have prepared simple pieces whose workmanship is within the reach of all.

A little centre-piece, 11 inches wide by 17 inches long, a small cushion cover 17 inches square, which can also be supplied on a single piece of linen for making up as a square centre instead of covering a cushion—these are the pieces of work which can always be relied on to brighten a room either singly or in the form of a small set.

And the work is so easy that a child can do it; arranged for very simple cut-

work, this may be turned at will into plain outlining or any other rapid stitching with a lovely effect of simplicity, so that the busy woman has as much chance as her more leisureed sister to acquire something really gay for her room. If you are one of the great army of poinsettia lovers, select your pieces from the following list and enjoy this satisfying winter needlework.

Poinsettia oblong centre-piece (note illustration), measuring 11 x 17 inches, in cream, white, yellow, blue, or green linen, traced ready for work with plainly cut edges, price 2/-; with spoke-stitched edges, price 2/6.

In blue, green, or yellow Cesareine, plainly cut edges, price 1/3; with spoke-stitched edges, price 1/9.

Poinsettia square centre-piece, measuring 17 x 17 inches, in white, cream, green, blue, yellow linen, with plainly cut edges, price 2/6; with spoke-stitched edges, price 3/-.

In blue, yellow, or green Cesareine, plainly cut edges, price 2/-; with spoke-stitched edges, price 2/6.

Poinsettia cushion-cover design, traced

on linen 18 x 18 inches, to make up as 17 x 17 inches, the back part being left plain, with cut edges, price 3/6, with spoke-stitched edges, price 4/-.

In Cesareine, blue, green, or yellow, with plain edges, price 2/6; with spoke-stitched edges, price 3/-.

MONOGRAMS!

Initials and monograms are the rage in the fashion world and in the home.

Bertha Maxwell has two distinctive alphabet transfer designs on hand that will give swift charm and interest to your possessions—a new Chinese and a graceful script alphabet. The transfers measure 12 x 12 inches; the letters are 1½ inches in length. Transfers cost 9d. each.

on linen 18 x 18 inches, to make up as 17 x 17 inches, the back part being left plain, with cut edges, price 3/6, with spoke-stitched edges, price 4/-.

In Cesareine, blue, green, or yellow, with plain edges, price 2/6; with spoke-stitched edges, price 3/-.

Nature's Glory

RED, green, and yellow, three of Nature's most triumphant colors, unite to form the brilliance of the poinsettia in its leafy setting. These colors are so clear and primitive that they may be placed in almost any kind of room, and still retain their charm as a color-note and focusing point for the eye. The flowers are bright red, not always in exactly the same tone; P.499

is a cotton shade which is very suitable in its luminous, rich hue, but a little darker may be used quite well. The leaves are nicely expressed in P.498, or the lighter P.497, while P.499 is not too dark. The crowded flowers massed in the centre of the long red bracts are a mixture of red, green, and yellow, but can be conveniently worked in all yellow.

Study a living flower, and if you feel capable of expressing its complex centre more realistically than in plain yellow, work out a small scheme for your own needle; you will find it so interesting. The yellow used may be any good shade which is not too pale.

If you must finish the work quickly and simply, thread your needle with three strands of cotton at once, and outline all over the flowers and leaves in their own colors. Where the small, curved outlines of cutwork appear, work over in green to match the leaves, and so carry out the effect of massed foliage. Treat the eyelets as spots to be worked in green or red.

You will be pleased with the effect of this simple stitchery, which is particularly good for a cushion required to endure much use.

Lovely Cutwork

YOU can just imagine your needle slipping along the graceful curves of the flower in rich buttonholing over one thread, and so forming the firm outline which will allow you to cut away the open spaces you see in the design. The

small curved lines bearing a picot are done in the same way, so that there is almost nothing to do to make the cutwork come to life.

If you treat the ovals in the flower centre in the same way, and connect them well with strong back-to-back stitching, the cutting out will be easy and will never fall to pieces.

For cutwork use a good, coarse embroidery cotton in single thread, or at least three threads of stranded if you prefer that type of material.

Show Work

A GLORIOUS show cushion-cover can be worked on cream linen by using an ecru thread for all the cutwork, number P.609 or P.610 being delightful for the purpose. Then, when all the cutting and pressing have been done, it can be mounted over red satin or silk for a sumptuous effect of poinsettia red; this is a perfectly lovely drawing-room cushion.

The oblong centre can be worked and mounted in the same manner.

Centre with picot edge: This is such a good edge that everyone should endeavor to work it on an occasional piece; the double lines are filled with running threads, and then buttonholed, quite a coarse cotton being correct and quick to use.

The little picots are made during the buttonholing.

Double buttonholing may be used for a very rich, strong edge.

3 SIMPLE STEPS for LOVELY NAILS

The Easy Cutex Manicure Method is a boon to busy women. Within lovely hands now can be yours, by these simple steps.

Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser is the basis of the perfect manicure. Use it to shape the cuticle and cleanse under the nailtips.

Use Oily Polish Remover to remove old polish. It contains an ingredient that helps keep the cuticle soft, and correct brittle nails.

Next apply Cutex Liquid Polish. It is preferred by fashion leaders the world over. It has a superior lustre and wears longer. Also it is so easy to apply.

Use the Nail White pencil under the nailtips and smooth a little cuticle cream or oil on the cuticle.

Follow this manicure regularly and watch the beauty of your nails increase.



CUTEX
Manicure Preparations

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

HERE are dashing coats, ensembles, frocks, to give zest to your winter frocking. Note the snug dressing-gown and the two warm winter coats for little girls as well.

ADORABLE!

WW1241—A dashing little evening gown that will appeal to a young girl. You will love the graceful, controlled fullness from shoulder to hemline. Satin is our choice. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC WINTER ENSEMBLE

WW1242—Smart choker for the matron, with slendering effects. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 2½ yards for frock; for coat, 3½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

COAT AND SKIRT COMPLETE

WW1243—Three-quarter-length coat and skirt are provided for in this one pattern—and a very dashing and uncommon coat it is. We suggest contrast skirt to match broad revers, cuffs, and pocket. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 yards, 54 inches wide, for skirt and facings, and 3 yards, 54 inches wide, for coat. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

JAUNTY JUMPER SUIT

WW1244—A very new and striking jumper suit, with snappy neckline and belt treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BUSINESS-LIKE—AND PRETTY

WW1245—Business girls will rejoice in this simple, attractive style, with sweet roll collar and fascinating belt treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard for contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR 8 TO 14 YEARS

WW1246—Pleasing little coat style that will last for years without being out-moded. Sizes, 8 to 14 years. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 16d.**

SWEET, COSY COAT

WW1247—A remnant would suffice to make this charming little coat for the 4 to 10-year-old little girl. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 16d.**

SNUG DRESSING GOWN

WW1248—You'll find you can't do without a specially warm dressing-gown this cold winter, and you won't find a more pleasing style than this. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Patterns, now available for the snappy styles displayed here, are expertly cut, reliable—and cheap. Send in for them.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on free coupon.



FREE Three-in-One Pattern!

ADORABLE 3-PIECE LINGERIE SET

Cut For 34-inch Bust

NOW, armed with this week's amazing, free, three-in-one pattern, you will be able to make yourself a complete three-piece lingerie set for the price of the material alone, and be quite confident that your garments are form-fitting, tailored, and of impeccable style!

Material required for nightdress, No. 1: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. For slip: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. For cami-knickers: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Use coupon below as directed to obtain patterns. You will love making these lovely pieces—besides finding it over so much more economical than buying them.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old. Use following box numbers when sending in for all other patterns as well—

ADLAIDE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 180F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2071EE, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-111 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Pattern Coupon, 4/7/36.



THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

TIPS on SKIN CARE

By...
Evelyn

That, if followed, will yield handsome dividends in loveliness!

BEAUTY is a battle! You must often think so when you study the mirror and find this, that, and the other aery with your skin. But don't retreat; renew your courage and fight on in beauty's cause. Now run through these few suggestions, and do not fail to follow those which sound helpful and hopeful to you.

FIRST of all, if your skin looks rather dull and lifeless, what about giving it a tonic facial? Buy a bottle of the best liquid skin tonic you can, some cotton-wool, and several yards of gauze, about three inches in width.

Remove your frock, brush back your hair, and pin a towel around your head. Cleanse your skin thoroughly, then saturate a thin layer of the cotton-wool with the tonic, place it across the chin, around neck, and fasten securely at the back. Put another piece across your forehead, and another across your nose and cheeks. Pull out the wet cotton so that it covers the whole face, leaving, of course, an opening so that you can breathe comfortably.

Next step is to wind the bandage gauze around your head in order to hold the cotton-wool firmly in place. Leave on for one hour, remove, and bathe your face with cold water. Repeat this treatment twice a week for three weeks, and then once a week until such time as you are assured by your mirror, by the smooth "feel" of your skin, that the facial tonic has done its good deed.

Beauty Drink

TO help clear and whiten the complexion, try drinking potato water. (I mentioned this about twelve months ago, but repeat in the interests of new readers.)

Peel very, very thickly six medium-sized potatoes. Potatoes must be old, and, of course, perfectly washed before peeling. Throw this thick peel (for the goodness of the potato lies near the skin) into a saucepan, with six breakfast cups of water. Bring to boil and simmer gently for half an hour. Now drain off this liquid and drink hot (but not too hot) or cold between meals.

If you suffer from open pores, why not try bathing the face in a solution of epsom salts—a teaspoon of salts to one cup of water is the usual quantity used. Please don't expect results within a week. That is the trouble with most of us. We expect to look ravishing after one treatment whether it be a massage, a face pack, a facial tonic, or one lone "daily dozen." You must consistently persevere.

Those Blackheads!

I AM often asked about a treatment for blackheads. This subject requires really a whole page in itself, but I will give here a recipe for a lotion which should be patied in nightly on the troublesome spots after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed:

Get your chemist to mix you two drachms of glycerine and the same quantity of eau de cologne, half an ounce of tincture of quillaia, the same quantity of precipitated sulphur, six ounces of rosewater. When the blackheads come well above the surface of the skin they should be pressed out with a special extractor procured from your chemist (or, failing your local chemist, any large city chemist can supply you with one for round about one shilling).

But do not squeeze when in pimple form, as this is dangerous. Be fastidiously clean with powder puffs, towels, etc., and eschew greasy creams until the trouble is eradicated. Keep your skin scrupulously clean and if the skin is not broken brush it in upward and outward movements with a flesh-brush, using a medicated soap in warm water.



A VERY DRY SKIN will expand marvellously to this treatment. Soak pieces of gauze in warmed olive oil, and leave these over the skin for ten minutes or so each night. Smooth over a skin food and leave this on all night.



WASH THE FACE with an oatmeal bag if your skin is the very greasy variety. It drives out the grease and helps to close enlarged pores. Make little square muslin bags and fill them with ordinary or toilet oatmeal. Let these soak in the water for a little while, then use as a face flannel, in conjunction with a good, super-fatted soap.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: At what hour in the day should we bathe? Most people, especially young athletic men, consider a plunge before breakfast to be the best time. Do you consider this always the ideal time?

IT must be borne in mind that on rising in the morning the vitality of the body is at a low ebb. To shock the system with cold water is, therefore, unwise. Often the cold morning bath accomplishes little more than to give the vital centres a tremendous jolt. Like whipping up a tired horse, this stimulation is followed by increased fatigue later on.

If you find this to be true in your own case, try taking your bath before your evening meal. It has the advantage of refreshing you after the day's work and helps to prepare you for an evening of rest and recreation.

Some people have discovered that bathing before retiring suits them best. Others, again, instead of relaxing, have difficulty in falling asleep, as the bath overstimulates and wakes them up too much.

With a few experiments you soon discover which time of day your bath does you the most good. No hard and fast rules can be set down in this respect. We should always avoid, however, bathing directly after meals. It is wise to wait for an hour and a half to two hours.

At meal time, you see, the blood mass

is centred near the digestive organs; and the blood is busy taking up the products of digestion and distributing them to various parts of the body.

Therefore, we do not want to rush the blood to the skin surface, something which occurs after a bath. We should give the blood sufficient opportunity to do its digestive work first.

It is likewise dangerous to jump into a bath immediately after strenuous exercise, or while the body is perspiring freely. Wait until the pulse calms down and the body cools off.

Physique Determines Best Time

THE aged, and those who suffer from palpitation, faintness or general weakness, had better be advised as to the kind of bath and the time by their physicians.

I have often noted that women tend to take their baths too hot. Some do it because they believe it reduces. A bath should never be so hot as to almost scald you or make you look like a red beet. There is no virtue in such an extremely hot bath; nor is there any in taking a bath too cold.

Avoid also remaining too long in the water. If it be a cleansing bath, soap well and rinse well and let that suffice. If it be a cold, stimulating bath, even a shorter duration of time is indicated.

Soap need not be used for the entire body every day unless the skin is specially oily. There is such a thing as washing out the natural fatty properties of the skin with too much lathering, thereby making the skin dry, scaly and sometimes itchy.

Ashamed of herself and ashamed of her Mother



Tragedy has entered the life of this girl—she has just learned that her teeth will all have to come out. Dental decay germs have got the best of them at last. But even more bitter is the knowledge that this loss could have been prevented if her Mother had taught her to use a germicidal tooth paste long ago. Euthymol Tooth Paste kills dental

decay germs within 30 seconds—regular use of Euthymol would have helped prevent this tragedy. Protect your children by providing Euthymol as the family tooth paste. Children who use Euthymol and who visit the dentist twice a year, have every chance of sound, beautiful teeth that last a lifetime. Get some Euthymol to-day!

1/3
per tube



Pronounced U-THY-MOL



Under the spell of
MICHEL

● The roselbud softness of youth comes to mouths touched by Michel! It gives pulsating color to lips . . . makes them soft and warm. And it is so truly indelible, one application lasts all day. Try this smarter, gayest, more permanent lipstick to-day. Beware of imitations. Genuine Michel has the name on the case.

5 APPEALING SHADES
Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry
Sizes: Large—Popular

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetic.



Michel
LIPSTICK
Obtainable From All
Chemists and Stores.



Is white a
COLOUR?.. No—it is

seven colours!... Things are white only because they reflect all the colours in white light. There must be blue in all white things to correct yellow. White without blue in it would be a greyish-yellow. When white linens go a "bad colour," it is because they need blue to correct their greyish-yellow. You must have Reckitt's Blue in your last rinsing water every wash-day—and then your linens will always be beautifully white!



Reckitt's BLUE
Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!



Making any room say welcome—twinkling and glowing in company—things of copper and brass are never anything but happy. Brasso sees to that. Just a little Brasso . . . just a rub when you're dusting . . . for steadfast shining.

BRASSO
LIQUID METAL POLISH makes light work
A RECKITT'S PRODUCT — MADE IN AUSTRALIA



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of a most attractively-planned Australian home, that of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Rethers, of Wahroonga, N.S.W. In its picturesque grounds you will find everything that is of importance to the home-lover. A magnificent broad drive leads to the home itself, set 'midst sweeping lawns and bounded on all sides by stalwart, tall-growing trees or stately hedges. At the left may be seen the tennis court, flanked on one side by a rose garden. To the right the children's playground and, adjoining this, the vegetable garden and plant-raising frames.

SUMMER Gardens are Made in WINTER!

This may sound strange, but it's nevertheless true—Says the Old Gardener!

JUST because the flowers aren't blooming is no excuse for idling through winter in the garden. Now is the important time of preparation for your lovely summer display. Here are some practical hints as well on pruning and lawn renovation, and other important items.

WHILE winter is still very much with us, very little is growing in our gardens. With all beds and borders planted ready for a spring display, new rose beds made and planted, trees and shrubs in their permanent homes, many people think there is nothing to do but keep the beds in good order. But we must not forget the vegetable and flower sections for our summer display. This is the time to give them your special attention.

Deep digging and trenching must be done. Old manure and grass, etc., should be added, and the soil left in the rough state to allow the frost, winds, and weather to mellow and sweeten it. Time and again advice is given for the correct time to sow and plant, only for it to be disregarded as trifling. Always remember a plant cannot make up for lost time and neglect. That is why I give any advice a few weeks before it must be carried out, so that people will have plenty of time to consider and plan.

People who take up gardening expect to have a garden perpetually blooming by merely planting and sowing. But gardens come to perfect beauty slowly. A rose planted in autumn or winter cannot be expected to be at its best the next season—it will take two or three years before it shows the full glory. When trees or shrubs are planted, several years must roll by before your reward is reaped.

One of the many problems that

the amateur gardener must face is pruning fruit trees and flowering shrubs. I have from time to time given advice on this subject, but, having so many new readers, I will again outline the methods of this work.

First, you must classify the plants into fruit trees, flowering shrubs, evergreen shrubs, fruit bushes, hardy plants, and climbers. Most of these bear their fruit or flowers either on shoots or branches of the previous year, or those yet to develop.

The peach, nectarine, and black currant bear their fruit on the previous year's wood, so old wood should be cut out, also weak spindly growth. Keep the centre clear and the limbs well spaced.

The raspberry produces fruit also on short shoots or growth that has developed from the buds on those stems that grew during the previous year.

Ornamental flowering shrubs, such as forsythia, mock orange, diervilla, winter jasmine, bush honeysuckle, and deutzia, must not be pruned until the flowering season has finished. When the flowers have faded, cut out or shorten back the old branches. Then new ones will appear and give a profusion of flowers the following season.

Rambling roses are treated in the same manner, and apple, pear, and plum, which bear their fruits chiefly on spurs, should have the leaders and laterals shortened back, leaving the spurs intact.

The wistaria vine is kept in good flowering condition by shortening the

side shoots to about six buds. The only pruning required by most evergreens is such as is necessary to keep them in shape. This is usually done in the autumn months. Other free flowering evergreen shrubs are pruned immediately they have finished flowering, be it winter or summer. All these varieties give their flowers on new wood, and the method of pruning after flowering allows them to send forth new shoots and every new shoot means one more beautiful bloom.

Lawn Renovation

THIS is the month, too, to carry out the trimming of lawns. Such ones as have not been top-dressed for a year or two will need immediate attention.

Good, loamy soil finely sieved, sprinkled with blood and bone and superphosphate, then thoroughly rubbed in, will be of great benefit. Rub in well until the blades of grass show through.

It is not necessary to top dress with soil every year. Those lawns which were done last year will only need a dusting of suitable fertilizer, blood and bone and superphosphate mixed in equal parts, one double handful to the square yard.

Stab all over the garden with a garden fork, opening up the surface to allow the fertilizer to penetrate to the roots and also to aerate the soil. Constant rolling of lawns on heavy soil is a mistake. The surface becomes too hard. Roll it occasionally. But, of course, sandy or light soil requires frequent rolling to keep the soil packed around the roots of the grass.

A Flower Garden For 2/6!

Three varieties chosen for sure germination—free flowering habit—and outstanding hardiness. *Jacobina Elegans*, *Utricularia*, and *Vandellia* *Pastorum* very warmly praised and nicely illustrated in *Women's Weekly* two weeks ago as "Three South African Beauties." *JACOBINA ELEGANS* grows 18 inches high, has pretty foliage, and masses of colorful double flowers. 1/- pkt. *VANDELLIA HYBRIDA*—Gerbera like flowers—4 or 5 inches in diameter. Shades of buff, lemon, cream, orange, and salmon. Grows 2 or 3 ft. high. 1/- pkt. *UTRICULARIA HYBRIDA*—"Jewel of the Veil"—Shades, apricot and cream. Dwarf plant. Large flowers on long stems. 1/- pkt. All three are good for cutting. SPECIAL OFFER: The three packets for 2/6. Post Free.

ANDERSON & CO. LTD.,

230-231 George St., and 100 Pitt St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. G.P.O. Phone: BW1221-BW1226.

PAINS AFTER EATING

INDIGESTION the Cause

"For years I suffered from severe indigestion, coupled with bad bilious attacks"—writes a lady from Newtown, Sydney. "The little I ate caused all kinds of stomach trouble, internal pains and headaches. I tried every method and medicine I thought would do me good, but my perseverance was only rewarded when I began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. There was a general improvement in my health after one week, and I was as well as ever I had been after taking eight bottles."

If you suffer from Biliousness, Constipation, Headaches or disorders of the Stomach or Liver—take Mother Seigel's Syrup, it will give you new strength and new life.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/6. Large size 3/6. (Contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

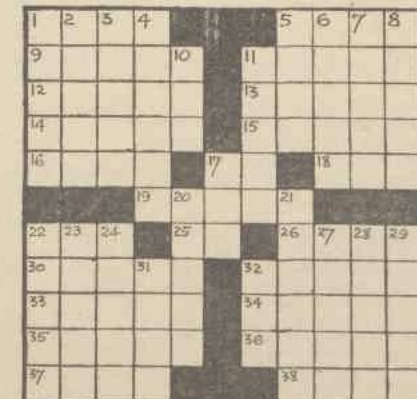
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Clues Across:

1. Apprehension of evil
5. Prosopopoeia given and admitted
9. Imbecile
11. Kingly
12. Sea in Malay Archipelago
13. Watchful
14. Characters in music
15. Pictures of rural life
16. In this place
17. T.E. (actual)
18. Ancient city of Phoenicia
19. What we call our old ancestor
21. Jewish measure
22. Compass point
26. Dine
28. Prevent
29. Certain
31. Indian title
34. A strain of shrew (hebridean)
35. Animal
36. Stage-player
37. Narrate
38. Fossils pre-noun

Clues Down:

1. A polecat
2. Roman edile
3. Faint
4. Covered
6. Blot
8. Person selling for another



ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE
ACROSS: Nidel, dikes, her, oh, galas, he, mah, lenten, pass, lex, plus, life, sloner, pas, eg, lette, su, ado, stray, nomad.
DOWN: Brail, de, Thomas, drab, E.C., steps, slan, sulf, manna, EH, ten, pin, see, piston, freze, said, round, pray, or, P.M.

Lovely to look at

SOME methods of permanent waving make the hair into stiff, unnatural waves at the cost of beauty. Others achieve softness at the expense of permanency. The Eugene method alone combines natural softness with permanency. That is because the Eugene system is quite different from all others. Moist heat from tiny jets of harmless steam fashion your hair to waves and curls of lasting loveliness.

To ensure getting a genuine Eugene wave, and protect yourself against the unscrupulous substitution of cheap and dangerous sachets, see the Eugene emblem on every sachet used on your head.

EUGENE
(AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
343 Kent Street, Sydney.
London, Paris, New York



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PERMANENT WAVES

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey,
Children will take it freely.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Leading Stores.

Famous for over 60 years

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel poor, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, crud, gas, constipation, making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/3 and 3/4. Recent a substitute.

REDUCE SAFELY

with FORD'S CORPORAAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 10 lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 3/6; six weeks, 6/6; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Sydney, Aust.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown, Tel. 11718.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted
by
EVE GYE

Costs Nothing to Make!

And uses up any useless old woollens

Attractive rug or doormat made from chaff bag and discarded, hand-knitted woollens!

RUG-MAKING is an expensive hobby and not within the reach of everyone, but rug-making this way only requires time—an inexpensive commodity to most of us. And happy will the frugal housewife be to get rid of those numerous hand-knitted garments that accumulate round the home—no longer fit for wear outside, but still quite good.



WARMING HER FEET on a smart little mat made from old knitteds and a chaff bag, this lady is busy making another cozy mat for the home. Read how easy they are to make—without having to outlay any money.

ONLY the housewife knows just how unbearably cold her feet get when she's sitting at home, sewing and working, and she particularly will appreciate this happy little idea. And as occasional rugs and doormats they will be invaluable.

All you need is a piece of heather, a sugar or chaff bag (a chaff bag is the most satisfactory), the size you require, for your rug or doormat, a rather coarse crochet-hook, and any old woollen hand-knitted garments.

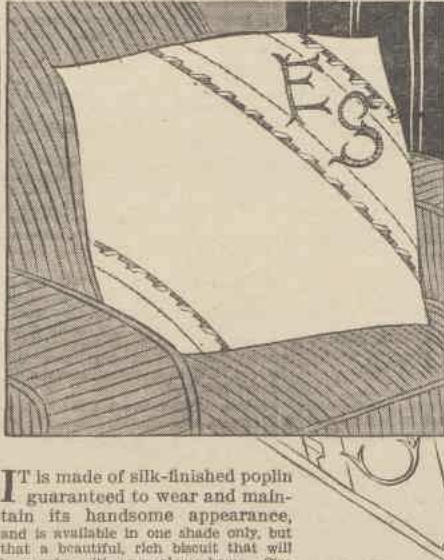
Any ply wool may be used, but the thicker wools, of course, make a heavier rug. Two different-ply wools may be used for making the same rug. Wash and dry the woollens, then unravel the wool carefully and roll into balls. If you have a great deal of wool, use it double, for extra thickness.

If a design with two or more colors is desired, draw on to the heather with a blue or red pencil. Fasten the wool in one corner, and with the right side of the work towards you insert the hook through the heather, taking two or three threads of the material and fringing out the hook still on the right side. Hold the wool as for crochet, draw a loop through about half an inch long, remove the hook, and tie in a knot; repeat this stitch in rows close together until the heather is completely covered, changing the colors as desired.

Line the mat with a suitable piece of material, turning in the edges.

Cushion Cover Traced with Your Own Two Initials

And Ten Skeins of Embroidery Silk For Only 3/6!



HERE IS the cushion cover completed, and at the bottom right the ten skeins of embroidery silk in their compact little case that goes with every cover.

It is made of silk-finished poplin guaranteed to wear and maintain its handsome appearance, and is available in one shade only, but that a beautiful, rich biscuit that will harmonise with any color scheme. Size of the cover, 18 x 21 inches.

With each cover, and included in the 3/6, goes 10 skeins of the finest embroidery silk, sufficient for the embroidery, in any one color you desire.

Colors you will find harmonise beautifully—

Deep blue, D.M.C. 1037; electric-blue, D.M.C. 1056; or any other blue you fancy. Burnished orange, 1117; lustrous brown, 1203; grass-green, 1182; emerald, 1373; mauve, 1249; deep, rich

purple, 1232; crimson, 1368; coral, 1003. These are just some of the harmonising colors available to you.

As you can see, the design won't take you long to work. Fill in initials and the rest of the design with close satin-stitch, the straight lines in stem-stitch. The effect is very rich.

When ordering, you must be careful to give the two initials you require, and indicate the shade of silk. Enclose postal note for 3/6, and 3d. to cover cost of postage.



..STILL LOVELY at 38

It is not every woman, unfortunately, who can claim that she is really at her best in what should normally be the prime of her life. It is not time that takes toll of good looks so much as the neglect of health. Instead of wishing she could stay the hands of time, the woman who is growing prematurely old should stay the encroachment of ill-health on her beauty.

Clements Tonic is the safe and certain aid to keeping ever young. The worry and nervous headaches that develop "crow's feet" are unknown to the user of Clements Tonic. The disordered digestion that causes skin to become sallow, the sleeplessness that makes faces haggard and worn are banished by a course of this great natural remedy. Nervous, digestive and blood systems are revitalised by ingredients that are in Clements Tonic for this very purpose. Bone, muscle and tissue are built up by vital components in this tried and tested tonic—the most famous tonic Australia has known in the past 50 years.

Wonderful Benefit from Clements Tonic.

Lamington, Tas.
"I am writing these few lines to let you know the great benefit that I derive from taking Clements Tonic. I had been in hospital for 16 months and under six very severe operations. I am home again now, and when I am feeling run down I take Clements Tonic and find I get wonderful benefit from it. I can't speak too highly of its wonderful value and will recommend it to all my friends." (Mrs.) F.S.M.

Peps Me Up.

Kensington, N.S.W.
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MADE on circular needles with a 4-ply wool, stocking-stitch is the background of the suit, with a very neat pattern forming a border at the lower edge of skirt and all round the coat. Three large buttons fasten the coat.

Although the original was knitted in marine-blue, you can buy one-and-three-quarter pounds of wool in any other color you fancy.

THE skirt can be worn with a plain jumper, without the coat, and the coat can be worn over a frock. For travelling nothing could be more suitable or comfortable.

Now for the dependable directions: **Materials:** 1lb. of 4-ply wool, marine-blue, circular steel knitting needle No. 9, a medium steel crochet hook, 3 wooden buttons, 11 inches in diameter, elastic for the skirt waist.

Measurements: Bust 34 inches, waist 26 inches, hips 37 inches, coat length 183 inches from underarm seam, skirt length 31 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; ch, chain; s.c., single crochet.

Tension: Seven sts. and 10 rounds to 1 inch.

Commencing Collar

CAST on 112 sts. for collar. Begin pattern. **1st Row:** * K 4, p 2; repeat from * ending k 4. **2nd Row:** * P 4, k 2; repeat from * ending p 4. **3rd Row:** * K 2, p 1, k 2, p 4; repeat from * ending k 2, p 1. **4th Row:** * K 1, * p 2, k 4; repeat from * ending p 2, k 1. **5th Row:** Same as first row. **6th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** Same as 3rd row. **8th Row:** Same as 4th row. **9th Row:** Same as 5th row. **10th Row:** Same as 6th row. **11th Row:** Same as 7th row. **12th Row:** Same as 8th row. Repeat these 12 rows for pattern. Work 1 more pattern. This completes collar.

The Coat

25TH ROW: * K 4, p 2; repeat between *s 4 times, k 4 (left front);

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increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., mark the space between these 2 sts. for seam. **K 4** for top of left sleeve; increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts.; mark space between these 2 sts. for seam; repeat between *s 4 times, k 4 (back); increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., mark space between these 2 sts. for seam; **k 4** (top of right sleeve); increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., mark space between these 2 sts. for seam; repeat between *s 5 times, k 4 (right front).

26th Row: * P 4, k 2; repeat between *s 4 times, p 20, k 2; repeat between *s 4 times, p 4. **27th Row:** P 1, * k 2, p 4; repeat between *s 4 times; k 4; increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts. (each side of seam), k 6, increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts. (each side of seam); **k 4**, p 4, repeat between *s 3 times; k 4, repeat between *s 1 once; k 4, p 4, repeat between *s 4 times; k 2, p 1. **28th Row:** K 1, * p 2, k 4; repeat between *s 4 times; p 22, k 4; repeat between *s 3 times; p 22, k 4, repeat between *s 4 times; p 2, k 1.

29th Row: * K 4, p 2; repeat between *s 4 times, k 6; increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts. (each side of seam); increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts. (each side of seam); **k 4**, p 2, repeat between *s 3 times, k 6; repeat between *s 1 once; k 6, p 2, repeat between *s 4 times, k 4. **30th Row:** * P 4, k 2; repeat between *s 4 times, p 28, k 2; repeat between *s 3 times; p 28, k 2; repeat between *s 4 times, p 4.

31st Row: K 1, * p 2, k 4; repeat between *s 4 times, k 6; increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., k 10, increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts.; **k 10**, repeat between *s 3 times; k 6; repeat between *s 1 once; k 10, repeat between *s 4 times, p 4. **32nd Row:** P 1, * k 2, p 4; repeat between *s 4 times; p 34; repeat between *s 4 times; k 2, p 1. **33rd Row:** * P 4, k 2; repeat between *s 4 times; k 8; increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., k 10; repeat between *s 3 times; k 6; repeat between *s 1 once; k 10; repeat between *s 4 times, p 4.

34th Row: * K 4, p 2; repeat between *s 4 times; p 38; repeat between *s 4 times; k 4. **35th Row:** K 1, * p 2, k 4; repeat between *s 3 times; p 2, k 12; increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts., k 14, increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts.; **k 12**, repeat between *s twice; p 2, k 12, repeat between *s once; k 12; repeat between *s 4 times; p 2, k 1.

36th Row: P 1, * k 2, p 4; repeat between *s 3 times; k 2, p 46; repeat between *s 4 times; k 2, p 46; repeat between *s 4 times; k 2, p 1.

Continue in this way increasing 8 sts. (1 st. each side of each seam) every uneven numbered row, working 31 sts. each side and 22 sts. in centre of back in pattern as on last 12 rows and working remaining sts. in stocking-stitch. There will be 43 increase rows. There will be 1 extra st. in each front, 2 extra sts. in each sleeve, and 2 extra sts. in back after every increase row.

Work 1 row after last increase row (436 sts.). Holding right side towards you, place first 78 sts. on a strand of wool for left front, place next 92 sts. on a strand of wool for left sleeve, place 116 sts. on a strand of wool for back, leave 92 sts. for right sleeve on needle and place remaining 78 sts. on a strand of wool for right front.

The Sleeves

USING a separate ball of wool, cast on 3 sts., k across 92 sts. of right sleeve, cast on 2 sts. at end of row. **P 1** row. Continue in st.-st. on 96 sts. of sleeve,



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decreasing 1 st. each side every inch 3 times (90 sts.).

Work even until sleeve measures 13 inches from sta. cast on for underarm, ending with wrong side towards you.

Begin pattern. **1st Row:** * K 4, p 2; repeat from * across row. **2nd Row:** * K 2, p 4; repeat from * across row. **3rd Row:** P 1, * k 2, p 4; repeat from * across row, ending k 2, p 3. **4th Row:** K 2, * p 2, k 4; repeat from * across row, ending p 2, k 1.

Continue in pattern until there are 34 inches (3 complete patterns). Bind off, knitting the k. sts. and purling the p. sts. Take up 92 sts. for 2nd sleeve. Work in same way. Sew sleeve seams. Slip sts. of right front, back and left front on to needle.

Join wool at left front edge, work across sts. of front, pick up and k 5 sts. across sts. cast on for underarm of sleeve; work 116 sts. of back; pick up and k 5 sts. across sts. cast on for underarm; work 78 sts. of right front (282 sts.).

Continue to work front borders and 22 sts. in centre of back in pattern and remaining sts. in stocking-stitch. Work 1 inch.

First Increase Row: Work first 79 sts., increase 1 st. in next st.; work next st., mark it with a colored thread for underarm seam; increase 1 st. in next st., continue to within 82 sts. of end of row, increase 1 st. in next st.; work next st., mark it for underarm seam; increase 1 st. in next st., work to end of row.

Continue in this way, increasing 1 st. each side of each seam every inch, until 133 inches below underarm, ending with 6th row of pattern (338 sts.).

7th Row: K 1, * p 2, k 4; repeat between *s 4 times; p 2, k 123; repeat between *s 4 times; p 2, k 123; repeat between *s 5 times; p 2, k 1. **8th Row:** P 1, * k 2, p 4; repeat between *s 4 times; k 2, p 123; repeat between *s 4

HAVE you ever trimmed your knitted undies with a cream net edging? Try it and see the effect. Edgings can be bought by the yard at most stores.

1 stitch in the stocking-stitch each side of centre-back.

Work 31 patterns (42 rows). Bind off, knitting the k. sts. and purling the p. sts. Join wool on left front 7 inches below top of collar. Hold right side towards you.

Work 1 row s.c. down front edge, working 1 s.c. in the end of every 2nd row; work 3 s.c. in corner; work 1 s.c. in each st. on lower edge to corner; 3 s.c. in corner; continue up right front to within 7 inches of top of collar. Fasten off.

Join wool in first st. With wrong side of coat towards you, work s.c. up left front edge to top of collar; work 3 s.c. in corner; work 1 s.c. in each st. across collar; 3 s.c. in corner; continue down right front up to last st. of s.c. row around coat. Fasten off.

Making the Loops

BUTTONHOOPS.—Thread a tapestry needle with double wool; fasten thread on right front in the last s.c. at end of s.c. row around coat.

Fasten again in 6th s.c. below first fastening, fasten again in first fastening, fasten again in 2nd fastening, making a 6-thread loop. Holding right side towards you, with double wool, work buttonhole-stitch over loop, fasten off. Make 2 more loops in same way below first loop, 6 sts. apart. Sew 3 buttons 2 inches from left front edge, opposite buttonholes.

The Skirt

CAST on 330 sts. for lower edge. Be careful sts. do not twist on needle when joining round. **1st Round:** * K 4, p 2; repeat from * around. Mark end of round with 2 colored threads as an aid in counting. **2nd Round:** Same as first round. **3rd Round:** P 1, * k 2, p 4; repeat from * around, ending k 2, p 3. **4th Round:** Same as 3rd round.

5th and 6th Rounds: Same as first round. **7th Round:** K 1, * p 2, k 4; repeat from * around, ending p 2, k 3. **8th Round:** Same as 7th round. **9th Round:** * P 4, k 2; repeat from * around. **10th Round:** Same as 9th round. **11th and 12th Rounds:** Same as 7th round.

Repeat these 12 rounds 3 times. Discontinue pattern. Then k. until skirt measures 6 inches.

Work Carefully

FIRST Decrease Round: * K 31, k 2 together, repeat from * around (330 sts.). **K** until skirt measures 10 inches. **2nd Decrease Round:** K 18, k 2 together, * k 30, k 2 together, repeat from * around, ending k 15. **K** until skirt measures 14 inches. **3rd Decrease Round:** * K 29, k 2 together, repeat from * around.

K until skirt measures 17 inches. **4th Decrease Round:** K 14, k 2 together, * k 28, k 2 together, repeat from * around, ending k 14. **K** until skirt measures 20 inches.

5th Decrease Round: * K 27, k 2 together, repeat from * around. **K** until skirt measures 23 inches. **6th Decrease Round:** K 13, k 2 together, * k 26, k 2 together, repeat from * around, ending k 13.

K until skirt measures 25 inches or 7 inches shorter than desired length when finished.

7th Decrease Round: * K 23, k 2 together, repeat from * around (260 sts. at hipline, 37 inches around). **K** until skirt measures 27 inches. **8th Decrease Round:** * K 11, k 2 together, repeat from * around.

K until skirt measures 29 inches. **9th Decrease Round:** K 5, k 2 together, * k 10, k 2 together, repeat from * around, ending k 5.

K until skirt measures 31 inches. **10th Decrease Round:** * K 9, k 2 together, repeat from * around (200 sts.). **K** until skirt is 32 inches. Bind off.

To Make Up

PRESS work carefully on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Make a casing for elastic on skirt as follows:

Holding wrong side of skirt towards you ch 3, * skip 1 st., 1 slip-st. in the next st. at left in 4th row below; ch 3, 1 slip-st. at top of skirt in third st. at left of first st., ch 3, repeat from * around top of skirt, ending with a slip-st. in the first st.



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KAY STAMMERS Wants to Visit AUSTRALIA

Probable Player with Next English Team

By JOAN HARTICAN

For the first time in the history of tennis in Australia, an international women's team visited here last year, and proved such success that the Australian Lawn Tennis Association has invited a women's team to come again next year.

The personnel of the last team was Misses Dorothy Round, Nancy Lyle and Evelyn Dearman. This team was so successful against a picked Australian side, which included Mrs. Westacott, Miss Bickerton (Mrs. Cozens) and myself, that they won a long list of Australian titles.

We hope that Dorothy Round may visit us again with the team next year.

She was quickly acclaimed a favorite by the Australian public last time. Her charming manners, court demeanor, and her sportsmanship were outstanding.

Miss Kay Stammers expressed to me a desire to visit Australia, and as her inclusion in the team seems almost a certainty, we will have another great player with us. She is known throughout American tennis circles as "Kay the Kutie," which seems a fitting description. She is a left-handed player, and puts plenty of sting into her shots. Kay is a most attractive girl, with a very bright personality, and in her tennis frocking gives much thought to detail. This is sure to appeal to the feminine eye. She recently won the British hard-court championship, and her form is being closely watched at Wimbledon.

Fourth Member

BEING a very young player, it will not be a surprise to see her top the tree in tennis during the next few years.

Miss Mary Hardwick continues to improve, and I should not be surprised if she also is chosen. Her tennis future looks very bright, and like Dorothy Round, her strokes seem to flow from her racket, and her footwork is faultless. Mary is also another very attractive figure on the court.

If a fourth member is to be sent the position seems very open, as there are Misses Dearman and Lyle, whom Australians would be glad to welcome again. Miss Freda James, who holds the Wimbledon doubles championship with Kay Stammers, and Mrs. King, probably the most consistent player of all. Personally I would like to see Miss James included, as together the Wimbledon champions could give our players

an excellent idea of the doubles game.

A team comprising Misses Round, Stammers, James, and Hardwick would, I think, be an ideal combination to send to Australia.

I would very much like to see an invitation sent to Miss Helen Jacobs, of America. She told me "she would love to visit Australia," and I'm sure she would be most popular with our Australian tennis crowds.

The standard of women's tennis in Australia gets better every year, and a team could be picked from here which could be given a good chance of victory. Our team looks like having at least two new members in Misses Coyne and Wynne. Thelma's game was praised last year by the English girls. Miss N. Wynne, who was practically unheard of last year, is now graded No. 2 in Australia.

For Young Players

MRS. EMILY WESTACOTT was unfortunately been out of the game for some time owing to a severe illness, but has now recovered and is at practice again. It would be a great pity not to see Emily in a team, as she certainly plays tennis with the idea of getting as much from it as possible, hits as hard as she can, and she has a personality all her own.

The talk of a team leaving Australia next year to play abroad, and the chances of later in the year playing against a picked team from Great Britain, will arouse much enthusiasm from the young stars and make them work for something well worth while.



MISS KAY STAMMERS, who is one of England's outstanding tennis players. Miss Stammers will probably be included in the British women's team which will tour Australia next year.

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Simple Rules that would Smooth Sport Worries

By RUTH PREDDEY

Considering the important position selectors occupy, it seems remarkable that there are not more definite rules laid down by the clubs or the associations governing the method of selection and the duties of selectors.

ALL other office-bearers seem to know their duties, and what exactly is expected of them, but selectors are more or less allowed to place their own interpretation on the positions they fill, and not infrequently are severely criticised for exceeding their duties.

In the individual games, players more or less select themselves by their performances, but in the team games players are selected to fill certain positions, and, consequently, must be carefully watched.

Whether a selector should encourage or coach a player prior to selection, or even after, is a question that has provoked much comment.

Recently a well known player begged to be excused from playing in an important match owing to a slight wrist injury, but the selectors remarked, "You can't let us down now. You must play!"

Certainly there was a "gate" attached to this game, but again were the selectors right, or did they err in picking a representative who was not 100 per cent. fit?

Another interesting point which is of interest is that where some selectors make a practice of congratulating the players who are selected for a team, others adopt another course altogether, and sympathise with those who have been left out of the team.

Perhaps there is no quicker way to make a young and enthusiastic player

dependent than for a selector to say, "I'm sorry you are not in the team, but then you really did nothing to justify your inclusion," as really happened on one occasion.

Another class of selector is the conscientious kind who, on appointment, makes a habit of watching various matches right throughout the season until the final selection is made. This is not always fair to the player.

Time For Remedy

PLAYERS may feel more keyed-up to their games if they know the eye of the selector is upon them. But what if they make two or three unfortunate mistakes the very afternoon they are being watched, although their play may have been perfect throughout the season?

Then there are selectors who actually enter into arguments on the merits or demerits of the various players, who are loud in their praise of a certain player, and who let everyone know those they most fancy.

Surely it is time the associations or even clubs took a hand in the matter and set down definite rules which the selectors could follow.

There is no doubt that uniform rules defining the duties of a selector would be welcomed by all sports people, but the initial move in this direction would have to be made by the various associations concerned through their members.

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THE WINDMILL MYSTERY

By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON



"KING?" queried the porter. "I beg your pardon?" answered the young man with the pack on his back. "King?" repeated the porter. "Yes, King." The porter seemed to appreciate the restraint. Having received information, he now gave it. "Goin' to rain," he said.

This was more to the point. The man who was King raised his head and gazed towards the threatening west where a low ridge of clouds, slate-blue at the base and snow-white at the top, stretched along the horizon in a vivid panorama of jagged mountains and flat-topped castles. Against one of the castles was silhouetted the dark shape of a distant windmill.

"Think so?" murmured Lionel. "Anvils in the sky," answered the porter. That settled it.

But now the young man appeared to have lost, momentarily, his interest in the sky. His eyes were on the windmill. It made a queer, grim blot up on the landscape. There was something arresting in this smudge of reality with its lucid, imaginative background. Picturesque, too. He wondered how many miles off it was. Two? Four? Seven?

"You always get rain when there's an avia," insisted the porter, pursuing a point on which he was at authority. Weather and trunks. Those he knew about, however colossal his ignorance on other subjects.

"Well, let's hope this is the exception that proves the rule!" exclaimed Lionel, suddenly rousing himself.

"There ain't no exception," gloomed the old porter doggedly. "If you'll take my advice, sir, you'll begin your fink to-morrow and put up in the village. They'll make you comfortable at the Green Man."

The inn was half-way down the street. At the bottom, where the village petered out into undulating, unpopulated country, was a shop. An individual wearing plus-fours and a monocle stood outside the shop.

The individual raised his eyes as Lionel came into view. For a moment it seemed as though he were going to speak to him. But it had been his intention he changed his mind, turned abruptly, and went into the shop.

Now the village was behind him. Ahead stretched the undulating, unpopulated country.

He took out a pocket compass. South-west by south. In a few minutes he paused at a little lane that slanted off the wider lane he was on. The little lane ran south-west by south. He turned into it.

"Why am I walking so fast?" he asked himself suddenly. "My time's my own, isn't it?"

He smiled as the reason came to him. He wasn't afraid of the rain. He was afraid of Logic. When the rain started he wanted to be able to say to Logic,

"Well, I've come too far to go back now, haven't I? I've got to go on!"

Where? To the windmill?

He raised his eyes from the foreground and gazed ahead. The windmill was still a long way off, and looked little bigger than when he had first viewed it from the station hill. In the falling light, precipitated by the impending storm, the land between was undecipherable. Then he raised his eyes higher and stared at the sky.

"I'm for it," he murmured. "Damn Logic!"

The first drop fell as he was passing a clump of bushes on his left. He had been looking towards the bushes because they had suddenly shivered, as though a wind had disturbed them, but the raindrop diverted him, and he was some yards beyond the bushes before something happened that brought them back sharply, into his mind. A voice called. "I say!" and he realised, with a queer little shock, that wind had not caused the foliage behind him to move.

He stopped and turned. The voice, palpably feminine, had struck an incongruous though pleasant note in this wilderness of silent fancies, and the girl who now stood beside the bushes was just as deliciously out of place. True, she was in walking costume. Her chic brown hat was thoroughly businesslike. So were her costume, her stockings and her shoes. But there was an atmosphere about her which, despite its implication of will and spirit, was all at variance with a desolate spot such as this; and for the first time for countless hours something altruistic and protective entered into Lionel Savage's soul, replacing the germ of self-pity.

"In trouble?" he called.

The girl paused for an instant before retorting, rather unexpectedly:

"Aren't you walking full-tilt into it yourself?"

THE retort sounded rather like a challenge. Lionel frowned. Surely Logic had not sent this illogical creature to bring him back to his senses?

"It's your trouble we're talking about, not mine," he said. He hoped the words did not sound rude. He did not mean them to be. This little encounter was proving at the very outset how fangled his nerves were, and how unfit for company. "Have you lost your way?" he asked.

"No, she answered, 'but I should think it's pretty easy to lose your way about here.'"

"Then . . . what can I do for you?"

"Nothing."

He stared at her. Nothing? Then why on earth . . .

"It was my mistake," she explained.

"Don't let me keep you."

Of course, that was just ridiculous.

"I say, was I rude to you just now?" he asked, attempting to readjust the situation.

"If so, it was quite unintentional. Let's start right at the beginning again and see if we can make a better job of it. Now,

then, you've just called, 'I say,' and I've replied, 'Yes, can I help you?'"

She laughed, and he noted relief in her laughter.

"I didn't make a mistake after all!" she exclaimed. "I called you because — well, you seemed to be going in my direction, and I expect I got the wind up. It looks a bit stormy, doesn't it?"

"Very."

"Will it put me beyond the pale if I inquire where you're going?"

"Of course not! I'm going . . ." He stopped short. Where was he going? Then he went on quickly, before she could misunderstand his hesitation. "The fact is, I'm . . . I'm not quite sure."

She looked at him curiously.

"Have you lost yourself?" she asked bluntly.

"No," he responded. "I'm just not particular about my destination, that's all. So we can concentrate on yours. Have you really got to cross this No Man's Land?"

"If you don't mind crossing it with me . . . to keep off bag-snatchers!"

"I'll be delighted. But I can't keep off the rain."

"That doesn't matter."

"Doesn't it?" He regarded her dubiously. Already the rain was increasing, and her smart brown coat was getting wet. So were the smart brown shoes that combined darkness with utility.

"Look here! May I make a suggestion? There's a village a mile or two back . . ."

Bransbury . . . I expect you know it . . ."

"No, thank you!" she interposed definitely. "I've got to go on!"

"It means a soaking."

"What will be, will be."

"Oh, yes—I get my fatalistic moods, too. But—well, would you have gone on if I hadn't turned up?"

"I should have had to," she nodded, but not before a moment's hesitation.

"You'd have been scared, though?"

"Imagine it."

"That's not difficult. I suppose that was why you were hiding behind those bushes when I came along?"

"Well, you might have been a bit of Edgar Wallace, mightn't you?" she answered, flushing slightly. "Or a potential newspaper paragraph. You know the kind, 'Girl Found Murdered on Lonely Heath.'"

"So that was the reason?" he said.

"No, it wasn't the reason," she replied. "Shall we start?"

He accepted the situation.

Nevertheless, as they began their walk together, he pondered over it. "What will be, will be," she had said.

"You know, of course, we're a couple of fools?" he said suddenly.

"Absolute idiots," she agreed. "And neither can blame the other. Isn't that jolly?"

Five minutes later the narrow lane ended. Trackless heath lay before them. He paused.

"Do we still go on?" he asked.

"Not if you don't want to," she answered.
"I'm in your hands."
"Then we go on. I suppose it leads to somewhere."

"You're sure it won't lead to pneumonia?"
"I don't catch cold. Oh, but do you?"
He smiled at this somewhat tardy realisation of another's possible need. She was taking him very much for granted.

"Never had a doctor in my life," he reassured her.
"Splendid!" she exclaimed. "Then we've nothing to worry about. Let's enjoy it."

"The advice isn't necessary," he responded.
A curtain of mist swept towards them. They walked through it, heads down, shoulders often touching. Necessity kept them close. They didn't want to lose each other.

Presently, in spite of the girl's dogged spirit, the enjoyment became tempered with a little sane anxiety. The rain was now descending in sheets, and the instinct of self-preservation caused them to look for some temporary shelter. Almost at the same moment, as the rain increased in volume, they raised their lowered heads. For a few seconds they saw nothing but blinding water sweeping down through space. Then, as they gained the top of a ridge, a big black shape seemed to grow into the blurred picture, like an image developing on an upright plate.

"Jove! The windmill!" cried Lionel.

THE windmill was a large black structure, brick at the bottom and wood at the top. As they approached it the stationary wings seemed to rear above them, and looking upwards they glimpsed the angry scudding clouds through the skeleton framework; but, forbidding though the windmill looked, they were grateful enough to have reached it, and for a few moments they huddled in the doorway and collected themselves. The doorway made an unexpectedly good sanctuary, for besides being on the lee side of the building, it was protected overhead by some generously-protruding brickwork.

"Not so bad!" he commented.
"No—we're in luck," pointed the girl. "If only we were dry we could dig ourselves in here quite comfortably."

"Will a cigarette help?" he asked.
She nodded, and a few moments later two little glows gleamed in the shadow of the doorway.

"I don't see any signs yet of an improvement," he remarked presently.
"No, it seems to be getting worse," she answered.

"What are we going to do about it?"
"I don't know."

"Or care?"
She smiled as she responded. "I haven't a dry stitch on me, but I'm still able to enjoy it. How about you?"

"Oh, I've no complaints," he smiled back. "I'm just hoping, though, that the end of this adventure will be as much fun as the beginning."

"The end is bound to be more fun for me," she said in a voice abruptly serious. Then she added in partial explanation, "You see, my adventure began before I met you."

"So I gather," he replied. "Don't you think I'm rather wonderful, the way I don't ask questions?"

"I do. And please go on being wonderful."

"I'll do my best. But I think the moment has come for just one question. Where exactly do you want to get to?"

"Somewhere dry."

"That's prevarication."

"It's intended to be."

"So I mustn't even know where I'm supposed to be taking you?"

"Well, if you want to be exact, where exactly are we?"

"Don't you know?"

"I haven't the slightest notion. Have you?"

"I believe there's a big town six or seven miles farther on. There may or may not be a small village somewhere between—"

"What's the name of the big town?"

"Wardchester."

"That'll do. Will you call a taxi?" He shook his head at her reprovingly, and she laughed. "Well, what's the good?" she said. "For the moment we're marooned. Marooned at a mill. Let's think of an immediate destination instead of an ultimate one. Do you think we could get into the mill? It might be a trifle warmer."

"Wait here a minute," he instructed her. "I'll have a look round."

He left the sheltered doorway, began to dash round the octagonal base of the building, and was back again almost at once.

"What a fool I've been!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "I've been picturing silent emptiness behind this door, but the place is occupied."

"No! Is it?"

"Yes. There's a curtained window. Do you see a bell anywhere?"

They groped unsuccessfully.
"Well, we'll knock," he said, and banged on the door with his knuckles.

The sound echoed uncannily. He knocked again. No one opened the door.

"Perhaps they only receive visitors on first Thursdays," suggested the girl. "Was there a light behind the curtain?"

"Now you mention it," he frowned. "I don't believe there was."

"Then probably nobody's at home."

"Week-end place, eh?"

"Thoughtless of them!" She extended her hand idly towards the door handle. It turned. She laughed. "Open to anyone!" she announced. "Will you back me up if I forget my manners?"

The next moment she had pushed the door open.

FOR a few moments the queer beauty of the chamber held the two travellers. There was something not quite believable about it. So in a desert have countless other travellers stood when beholding their first oasis. Then a sudden blast of wind, that seemed to twist the rain round behind them, drove a shower of moisture into their backs. "Go in!" shouted the wind; and then shrieked to them as they hesitated. "Push them in!"

The cold bath sent them inside.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed the girl rather breathlessly.

"Yes, and ought we to be?" he replied.

"There are times when the word 'ought' becomes an absurdity," she retorted. "Or don't you agree?"

"I do agree," he answered, "and this is one of the times. Still, I'd love a definite invitation. Let's give a call."

He looked upwards towards the wooden landing and the lofty ceiling and cried:

"Hey! Is anyone up there?" The girl joined in with a "Hello!" that was delightfully disrespectful. Neither staircase nor the ceiling answered them, but a row of three bells appeared to vibrate

slightly, though the bells themselves remained dumb.

"Would it be a sin to take off one's soppy coat and to hang it on you ancient hook?"

"I think that sin would be forgiven."

"Well, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, there are two you hooks. By the way, we're a bit late with the introductions. How are you described in the telephone book?"

"Savage, Lionel."

"I hope Savage in name and not in nature?"

"I haven't barked yet."

"No, thank God! If you'd barked I'd have bitten. I'm developing a theory. Mr. Savage, that you and I have been rather lucky. I believe you could bark if you wanted to."

"I can make a noise."

"And I can bite."

"And does your name suggest it, like mine? The introductions haven't been completed yet."

"Oh! I'm sorry. Haig, Rita. I'm afraid I can't do better, but Haig makes one think of war and whisky, so it's not too bad."

She slipped off her coat as she spoke. A cream-colored blouse drooped daintily and provocatively around her. She walked to the hook with an air of possession and hung the coat on it.

The hooks were against one of the walls of a wooden cupboard that completely filled the space immediately beneath the square landing—the space beneath the unbacked stairs themselves was open and visible—and after hanging his coat up he walked round the farthest angle of the cupboard and regarded the door.

"Bet you it's locked," observed the girl. "Not our business if it is," he remarked.

"I disagree. Cupboards are everybody's business. There may be a skeleton in it."

She came to his side and tried the handle. "There! What did I tell you? It is locked."

"Why shouldn't it be?"

"I didn't say it shouldn't be. I said it was. And it is."

Now she ran to the other door. The small one in the wall. That also was locked. As she turned from it and faced him again she smiled at his faint disapproval.

"Where there's no harm meant there's none done," she defended herself. "I've got a funny feeling about doors. I say, aren't we in a queer position?"

She spoke as though this were the first moment she had realised it. He had realised it for a considerable while, and he found himself fighting an unreasonable sense of personal responsibility. If he had hated the position the sense would not have been there. But he didn't hate it. This girl was proving a better companion than his thoughts. And, in the particular circumstances of his thoughts, the whole thing was ridiculous.

He looked at her. She was not looking at him. She was looking beyond him, towards the open doorway.

"Get ready for shocks," she murmured. "Someone's coming."

LIONEL swung round quickly, and as he did so he heard the footsteps that had fallen first upon the girl's sharper ears. Then, a moment later, a figure loomed out of the rain and filled the doorway.

It was the figure of a man, and viewed in the indistinct light of the doorway, its face in shadow, there was nothing particularly arresting about it. On the tall side, it suggested wiry strength. Long, loosely-hanging arms added to this impression. But

tall strong men are just as common as small weak ones, and are just as likely to be caught in a storm—or to own a mill.

"Rough weather," said the newcomer.

"Yes, frightful," answered Lionel. "Have we to apologise to you?"

"What for?" inquired the newcomer.

"For being here," replied Lionel. "I thought you might be the owner of the place."

"No, thank you," came the response.

THE tone of the denial might have been an indictment of windmills in general or of this windmill in particular.

"Well, anyway, we're jolly grateful to it," said Lionel, with a glance at Rita Haig.

"Yes, it's a roof," she assented. "Haven't you better do what we've done and come right in?"

The newcomer turned and looked at her. She was standing near a window, and the light glinted on her hair. Then he turned and looked at the book on which hung her hat and coat.

"You're making yourselves at home, if I may say so," he commented.

"We are . . . thoroughly," answered the girl. "And you may say so."

The newcomer thought for a moment. He had not accepted the invitation to come right in, and he still stood in the shadow of the doorway. Something about him began to worry Lionel, but for the moment he could not determine what it was.

"Then perhaps I may say something else," said the newcomer. "Perhaps I may advise you not to make yourselves at home?"

"Why not?" demanded Lionel. "If we are overdoing it a bit . . ."

"Weather and wetness will be our excuse," interposed Rita. "But I suppose you mean they won't be enough for the owner?"

The man did not reply.

"Do you know the owner?"

The man shook his head.

"Well, then, why the warning? If the mill's haunted I don't think that'll worry us."

"I know something about the owner," replied the man, "and from all accounts he's half-dotty. He lives here by himself, and is ready to shoot anyone who comes near him."

"Really!" exclaimed Lionel. "That's cheerful. But he's not at home."

"He'll come home."

"Oh! He's round about here, then?"

"So I understand."

"Who from? I mean . . . if you don't know the fellow . . . who's your informant?"

The man shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"I believe it's local gossip, but I got it from . . . well, from some people who wanted to shelter here like yourself. 'Don't try the windmill,' they said. 'It's as much as your life's worth.' He seems to have given them a hot reception."

"But you have tried the windmill," Rita pointed out, frowning.

"Only to pass the warning on . . . I'm not going to wait," answered the man. "I saw you from a distance."

"Jolly nice of you," replied Rita.

The expression of gratitude lacked enthusiasm.

"It seems to be a question of deciding between the weather and a lunatic," said Lionel. "The weather we know—"

"And the lunatic you don't," concluded their adviser grimly.

The next instant he entered the room

violently, propelled by something from

behind. Lionel caught him as he stumbled forward, and found himself staring over a blue serge shoulder at the explosive force that had discharged the man through the doorway. The explosive force, itself no less agitated, was picking itself up from the hard, stone ground, and proved to be a small, white-faced gentleman with an untidy beard.

"Is this the lunatic?" wondered Lionel.

Then his mind went through a bit of jugglery. The wonder darted out of it while some information, having no relation to the wonder, darted in. As the man who had stumbled into him regained himself, Lionel suddenly discovered what had been worrying him all this time. The man was wearing neither hat nor coat, and his blue serge suit, though damp, was not soppy.

"What the devil—?" spluttered the man.

"Dear me! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" cried the small and bearded intruder. "The rain! I was running! I didn't see you!"

There was indignation as well as apology in the little man's eyes. Peculiarly bright eyes. They burned like little lamps.

For a few moments nobody said anything more. The centre of psychology as well as the centre of gravity had been rudely disturbed, and no one seemed to know how to handle the new situation, or precisely what it was. Then Rita Haig made an attempt towards clarity.

"We're sheltering from the rain," she explained obviously.

The remark appeared to electrify the little man into speech.

"Eh? Are you? Well, that's all right, I expect," he panted. "I expect that's all right."

"Then you're not the owner of this place?" asked Lionel.

"ME? I? No, certainly not," jerked the little man. "Er—if you'll excuse me, I'll just go up."

"Up?" exclaimed the tall man abruptly.

"Yes. Why not?" retorted the little man, and became momentarily aggressive. "I am permitted to know him, I suppose, even if you do not." He darted to the staircase with disconcerting swiftness, then paused abruptly on the bottom step. "He's letting you wait here, eh? Is that it?"

"He's out," replied Lionel.

"Out? Nonsense! Surely not!" snapped the little man.

"Why should we say he's out if he isn't?" demanded the tall man. "He is certainly out."

"Oh! Then, in that case, what are you all doing here?" cried the little man, becoming aggressive again. "Is that right and proper? Of course, this isn't my place and I'm not him; but I know him, and he wouldn't like it; I'm quite certain he wouldn't like it, no, not at all." The aggressiveness expired. "Well, anyhow," he muttered, "one can go up and see."

The next instant he was half-way up the stairs.

Lionel found himself watching the tall man. The tall man had checked a sudden movement towards the stairs, and was now lighting a cigarette. The glow of the match illuminated his features. Hard grey eyes under heavy eyebrows; a long, thin nose with something awry in the middle. A clean-shaven upper lip. A tooth missing.

... The match went out.

"Well, I'll be going," he drawled. "Queer cove, isn't he? But it's none of our business."

The queer cove by this time had gained

the wooden landing and had passed out of sight through the door.

"That's true," replied Lionel.

The tall man did not throw the spent match on the ground. He looked around vaguely as though for an ash-tray. Quick footsteps resounded overhead. As they passed over the spot from which the three bells were suspended, the smallest bell trembled slightly and gave a tiny tinkle.

"Why not throw it down?" suggested Lionel, while the tall man still looked for somewhere to put his match. "Or throw it outside."

"Well, that's an idea," smiled the tall man. "Good-evening."

He walked to the door. The rain showed no signs of abating. He paused.

"It seems to have set in for the night," he observed. "Have you far to go?"

"Not so very," answered Lionel.

ON the point of putting another question, the tall man stopped and raised his eyes. The smallest bell was tinkling again as hurried footsteps again crossed the spot immediately above it.

"He's coming down," said the tall man.

The sound of the footsteps ceased. Lionel wondered where they had got to. The acoustics of the place were confusing.

Then they suddenly recommenced, and the door to the landing was pushed open. The little man reappeared.

"Well, did you find him?" inquired the tall man.

"Eh? No!" responded the little man as he descended rapidly. "I'll have to call again another time." Now he was at the bottom, turning up the collar of his mackintosh coat. "And take my advice and clear out before he does return. I know him, I know him. Don't say I haven't warned you."

He brushed by the tall man and was gone.

"Really, did you ever meet such a queer cove?" commented the tall man, looking after him. "Just the same, his advice is good—and it's the same as I was giving you, you'll remember, just before he shot in. Are you going to take it?"

"I expect so," said Lionel.

"Perhaps we could walk a little way together?" suggested the tall man. "Company, you know."

"We're not going for a minute or two," interposed the girl quickly. "It was the first word she had spoken since the arrival of the little man. "But thank you very much."

"Not at all," responded the tall man drily. "But what beats me is why our fussy little friend didn't wait to see us all off the premises. You'd have thought he'd have done that now, wouldn't you?" He glanced towards the staircase again. "You know—as a friend."

Lionel and Rita exchanged frowns. Would the fellow never leave?

"Do you know," said the tall man suddenly, "I'm not quite happy about our fussy little friend. I've an idea I'll just pop up those stairs for a second and see whether everything's all right."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lionel sharply. "Why shouldn't everything be all right?"

"Everything should be all right," retorted the tall man. "That's what I mean."

Already he was beginning to mount the stairs. Lionel gained a queer sense that history was repeating itself. Just as, on the former investigation, the tall man had restrained an impulse to follow the little man up, so Lionel now restrained an impulse to follow the tall man up. He restrained it

because he did not like the idea of leaving Rita Haig alone.

"Go up if you want to," her eyes sanctioned.

"I don't want to," his eyes replied. And then his lips added, "You know, Miss Haig, I think we'd really better brave the elements again, don't you?"

"Wait a minute," she answered.

Her eyes were on the ceiling. He raised his, also. The tall man had disappeared through the landing door, and they waited for the sound of his footsteps.

"He'll walk more heavily," said Lionel. "What's the betting he rings the middle bell?"

But he did not ring any bell. They merely heard faintly a door open and close; and then, a few seconds afterwards, a sudden little plop outside.

"What was that?" exclaimed Rita sharply.

She moved towards the door, but Lionel quickly anticipated her. Looking out, he saw nothing. Then he returned, to find the tall man standing on the stairs with an odd expression.

"I knew a fellow once," remarked the tall man, "who dreamt of a grotesque grey elephant as high as a house and as thin as a card. It got so on his nerves that he died of fright. Do you know, I believe one could die of fright in this mill."

"Which, translated into plain English, means that you didn't find anything upstairs?" asked Lionel.

"Not a darn thing," answered the tall man. "Good-night."

He strode through the doorway and vanished.

Alone once more, Lionel Savage and Rita Haig faced each other solemnly.

"And now," said the girl, "shall we go up?"

LIONEL looked at her curiously. For a girl he had found hidden behind a bush she was developing considerable character. Yet, after all, the character had been apparent from her first words; and she admitted that she could bite. "I believe she could," he thought. "Hard!"

But a wise man may have to protect a girl against her own courage, and Lionel hesitated, and while he hesitated, his brown eyes remained steadfastly on his. Nearly everything about her, he suddenly noticed, was brown. Lustrous brown, harmonising with the amber glow of the room. Colors an artist would have chosen. Eyes, hair, even her healthy tanned skin. . . .

"I asked you a question," she said.

"So you did," he replied.

"I asked, 'Shall we go up?'"

"Yes, but I asked another question before yours. I asked, 'Hadn't we better brave the elements?'"

"Only you didn't word your question right," she answered with a faint smile.

"Oh! And how should I have worded it?"

"You should have said, 'Shall we run away into the elements?'"

The rain beat against the windows with an insistent sisk.

"Listen to the elements," he observed. "Queer sort of sanctuary to run away into, isn't it?"

"Then why suggest it?" she retorted. She was a terror at seizing points.

"Well, we can't stay here for ever, can we?" he parried lamely.

Now she laughed outright.

"I've already told you what a rotten bar you are, Mr. Savage," she said. "Your provocations are even worse. What you really mean this time is: 'It's bad outside, but it's worse in here; and

it may be worse still upstairs.' Am I right?"

"Top of the class."

"Well, then!"

"Not at all, 'Well, then!'" he fought back. "If this is an odd place we've stumbled into, with odd people, is it our business?"

She frowned disapprovingly at the question. He was not too pleased with it himself. If he had been alone he would certainly have made it his business. Instinctively they raised their eyes to the ceiling.

"Hullo! Look there!" he whispered sharply.

The tongue of one of the bells was moving. The smallest one again. Though not moving sufficiently to strike the metal rim.

"Wind," he muttered.

"Yes, rather!" she answered derisively.

The next moment she was on the stairs. But he was after her in a flash, and he seized her arm.

"No, you don't!" he said.

"Why not?"

"Wait here. I'll go."

"Don't be ridiculous," she retorted, trying to free her arm. But he held it firmly.

"I'm not ridiculous, Miss Haig," he replied. "Oh, maybe we're both ridiculous. Yes, probably we're a couple of geese, and there's nothing whatever to worry about upstairs. But, if there is anything—"

"Well?"

"It's my job to have the first squint at it."

"I see. One of those strong, silent men. I'm in luck." She gave another fruitless tug to release her arm. "And I'm made of cotton-wool, I suppose?"

"That's the last material I should associate you with."

"Thanks, awfully. I say, you've got a grip, haven't you?"

"I'm sorry—"

"Don't apologise. I loathe flabby men. But don't you loathe flabby women?"

"You won't be flabby if you do as I say and wait down below. You'll be sensible."

"Suppose I refuse to be sensible?"

"You won't be so silly."

"Oh, won't I? You don't know how silly I can be when once I get stuck on an idea."

"I think I'm learning," he answered her grimly. "But when time is being wasted you'll find I can be just as silly." She did not move. He wondered whether she were testing her will-power against his. "Go down at once," he said.

"People don't speak to me like that!" she flashed.

"Then am I to stop speaking to you, and to carry you down?"

"Carry—?" Color rushed into her cheek. "I'd like to see you try!"

"Certainly."

He lifted her as he spoke. She yielded through the uttermost of her astonishment.

In silence he carried her to the bottom, then set her down gently, but firmly.

"My God!" she gasped. "I've found a sheik!"

The sheik turned and

began mounting the stairs again. He was fighting an emotion as poignant and as humiliating as the girl's. While descending those eight stairs with his warm brown burden he had caught himself wishing they were eighty.

The girl stood and watched him. Gradually, as each step brought him nearer to the door on the landing, the psychology changed back, and feelings that had become violently personal reverted to their original apprehensive curiosity. What

would he find behind the door? Something? Nothing? In a moment they would know.

Six steps more. Three steps more. One. . . . Now his hand was on the knob, turning it. . . .

"Well!" called the girl softly as his hand paused.

"Locked," he answered.

He descended slowly and thoughtfully. When he reached the bottom his face was very grave.

"Funny!" she murmured.

"I hope that's the correct description," he replied. "Let's try and work it out."

HE walked to the doorway

and stared for a few moments into the rain. It was still sheeting down, and showed no sign of abating. The world outside was a vast space of driving, whirling moisture. The only peace lay inside the mill, and it was a strange, disturbing peace. He turned round abruptly and produced his cigarette-case.

"Not at the moment, thank you," she answered his invitation. "Let me hear you try and work it out."

"Well, it seems to go something like this," he began, as he lit up. "We come here. Place is apparently empty. A man follows us. Warns us to go away again. Refers to a peppery owner who, so far, has not presented himself. Yes—why hasn't the peppery owner presented himself?"

"Because he's still out," suggested Rita obviously.

"Then why hasn't he come back?"

"Oh, there may be a dozen reasons for that. Perhaps he can't swim!"

"Or perhaps he's not out."

"Wouldn't he come down?"

There was a short silence. Neither of them attempted to answer the question. Then Lionel went on:

"Well, we'll leave the peppery owner for the time being and we'll come to the old fellow who doddled into the place after the unpleasant man."

"Oh—you thought him unpleasant, too?"

"He rather ruined my efforts towards brotherly love. Enter the old dodderer. What happens? He goes upstairs. Up those stairs. He passes through that door. He comes back again. Says nobody is there, and departs."

"In a hurry!"

"Distinctly in a hurry."

"And then," proceeded Rita Haig as he paused, the unpleasant man went up, passed through the door, came back again, also said nothing was there, and also departed."

"Yes."

"Trying, you remember, to make us depart with him."

"Yes."

"And now—the door is locked!"

"Though it wasn't locked when they both passed through. So we come to the question Miss Haig, who locked it? And when? And why?"

"That's three questions," she pointed out. "Does this answer them? Somebody upstairs all the time—didn't want to be disturbed—hid—and then locked the door just now while you and I were wrangling."

Lionel considered the theory.

"In that case, who's the somebody?" he queried.

"The owner?" answered Rita.

"Impossible."

"Why?"

"He's supposed to be out."

"But didn't you suppose just now that he might be in?"

"Yes, I know I did. But—confound it

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"Hallo!" he called. "Hallo! Anyone down there?"

A low moan rose up to him.

"Jove! Someone is," he muttered.

Then, in a voice again, he cried, "All right! I'm coming!" and began with caution to climb down.

It was an old, dark descent. In addition to the fear of what he would find at the bottom was the fear that he might not be able to reach the bottom—unless, of course, he reached it in several pieces. If the shelving ground went on shelving, to continue would soon become suicidal.

Abundant pictures are apt to enter our minds at poignant moments. "Would somebody down here have died from exposure?"

The next instant he nearly died himself from a more sudden cause. His foot slid from under him on the steep, slippery ground, and he flung out an arm. It curled round a slender tree-trunk, and he hung on to it gratefully as he regained his feet and his breath.

"Old chap," he murmured to the tree, "I believe you've saved my life."

A moment later he discovered that his was not the only life the tree had apparently saved. His free hand touched something soft. Something soft and warm.

He bent over it. It was a girl's form, and, dark though it was, he had little difficulty in identifying it as that of the girl who, only a few minutes ago, had stood in the doorway of the mill and had said she was looking for somebody.

"Poor child," muttered Lionel with a wave of sympathy. "How on earth did she get here?"

"Well, the next thing is to get her out of this," he reflected. "Thank heaven she's light!"

But, in spite of her lightness, he never understood afterwards how he contrived to lift her from the ground, to carry her up the steepness of the slope, and then to stagger with his dripping burden in the direction of the windmill.

"Did I come all this distance?" he wondered presently in the dull confusion of his mind. "I hope to heaven I'm going right."

He seemed to have been stumbling along for hours, and his overtaxed strength would not last for ever. Surely the windmill ought to show up soon, making a welcome smudge in this sodden mist?

Ah! Here it was. . . No, it wasn't. Or, if it was, it had shrunk astonishingly. What on earth . . .

"Why, of course, the confounded shed!" he recollected as it loomed abruptly before him. "I'd forgotten that!"

HE entered the shed and laid his burden down gently on a bed of straw. Her condition worried him. Shouldn't she have begun to come to by now?

"Back in a few moments," he whispered to the unconscious girl.

Then he left the shed and hurried towards the windmill.

There it stood! No mistake about it this time! It towered into view, with its great motionless wings, like a giant shadow crossed out. Ridiculous that this gloomy structure, sinister in appearance and associations, should be a happy sight in his eyes. Yet the gloomy structure contained the one thing that could cheer the clammy universe, and he strained his eyes anxiously as he hastened forward.

And here she was, standing in the doorway, waiting and smoking. The first sign was the glowing point of her cigarette. It

shone through the gloom with a delicious sense of welcome. Obviously everything was all right, or she would never stand there so calmly watching him.

He ran towards her. Then, as the little point of light glowed more brightly, illuminating the face behind, he stopped. For it was not her face.

It was the face of the individual who, in plus-fours and a monocle, had stood watching him outside the shop in Branbury.

HE had not liked the face when he had first seen it at Branbury. He liked it even less now. There was something aggressively masterful about it, and the cynical eyes were full of menace. But the man spoke quietly enough when he opened the attack.

"Ah!" he said. "I've been waiting for you."

"Have you?" replied Lionel shortly. He hoped he had not betrayed his surprise.

"Yes, I have," answered the man. "And—not to beat about the bush—where is she?" Indignation at his attitude and concern at his question made a combined attack on Lionel's quickly-regained composure.

"She? Who?" he inquired.

"Now, drop that!" retorted the man, frowning heavily. His own control was less under command. "This isn't the moment for play-acting. We saw each other in Branbury, and the lady I'm referring to is Miss Haig."

A consoling solution suddenly entered Lionel's mind. Why, naturally Miss Haig had disappeared, and this man was the reason. She had heard him coming, and she had tucked herself away somewhere. Yes, but where? She couldn't have gone up to the next floor, even if she had rashly desired to, with the staircase door locked.

"I'm still waiting," said the man.

"I'm afraid you'll have to go on waiting," responded Lionel, making up his mind abruptly, and hoping his decision was a wise one. "For I'm sure I can't help you. I haven't any idea who you're talking about."

"That's a sheer, unadulterated lie," retorted the man. "But told in a jolly good cause," reflected Lionel. "Have you the same objection to telling me who you are?"

"Not in the least. My name is Lionel Savage."

"And mine is Harold Bywater; and now Harold Bywater is going to give Lionel a damn good hiding!"

"The idiot's got pluck, anyway," thought Lionel, as he ducked a fist that shot out at him with disconcerting suddenness. "Or is it just silly, uncalculated temper?"

He caught the fist and held it firmly. He wasn't feeling in the best condition after his recent exertions, but his grip did not give his condition away.

"Listen, you fool," he said quietly, "I'll fight you later—any time you want—if we find there's any real cause for it. I think it might be quite pleasant to knock you down. But just at this moment we'll call a truce. There's trouble here. Get that?"

If Lionel had shouted he might not have made his point. It was his quiet voice, as well as his actual words, that appeared to impress Mr. Harold Bywater, and when he risked releasing the pugnacious fist it did not return to battle, although its owner advanced a step and stared very hard into his adversary's face. The rain poured down upon them both, but so great was their momentary concentration on each other that they weren't interested in it.

"What sort of trouble?" asked Bywater. "More than I know myself," replied

Lionel, "but what we've got to do for a few minutes is to get our minds off ourselves and to think of others."

"Others?" repeated Bywater suspiciously. "There's a girl lying unconscious in a shed and I've got to attend to her. So—if you've no objection . . ."

Now Bywater looked thoroughly puzzled, although the suspicion did not leave his face. He stood aside while Lionel entered the room, watching intently. Lionel glanced round swiftly, fully aware that he was being watched. "What am I supposed to have come in for?" he reflected. "I've got to make this fellow think I've returned here for something definite." Aloud he said, "Damn! No water!" It wasn't very good, but it was the best he could think of.

Then he emerged from the room and turned in the direction of the shed.

"Think I'll come along with you," granted Bywater. "I'll have a look at this damsel in distress."

"Well, I'm drawing him off from the mill, anyway," thought Lionel. "That's so much to the good."

THEY proceeded in silence along the sopping path. At each step Lionel wondered whether some figure would arise to present him with a further impossible problem—the figure of a tall, loose-limbed man with neither hat nor coat to protect him from the rain, or of a small, white-faced gentleman with an untidy beard, or of a peppy lunatic who owned an isolated mill he refused to look after, or of a drunken songster, or of Rita Haig herself—or, perhaps, of some totally fresh person with some totally fresh mystery to add to the jigsaw. Well, he could not prepare his mind for every eventuality. All he could do was to plod on with the job of the moment and to leave the next till it came.

The next came abruptly. Something charged into his back. He shot forward, staggered, regained himself, and turned. At first he thought the dark object on the ground was a quadruped, but the dark object rose swearing from all fours and became a biped called Harold Bywater.

"What the deuce are you up to?" demanded Lionel.

"Confound it, a fellow may trip, mayn't he?" retorted Bywater angrily.

"Certainly, if it amuses him," agreed Lionel. "But if you're going to make a habit of it don't stick so close behind me. We're not a pack of cards."

They reached the shed. The door was half-open. A new anxiety leapt into Lionel's heart. Had he left the door half-open? He could not remember, and he ran in quickly, fearing some fresh catastrophe.

"Hey! Not so fast there!" cried Bywater. He lumbered after him and nearly barged into his back again.

"Steady, you fool!" came Lionel's voice through the dimness. But there was relief as well as anger in his tone. "Look down. Now do you apologise?"

The girl lay on the little bed of straw, just as he had left her.

They stared at her motionless form for a few seconds. Her eyes were still closed, and her lips were parted.

Bywater did not apologise. He was not the apologising sort. Instead he asked, after a short pause:

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know." "No, you don't know anything, do you? You've just dropped down from Mars into a strange place."

"It's a pity your conversation isn't more useful."

"Useful? Confound it . . ."

"I found her on the side of a hill. Just like this. Somebody seems to have been chasing her . . ."

"What's that? Chasing her?"

"I said so."

"Who?"

"My ignorance appears to worry you so much I wonder you go on testing it."

"Meaning you don't know?"

"Meaning I don't know. It wasn't you, by any chance?"

"Why the devil should I chase her? More likely you were chasing her yourself. Yes, let's have that now . . . what are you supposed to be hanging around here for, anyway?"

"That's my business."

"Oh, well, it happens to be mine, too. Do you remember that question I asked you when I first saw you?"

"Perfectly."

"I asked you where a certain lady was. Not this lady . . . I'm not interested in her. Well, you haven't told me."

"Why should I tell you . . . even if I knew?"

He was stooping down to the unconscious girl, preparing to raise her.

"Why should you . . .?" spluttered Bywater. "By George, you've got some confounded impudence! Do you suppose I've come over all these damn miles for a joy-walk?"

"No, you've come especially to get in people's way. If you don't intend to help me, do you mind stepping aside?"

"The lady I'm asking about," shouted Bywater, suddenly losing control of himself, "is my wife."

"Then why isn't her name Mrs. Bywater?" inquired Lionel. "You're asking about a Miss Haig." Then his voice altered, and he permitted his own anger to burst forth for a moment. "You say I've lied to you. Well, you obviously know something about that game. Out it out! I've got a job to do."

He now lifted the girl very gently, while Harold Bywater flushed furiously.

"If you hadn't got that bit of femininity in your arms," he choked, "you'd be flat."

"You're full of 'f's,'" replied Lionel ironically. "There's no need for you to follow me."

"You bet I'm following you!" muttered Bywater.

WITHOUT more words they left the shed. Lionel again in advance. Bywater had remained behind for a moment, to assure himself that no one else was there. But this time Lionel did not retain the lead. Before they had completed half of the return journey Bywater suddenly overtook him, brushed by him roughly and ran on ahead.

"Confound the fool!" thought Lionel. "Before to-night's over there's going to be a war."

Then another queer thought entered his mind. He had set out on this ramble to forget women!

History seemed to be repeating itself when he reached the mill, for Bywater was again standing in the doorway eyeing him. The only outward difference was that Lionel was now carrying an unconscious girl, and that Bywater was no longer deceiving him as to his identity with a cigarette-end.

"Well, found Miss Haig?" inquired

Lionel quietly, concealing the anxiety behind the question.

"We'll talk about Miss Haig in a moment," replied Bywater. "What I'm curious about is what you're going to do with her."

"Bring her inside, if you don't mind removing yourself from the doorway. You've a marvellous capacity for getting in the way."

"Don't mention it. And then?"

"Oh, what about a theatre and a dance?"

Lionel's voice was saturated with scorn. "Don't you really think you could make yourself more useful than by asking dam-fool questions? Shove that big chair round. I want to put her in it."

Bywater complied without enthusiasm.

"You're getting a wrong idea about me, Mr. Savage," he remarked, as Lionel lowered the girl into the chair. "You still seem to think I'm just a green and casual onlooker who has dropped into this by accident."

"Casual, no," replied Lionel.

"Nor green, either—as you'll find. I'm sorry for that girl, of course, but I'm not hoodwinked by your story about her, any more than by anything else you've said. She's your affair, and I'm not going to let her sidetrack my affair."

"I see."

"Well, it's about time you did."

THEN it will be useless for me to suggest, I suppose, that instead of merely beautifying this place, you think of somebody else's affair and try and hunt up a doctor?"

"Quite useless. Why not hunt up a doctor yourself?"

"And leave the patient here with you?" Lionel shook his head grimly. "You don't impress me much in the role of a sympathetic protector. You're so hipped on your own troubles that you can't even take a normal interest in a girl who's been hurt."

"Oh, shut up! If she were the only girl there was to think about I'd look after her the same as you! And what I want to know, Mr. Savage, is whether this is your only reason . . . yes, whether there isn't another reason quite as important why you don't want to go for that doctor and leave me alone here?"

Lionel glanced at him. Bywater had taken up a position between him and the doorway. Then he glanced at the doorway towards which their shadows flickered along the stone floor. The candle in the iron candlestick—Lionel recalled the peaceful moment when Rita Haig had lit it—was still stoutly defying draughts.

The rain outside appeared to have settled in for an eternity.

"No, there are other reasons," answered Lionel slowly.

"You amaze me, Mr. Savage—really you do!" exclaimed Bywater.

"If you knew a little more about the position you would certainly be amazed."

"I'm sure I should. But I'm getting to know quite enough. How about that for one of the other reasons? Take your eyes off the doorway for a moment and turn 'em towards where I'm pointing."

Lionel did so. Bywater was pointing to the row of hooks. "The lady you know nothing whatever about seems to have left her hat and coat here. Now, would that hat and coat be one of the reasons why you aren't too keen to walk out into the sunshine and find a doctor?"

Lionel regarded the tell-tale hat and coat. "No getting away from that," he thought. "I'll have to adopt some new tack with this

fellow. Is this the moment for the simple, unvarnished truth?"

But before he could decide Harold Bywater suddenly lost control of himself again. He took a couple of steps forward and shook his fist.

"She's in this place!" he shouted, his voice echoing incongruously round the room. "And I'm not going to leave until I've found her!"

He was shaking with fury. The fist was clenched hard, and once more began to look like real business.

He turned and clambered up the staircase. His loud steps on the stairs of mystery seemed almost a sacrilege. He reached the landing and stretched his hand out to the door, while Lionel watched him tensely. The girl in the chair stirred.

"Look!" cried the passionate man on the landing. He seized the door-knob.

"God, if it's open," thought Lionel, "Suppose . . .?"

But the door remained firm, despite the furious shaking to which it was subjected.

"There you are! Locked!" shouted Bywater. "And don't think this is the first time I've been up this staircase! Locked on the inside! Heard me coming, eh, bunked up here and fastened herself in. Well, there's more ways than one of opening a door, and I'll have this door down in two minutes if I have to smash it to Kingdom Come!"

He turned and came down the stairs again. Near the foot of the stairs was a wooden chair. He lifted it.

"Steady with that!" cried Lionel, now making for him. "You'd better hear something more first."

Then, in the momentary pause, a new sound fell upon their ears. It came from outside. Something out there had disturbed a bush. Swish—plop!

"What's that?" exclaimed Bywater, swinging round.

Both men stood perfectly still for five seconds. At the end of the five seconds the repetition for which their ears were strained occurred. Swish—plop! And it sounded five seconds farther off.

"Oh, no you don't," choked Bywater, beside himself. "I'll have you this time."

He did not set the chair down. As though anticipating interference, he hurried it at Lionel, then dashed out into the night.

Lionel caught the chair, but its velocity brought him to the ground. For a couple of seconds he was winded. Then he rose, made a movement towards the doorway and stopped. The girl behind him gave a little fluttering sigh.

While above him the smallest of the three bells began to tinkle faintly.

RATHER to his surprise, Lionel did not lose his head. He waited. In a moment one of three points now fighting for supremacy would win the un- welcome battle by developing and forcing some sort of action. The girl in the chair would regain consciousness and open her eyes, or Harold Bywater would catch Rita Haig outside, or there would be some sequel to the jingling bell above, such as footsteps—yes, by Jove, couldn't he hear them now?—and maybe the opening at last of the locked landing door. Obviously, at that instant, there was nothing to do but to wait, poised to spring in any required direction.

The jingling bell gained the victory. The soft footsteps that had started the vibrating of the rusty metal crossed a space of ceiling, ceased, and sounded again. Now they were descending towards the door on the

half-landing—evidently the flight ended behind that door. In another second the footsteps would reach the door.

He glanced rapidly at the girl in the chair. She was quiet again, temporarily protected from terror by her oblivion. All was quiet outside also, saving for the sound of the ceaseless rain. Harold Bywater appeared to have vanished from the face of the earth, cut off by a vast dripping curtain...

The handle of the locked door turned. Lionel's eyes shot back to it swiftly. His eyes and his ears were missing nothing. He waited for the door to open and to reveal its secret, but it merely opened in his imagination. Actually it remained stationary. It was still locked.

"Isn't the fellow going to unlock it?" thought Lionel almost angrily. "Or is he trying the Grand Outguess stuff on me?"

Then a voice called through, and Lionel received another shock. It was Rita's voice.

"Mr. Savage! Are you there?"

His brain reeled, while his feet acted without any conscious instruction from his mind. He was up the stairs before he knew anything about it.

"Mr. Savage!" repeated the voice softly.

"My God! What's happened?" Lionel whispered back.

"Don't ask me," came the response.

"That's what I'd like to know."

"But how on earth..."

"Sh! Has he gone?"

"Who? Mr. Bywater?"

"Yes."

"He's supposed to be chasing you."

"Good."

"Is it?"

"I hope it's a long chase."

"It'll end as soon as he finds..."

"Perhaps he won't find! Anyhow, we've got these few moments before he comes back. I say, I suppose you can't think of any way of opening this door?"

"Haven't you got the key?"

"Do you suppose we'd be talking through a bit of wood, my dear man, if I had?"

"Then how the deuce did you get through the bit of wood?"

"Tell you in a moment. First I want to know how Sleeping Beauty is getting on."

"Sleeping Beauty..."

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To his surprise she did not give an immediate denial.

"Well, four might be company, if three's none," she said after a little pause. "You've got Sleeping Beauty to look after now, haven't you?"

"Can't you shut up about Sleeping Beauty?" he exclaimed nervily, and apologised the next instant. "I'm sorry—I'm doing my best."

"I know you are," she answered in a softer tone.

HE raced down the staircase and ran to the front door. He poked his head out and received a shower-bath. The rain showed no sign of relenting. There was no trace of Bywater. After a few moments he withdrew his head, closed the door and boiled it.

After that he returned up the staircase and reported:

"All clear."

There was no reply. His heart thumped.

"Miss Haig!" he cried.

"I'm here," she answered. "You caught me swallowing. What did you do downstairs?"

"Whew! Don't give me any more shocks like that," he muttered. "You'll start me swallowing."

"We'd make a lovely duet. You haven't told me what you were doing."

"Just fixing things snugly."

"Was Sleeping Beauty one of the things?"

"I thought we were going to be practical? I moved her chair so that I could see it while I talk to you. And I bolted the front door."

"What will Mr. Bywater do when he comes back?"

"He'll bang."

"And you'll let him in?"

"Only if you want me to." She was silent.

He went on, "I'm sure I won't want to. He's the most pugnacious fellow I ever met. Every time I open my mouth he wants to knock a tooth out! I wanted to knock one of his teeth out when he told me he was your husband."

"My husband?" He heard a sharp intake of breath. "Did he say that?"

"I ventured to point out that he had first referred to you as Miss Haig. So when he bangs do I let him in, or don't I?"

"We'll wait till he bangs," answered Rita quietly. "Meanwhile, I want to know all about the girl you've got downstairs."

"And I want to know all about you," he retorted. "How did you get wherever you are, and wherever are you?"

"I asked first. Where did you find her?"

"Half-way down a precipice."

"Goodness!"

"Someone had been chasing her. Don't ask me who. There's a tipsy tramp somewhere about—to add to the menagerie—and it might have been him. But somehow I don't think it was. Anyway, I heard her cry, and I managed to trace her and to bring her back here by stages."

"Is she badly hurt?"

"I don't believe so. But she's still in a dead faint. And when I got here—"

"You found Mr. Bywater."

"Yes."

"And what did you do then?"

"I thought you heard?"

"Only odd scraps, towards the end. When you got violent."

"He got violent. Did you hear me trying to make out that I didn't know anything about you?"

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, I'm not quite brainless, Miss Haig."

I had a notion you were trying to get away from him. Correct me if I'm wrong."

"What did he do then?"

"Behaved like an infuriated bull, and pretended he was your husband, as I told you. I might have carried my point if he hadn't spotted your hat and coat hanging on a hook. He saw red over that, and he'd have smashed this door down if he hadn't heard a sound outside and dashed out after it. He thought it was you, naturally."

"It was me."

"What?"

"Listen. I'm not quite brainless, either. Do you remember when that first man—the one we described as the unpleasant one who tried to get us to go and talked about an elephant—do you remember when he locked this door?"

"Good Lord, has he come back—?"

"No. But do you remember?"

"I remember we decided that he had probably locked the door, even though we neither of us saw him do it."

"Yes, exactly!" exclaimed Rita with a note of triumph. "And don't you remember something else? We decided that we didn't see him do it because he played a trick on us. That sound. He threw something out of the window to take our minds off, and slipped down through the door and locked it while you rushed to see what the noise was. As a matter of fact, it was a paint-box. It's out there now. And it was when I was finding it that I heard Harold coming—Mr. Bywater—now we're coming to my story—and in that schoolgirl complexion language, did a bunk. I expect I was quite mad."

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"It's not nice, even for a courageous heroine like me, to find oneself suddenly dangling over nothing. Luckily there was something to hang on to. A ledge. And I managed to pull myself through. And I found myself in—well, just a dark space. By the way, is that girl downstairs all right?"

"She's not come to yet," replied Lionel after a swift glance. "I'm keeping my eyes on her. Please go on."

"Where was I?"

"In dark space."

"Oh, yes. If ever I take a mill, which I won't, I'll insist on electric light."

"Haven't you found any light at all?"

"No. And you try looking for matches in the dark when you don't know where you are—I left mine below on the table—and when every step may take you down into a black hole! I'll admit to you, Mr. Savage, with the door between us, that I've had a hundred separate scares. I've seen nineteen ghosts while groping about, and tripped over uncountable corpses. Imaginary ones, of course. At least I hope so. And there's a nasty smell—paint, I think. It got on my nerves. Soon after I got in I knocked something over and nearly jumped out of my skin. I expect you were still on your Sir Galahad stunt, or you'd have heard it. Why Harold didn't beats me."

"Yes—and then?" inquired Lionel, trying not to mind her repetition of Mr. Bywater's Christian name.

"I felt my way along a wall—a wall full of angles, you don't get decent straight ones in a mill—till I tried on nothing, and nearly went headlong down some stairs—the ones I'm on now. And then I heard voices. And then I played the trick on Mr. Bywater that the unpleasant man had played on us!"

"You mean, the sounds he heard—"

"Were me throwing things out of the window? Yes. I don't know what I threw out, though. I seized the first things I could get hold of, and the second one felt like a head—"

"What!"

"It sounds nasty, doesn't it? It felt nastier. I'll swear there was a nose! Of course, it couldn't really have been a head—could it? I expect that grotesque elephant had got into my system; do you remember the unpleasant man told us about it—and I'm having visions—oh, my God! What's that?"

He heard a gasp. It was followed by a hysterical giggle.

"MORE imagination!" came Rita's voice faintly. "I thought I heard steps behind me. Is you bell in yon room moving? You see what a silly state I'm in."

"Well, I'm going to get you out of the state this minute!" cried Lionel determinedly. "With this damned door between us I'm getting in a silly state myself. Shall I smash it down? We've talked enough about it. Or do you think you could find that ladder?"

"I might be able to—"

"No, it's too risky."

Once more Lionel ran down the staircase. The upper portion was still a closed book to him, but by this time he appeared to have known the lower portion all his life.

The chair Bywater had thrown at him was still on its back, and the sight of it revived grim memories of that disagreeable individual. But Bywater was a side issue at the moment, yielding his place to unknown menaces in the darkness of the upper floor. Lionel seized the chair, blaming himself for having left it in its upturned position. Hardly a sight, an overturned

chair, for a girl regaining consciousness to open her eyes to. He glanced towards the girl. He noticed something different about her. Had she changed her position? He raced up the stairs again, a reckless two at a time, with a disturbing sense that she had.

"Stand clear!" he cried.

He raised the chair and smashed it against the door.

The door won the battle. In a few moments the chair was smashed to bits.

He stared angrily at the useless fragments in his hand, indignant at their fragility.

"No luck?" came Rita's voice.

"Don't worry!" he shouted back. "There are plenty more!"

"Won't somebody be pleased we called?" murmured Rita.

Lionel turned and sped down to the bottom again. When he reached the bottom he seized a second chair, and prepared to ascend with it. Then, abruptly, he paused.

The girl was no longer unconscious, and was staring at him with terrified, wide-open eyes.

FOR a moment they did nothing but stare at each other. Then the girl gave a violent shudder and collapsed back in the chair.

He was beside her in an instant. Instinctively, hardly knowing it, he performed the action she most needed in her chaotic distress. He put his arm round her comfortingly, and as he did so she turned her head against his shoulder and sobbed into it like a little child.

"That's right . . . have a good cry," he murmured, wondering whether the words were sensible or idiotic. "There's nothing whatever to worry about."

Those words were certainly idiotic!

The sobbing continued. He raised his head and gazed impatiently at the door above him.

He tried gently to disengage himself. Her fingers clutched his arm. He waited patiently, then tried again. The second effort was more effective. As though suddenly conscious of the position, the girl loosened her grip, and drew sharply away.

"What's . . . happening?" she murmured.

He received an odd impression that she was actually seeing him for the first time.

"I'm looking after you, that's what is happening," he answered her, trying to reassure her with a friendly smile.

"Where is this?"

"The mill."

"The mill . . . ?"

"Yes. Don't you remember? You came here a little while ago . . . looking for someone. I think . . ."

The dazed eyes became reawakened with anxiety.

"It'll all straighten out," he said soothingly. "And then, you know, you ran out again, and so I got a bit worried and ran out after you . . ."

"What? You ran after me?"

"Yes."

"But . . . there was . . . someone else."

"Was there? Well, the someone else isn't here now. Just ourselves, as you see. And nobody can get in unless we want 'em to, because the front door's bolted, so that's all right. Oh, yes, there is somebody else, though," he added as her eyes followed him to the door. "That lady you saw me with when you looked in here before. She's . . . she's upstairs . . . and the blessed door on the landing has got stuck or something." Good touch that . . . it covered the position without in-

creasing alarm. "Mind if I leave you for just a moment? I'll be down in a jiffy."

He spoke casually and now she did not detain him though she watched him nervously as he turned away from her and ran up the stairs.

"All O.K. down here" he called as he ran. "O.K. up there with you?"

Rita did not answer. A new fear seized him.

"Miss Haig!" he cried.

Not a sound came from the other side of the dividing wood. He stood in desperate doubt.

He banged on the door and called again. Then he gave up and descended.

Once before, nerve-racked with indecision, he had listened almost with relief to a cry in the darkness, for it had ended the indecision and had made up his mind for him. Now, all at once, he experienced a similar sense as somebody outside blundered against the front door. Heaven alone knew what this portended. Whatever it was, it would be a relief from this torment of doubt.

"Who's that?" he demanded.

"Me!" gasped Rita's voice. "Let me in . . . I'm drowning!"

Sick with relief, he ran to the front door and opened it. The rain swept her inside. He restrained a mad impulse to hug her.

"I wish you'd learn to call before you knock!" he said weakly. "You don't mean—you came down that ladder!"

"Only thing to do, wasn't it?" she panted. "You had your hands full! Close the door quick, or we'll be flooded."

As he did so she turned to the girl, who was pressing her hands against her forehead. A look of pity entered Rita's eyes.

"I say, you've had a rough time, haven't you?" she exclaimed. "Never mind. We're all in it together." She turned back to Lionel and raised her eyebrows. "Well, where are we? What's the next step?"

"I THINK the next step is to get a few more details," he answered, glancing at the girl in the chair. "As you see, she's hardly herself yet; but when she's pulled herself together and can tell us her exact trouble, I'm sure we'll be able to help her."

"Of course we will!" agreed Rita. "Do we know her name, to begin with?"

She spoke lightly, emulating Lionel's own attitude towards the girl, but evidently something grated on the girl's nerves, for an odd look suddenly came into her eyes. Deliberately, as it seemed, she replied to Lionel.

"My name is Mary Oldroyd."

Rita, also with an odd look, retreated a step or two and glanced at Lionel. "Snubbed . . . I leave it to you," her expression said.

"Mary Oldroyd," repeated Lionel, wondering whether he was in for a new complication. "Thank you, and now, Miss Oldroyd, may we know who it is you're looking for?"

The girl hesitated. She was struggling to collect herself, but her wits were still scattered.

"I . . . I don't think it matters," she murmured.

"Oh, but it must matter," burst out Rita impulsively behind her.

"I mean I'll find him," said Mary Oldroyd, her eyes never leaving Lionel's face.

Rita pursed her lips grimly. Lionel frowned.

"We want to help you find him," he answered. "Why not confide in us? We're not chasing you, you know." He risked the

little shudder she gave. He wished to force her to talk, even if she had to do so through her emotion. "Yes, by the way, who is chasing you?"

"I don't know."
"But you know somebody is?"

"No."
"No?" Lionel's voice was astonished. "Why, I thought . . . didn't you say . . . ?" Her hand went up to her forehead again wearily, and she seemed once more on the verge of tears.

"Take your time, Miss Oldroyd," he said very gently.

"Thank you. You're very good," gulped Miss Oldroyd. "You see, my mind's all muddled. I can't remember . . . Yes, I did think somebody was following me—you know, after I left you—not the somebody I was looking for . . ."

"Are you certain of that?"
"Oh, yes, quite certain. You see . . . yes, quite certain. And then presently, after I'd been running, I stopped to listen. And then, all at once, I saw a face. It gave me a shock, and I fell. And after that . . . well, I was here."

"I see," nodded Lionel. "I think I've got that part of your story." But it was the untold part he wanted most to hear. "Now tell me if I haven't. You came here looking for somebody. Never mind who, for the moment. You found us instead. By the way, my name's Lionel Savage, and my friend is Miss Hale. When you found that somebody wasn't here you ran off again . . . much too quickly, you know . . . and you thought somebody followed you. I say, this story's full of somebodies, isn't it?" He hoped she would smile, but she didn't. "So you ran hard . . . stopped . . . saw a face . . . cried out . . . and fell down a precipice?"

"Precipice?" she exclaimed.
"That's where I found you, Miss Oldroyd," Lionel told her. "You see, I heard you cry, and managed to work out where you were."

"Then . . . you brought me here?"
"Who else? Of course."

"Yes, of course."
A short silence followed. Then Mary Oldroyd said:
"It was very decent of you to come after me."

"I was jolly decent of Miss Hale to let me come after you," responded Lionel.

"Oh, for God's sake leave me out of it!" exclaimed Rita rather unexpectedly. "Anyway, the next decent thing is to find out where she lives, and to get her home again."

"Yes, naturally—you want me to go."
Miss Oldroyd was on her feet the next moment. Lionel sprang forward and steadied her swaying form.

"We don't want you to go until we know where you live, and how you're going to get there!" he cried sharply.

He hoped that his sharp tone would save a ridiculous situation that seemed suddenly to be developing out of nothing. Or, perhaps, just out of jangled nerves. But his effort proved useless. His touch on her arm, instead of steadying her, apparently had the opposite effect.

"She does, doesn't she?" exclaimed the girl hysterically. "Everybody does—it's always like that!"

For a moment Rita Hale's usual control broke down too.

"Who wants you to go?" she cried. "No one wants to go! Let's all three stay here and have a thoroughly happy night!"

Then she turned red, and looked ashamed

of herself. Though not more ashamed than Mary Oldroyd.

"Of course, I'll die," muttered Rita desperately. "Oh, Shiek, stop looking like John Carlton on the scaffold, and do something."

But before he could do anything there came a thundering on the front door. The door had had several poundings that night, but this was the fiercest of the lot. A Lewis gun seemed to have been trained on it.

"Hooray!" said Lionel. "If it wasn't for that dear old door I'd be in a lunatic asylum."

THE door, when unbolted and opened, revealed two visitors. One was Harold Bywater. The other was the small, white-faced gentleman with the untidy beard.

If the small, white-faced gentleman had been agitated during his previous meteoric visit, he was doubly agitated now, and his beard was doubly untidy.

The white-faced gentleman gulped. Miss Oldroyd stared back at him, seeming equally incapable of speech.

"Mary!" spluttered the white-faced gentleman. "Where—where have you been?"

"Where have you been, father?" faltered Miss Oldroyd.

"Where have I—? Eh? Why, I've been hunting for you, haven't I? Well, of course I have! When I got back . . . Nobody there. What do you mean?" The question appeared to have been wrung out of him by her expression, and as though to avoid it he now jerked his head round to Lionel. "Yes, and you, sir! What have you been up to? Have you been harming my daughter?"

"I haven't been 'up to' anything, as you put it," frowned Lionel, "and if anybody has been telling you that I have harmed your daughter, they must have had some special reason of their own for lying."

"Oh, must they? Well, then, why are you still here, anyway—making free with this place?"

"You've a most unfortunate way of putting things, Mr. Oldroyd," answered Lionel, now restraining himself solely for the girl's sake. "and I strongly resent it, but if you've got two or three days to spare I'll tell you why I am still in this place. Since you were here last—"

"I here? Was I?" Mr. Oldroyd darted a glance at his daughter.

A sudden weakness seized him. He fumbled for a handkerchief and mopped his brow with it. Only when he talked was his personality volcanic; the moment he ceased he dwindled into nothing.

His daughter was by his side. In his weakness she seemed to lose her own. "Come along, father, let's go away!" she said, half-determinedly, half-pleadingly.

"Well, certainly, why not?" muttered Mr. Oldroyd vaguely. "There's nothing to wait for, that I can see."

"Yes, there's one thing to wait for," interposed Lionel. "Miss Oldroyd's condition."

"Eh?"

"Yes. Aren't we forgetting that?"

"Please don't worry about me—I'm all right," exclaimed Miss Oldroyd quickly.

"But you're not all right," said Lionel.

"But I am, can't you see? It was only—only that tumble—and fright."

She looked at him, a child trying to be brave. He would have given much to have been able to read the complete truth behind her eyes.

"You don't need me, then?" he asked.

"Damn it all, do you think you're the World's Necessity?" cried Mr. Oldroyd. The remark, with its unexpected flash of wit, brought a guffaw from Bywater. The guffaw ended abruptly when Mr. Oldroyd added, "Yes, and if you think I like you any better, sir, you never made a bigger mistake in your life. Why don't you all go, the pack of you? Yes, yes, I know it's a bad night, but if my daughter and I can face it you can, can't you? Haven't you got any homes?"

A moment later the father and daughter had passed out into the darkness.

"Well, that's that," came Bywater's voice, breaking the silence jarringly, "and now this is this. A pity you didn't take my advice, Savage, and disappear with them. It would have simplified things."

The dropping of the "Mr." before the "Savage" had a deliberately insulting effect. "I'm afraid your advice doesn't interest me, Bywater," answered Lionel, replying in kind.

"Doesn't it? Well, that's a pity, too—because you'll have to take it now, whether you like it or not."

"I say, you do love a noise, don't you?"
"I reckon I can make one when it's necessary!"

"You know," said Lionel, "the more I think of Mr. Oldroyd, the more I admire him. He actually kept you quiet."

A tiny laugh came from Rita. It was not merely an amused laugh—there was also scorn in it.

"Be careful, Harold," she advised, speaking at last. "Mr. Savage has an innocent face, but he can get quite cross."

"Oh! So now you're sticking up for him!" fumed Bywater.

"I'm sticking up for myself," she replied.

"By God, I'll say you know how to do that!" exclaimed Bywater. "But if you think you can go on playing damned tricks on me—!" He stopped abruptly and took a big breath. "Oh, well, we'll go into that later."

"I NEVER play damned tricks, Harold," said Rita, quietly, though her cheeks were flushed. "unless they're played on me first."

"That's good!" retorted Bywater, now growing redder himself. "You don't play tricks, eh? Why, didn't you—?" He stopped short again. It may have been something in Rita's eyes that stopped him. He rounded suddenly on Lionel once more. "Look here, you've got to get out!" he exclaimed. "Can't you see that Miss Hale and I have got private matters to discuss, and that we can't discuss 'em before a third party?"

"I suppose you're quite sure you're not the third party?" answered Lionel.

"What?"

"Only a suggestion. You see, I'm taking a chance on believing that Miss Hale doesn't want me to get out—though even if she did I wouldn't, and I'll tell you why. I don't share your apparent view that we three are the only things that matter here. I think there are things that matter more—for the moment, anyhow. Those two people who have just left matter—"

"Then, for heaven's sake go after them!"

"An exceedingly suspicious individual who called here just after we arrived matters. A drunken tramp matters. The owner of this mill, whoever he is and wherever he is, matters. That stain matters." He pointed to the fifth step, and Rita suddenly stared at it.

"That locked door matters. Upstairs matters! And I'm not going to get out for

you or anybody before I've been upstairs and have found out what's there."

Harold Bywater, despite himself, was impressed. He glanced towards the staircase, and at the broken fragments of a chair on the half-landing.

"What's all this about 'upstairs'?" he asked. "I've not heard anything about that."

"Of course you haven't," retorted Lionel. "When you belong to the party it's next to impossible to hear about any subject but yourself. Well, it's pitch dark upstairs, but we've heard footsteps upstairs, and somebody has locked the landing door to prevent us from investigating. Now, I don't know how you're manufactured, Mr. Bywater, but when things like that are done to me I just get curious."

"So do I," agreed Rita. "Do you, Harold?" "Er? Well, I'm not sure that I believe in meddling," muttered Bywater.

"In that case there's no need to," answered Rita innocently. "Perhaps that's what Mr. Savage meant when he spoke about your being the third party."

"Third party, be blowed!" snapped Bywater crossly. "How are you going to get up, anyway? More broken furniture? There'll be a bill for damages."

"Miss Haig found a ladder outside," replied Lionel, moving towards the door. "I think I'll try that."

"I see. And—er—we follow?"

"I do," announced Rita definitely.

"In that case I do," answered Bywater.

"In that case you would," said Rita.

"Talk about Mary's little lamb."

Lionel reached the doorway and paused for a moment. He was listening.

"Where's the music?" growled Bywater.

"How much longer are you going to stand there?"

"Would you like my place?" answered Lionel. "Somebody's moving out here."

"Oh, is there?" whispered Bywater. "Well, we'll tuck 'em up, whoever they are!"

Nevertheless, and despite this worthy boast, he did not take Lionel's place. He stayed immediately behind. Harold Bywater, as has been indicated, was not a coward, but he liked his antagonists to be visible and solid. Those footsteps in the darkness upstairs . . . and now these new footsteps in the darkness outside . . .

Now suddenly a vague, shadowy form sheered into view. It sheered down flat, remained stationary for a moment, a recumbent line, and then all at once shot upwards into the air.

"Gawd!" shrieked the form.

It descended to earth and bounded out of sight. A few moments later, through the saturated air, came the muffled echoes of hysterical laughter.

"WHAT the devil does that mean?" gasped Bywater.

"It means that our friend tripped over something he didn't like," answered Lionel; "and now we've got to find out whether we like it any better."

He ran out as he spoke. Bywater hesitated, and met Rita's ironical eyes.

"Now aren't you glad you came, Harold?" she said. "We get this sort of thing all the time. We scarcely notice it. A sort of non-stop Grand Guignol."

"You'd joke at a fire!" growled Bywater.

"And you'd stand by and watch!"

The retort was effective. Bywater wasted no more time, and ran out after Lionel, with the girl at his heels.

Lionel was staring incredulously at an object that gleamed up palely from a bed of sodden grass. His incredulity and

astonishment were so great that he hardly seemed aware when the others drew up. Then they also stared.

"My God!" choked Bywater. And a moment later, as Lionel suddenly stooped down, he shouted, "Don't touch it, don't touch it!"

He would not have touched it for a harem! It was a white, diamond-shaped head.

But Lionel paid no attention to the warning, and as his fingers met the cold, up-turned features, Rita gave a little shriek and burst into laughter no less hysterical than that which was echoing away from another source in the distance.

"Oh, help!" she gasped. "I was right—it was a head! I said it felt like one!"

"Pull yourself together!" ordered Bywater.

"I can't," came the response, muffled in uncontrolled hilarity. "You see—I threw it out of a window—"

"What?"

"Yes. And it's plaster!"

"Window—plaster?" murmured Bywater dizzily. His own head felt not unlike plaster.

"It is certainly plaster," answered Lionel, untold relief in his voice. "Wouldn't this be a moment for a stiff dose of whisky, if we had any?"

Bywater's hand went towards his hip-pocket, then came away again.

"What's all this about?" he cried. "What's this new game? Can't you talk sense, either of you? And how much longer do we stand here getting soaked? I thought we were going somewhere?"

"It would be a rattling good idea if you'd go somewhere!" exclaimed Lionel bluntly. "For sheer, unadulterated unhelpfulness, Bywater, you take first prize every time! You and I will have our Big War yet—"

"You bet we will!"

"—But for heaven's sake let's postpone it for a bit longer! We don't like getting soaked any more than you do!" Then, ignoring Bywater, he turned to Rita. "And now what about this ladder, Miss Haig? Which is the way round?"

Rita was sobering rapidly. The hysterical paroxysm was over, and her mood was grave again.

"This way—I'll show you," she answered.

"Look out for obstacles and things."

"What things?" snapped Bywater. "More heads?"

THEY began to grope their way round the mill. They kept close to its moist side. Their only light was the occasional faint glow of the flickering candle which still burned in the lower room they had left. It met them as they stumbled round angles and came upon small windows. Round one angle they came under one of the great wings. Slanting down from an exaggerated height, it looked like a big black sword, poised to descend upon them.

"Much farther?" asked Lionel.

"Yes, if you don't stick to the wall," answered Rita. "You're wandering out."

He wandered in again and struck the wall.

"Hooray," said Bywater.

But he had also struck something else—the foot of the ladder. The fact abruptly cooled Bywater's enthusiasm.

"Well, here we are," murmured Lionel, pausing. "Let's fix our plan of campaign. I think I'd better go up first and report."

"You can go up first, but I'm going to report, too," replied Rita. "Don't imagine this is a solo flight, Mr. Savage."

"Will the ladder bear two?"

"Can't see why not. But perhaps one at a time will be best. Climb and the world climbs with you, slip and you slip alone."

"That's not funny," remarked Bywater.

"Sorry—I rather liked it," answered Rita.

"We can't all emulate your own giddy heights of humor. Be careful when you get to the top, Mr. Savage. The ladder hasn't quite grown up to man's estate, and there's a gap at the top. When you're there, raise your hands, catch hold of the window ledge, heave and hope. The one bright spot is that the window's open."

Lionel gazed up. The rungs, visible to the half-way mark, lost themselves in blackness beyond. He strained his eyes to find the open window.

"Be jolly careful you don't slip," added Rita. "There's one rung missing somewhere."

"I won't slip," replied Lionel. "I'm less happy about you, though."

"Don't worry, I won't slip either," she promised. "Remember, I've been up and down them once already—and this time you'll be at the window to help the heaving and the hoping."

"I suppose you couldn't be serious if you tried?" suggested Bywater.

"It's because I feel so serious that I'm trying not to be," retorted Rita. "As I told you once before to-night—in Branbury—psychology isn't your strong point!"

Lionel congratulated himself in the darkness that he was not Mr. Harold Bywater.

"Well, here goes," he said. "I'll send down the 'All clear' when I'm in."

"Be sure you do," answered Rita. "Don't forget I'll be waiting."

HE began to ascend. It was an uncomfortable journey. He was mounting straight into the teeth of the rain, and its stinging violence seemed to be consciously directed against him.

Above him, abruptly, loomed the ledge. He stepped over the gap in the ladder and grasped the protruding brickwork above him. As he did so he fought a nasty sensation that somebody was standing just inside the window, watching his fingers and preparing to seize and loosen them. The vision added impetus to his efforts, and he heaved himself up volcanically. For an instant his legs dangled free. Then they swung upwards and joined the rest of his body on the ledge. A moment later he was clambering in through the window, and he breathed a sigh of relief when his feet touched terra firma.

He struck a match. Great shadows darted around him. The draught from the window put the match out.

"Where are you?" came Rita's voice from below again. It sounded much farther off this time.

He turned back to the window and answered:

"Inside."

"O.K."

"Quite O.K."

"Good—then up I come!"

"No, not for a moment!"

"Why not?"

"Wait. Do as I say."

He wanted to strike another match to confirm his report and to make certain it was not optimistic. Shadows occur, of course, in the best regulated buildings, but there had been something about these shadows . . .

Leaving the window, he listened. The only sound he could separate from the general sounds of the wind and the rain was a faint, metallic dripping. Probably, he concluded, some water had collected

somewhere or other inside the wall, and was slowly overflowing. This was, in any case, the happiest theory.

On the point of striking his second match, a new sound behind him made him swing round once more and face the window. Fingers appeared on the ledge—as his own had appeared a minute ago. He ran to the window and stared down. On either side of his head was an arm, and just below his head was Rita's.

It was not the moment to express the reproval that surged through him. He leaned down farther, seized her, and hoisted her up unceremoniously. Then he addressed the breathless heap that was recovering itself on the floor.

"This can't go on!" he said.

"What can't she?" answered the breathless heap.

"And stop calling me Shek!"

"Why?"

"It may make me really behave like one." "May?" Has! This is the second time I have experienced your Shek-like grip. Now imitate Mr. Bywater and say, 'I suppose you couldn't be serious if you tried.'"

He recalled the snub Mr. Bywater had received for the remark, but he refused to be diverted from his point.

"I object to sharing any attitude with Mr. Bywater," he said, "but there are moments, Miss Haig, when one has got to be serious."

"Those are just the moments when I can't be," she retorted impudently, "although what you say sounds very grand and impressive!"

"I wish what I said would impress you a bit more. I told you to wait down below."

The hands of Harold Bywater, as they appeared on the ledge, were more than eager. They were agitated. "Hey, where've you got to?" cried their owner, striving to induce more indignation than fear into his tone. "Isn't anyone going to give me a spot of help?"

"He'll need two spots," murmured Rita. "He's a heavyweight."

They hauled him in, and for a few moments had to submit to his pantings and his grumblings. His mood had not sweetened, and he complained angrily of the ridiculous position he was being dragged into. What did they think they were doing? What bally use was all this? If they imagined he was going to play Follow-my-leader all night long—

"Do you know the meaning of 'pull together'?" Lionel cut him short.

"I know a damn sight more than you think I do," rasped Bywater, "as you'll soon learn. Well, have you found any corpses?"

"No, not yet," answered Lionel. "We're just about to look for them."

And he struck another match.

THE match-light flickered on one of the strangest chambers Lionel had ever seen. Studios are not apt to conform to regulation pattern, but this studio seemed to have run riot.

The pictures round the walls—there were a considerable number of them—apparently represented some new form of cubism.

It was not merely the style of painting that gave the pictures their strange character. The mind of the artist was as odd as his paint. The tree, the flowers, the tallies kangaroo, the staring negroes—there was something elusive about them, and about all the other pictures that lined the octagonal walls—something one could not quite get hold of. A sort of reckless imperference. A cynicism of subject as well as of

style. The pictures seemed to be quietly laughing.

Amid this queer atmosphere, an atmosphere that was at once arresting and oppressive, the sight of an overturned chair hardly made any impression. The overturned chair might merely have been another picture.

The match went out.

A lamp was on a little table by a small green divan. The overturned chair was near the small table. A pool of darkness a few feet from the open window marked the beginning of the staircase that descended, apparently, to the room below, and that was interrupted halfway down by a locked door. A wooden rail ran along the top of the staircase well, forming a fragile protection against a tumble. The shadow of the rail was defined blackly on the wall.

"Jolly, isn't it?" said Bywater.

Then his eyes fell upon a screen right across the room.

"Have a peep behind that!" he suggested.

"I'm going to," answered Lionel.

"Never mind, Harold," murmured Rita. "At least you are beautiful."

LIONEL was walking across the studio towards the screen. Rita joined him. He paused despairingly.

"I wish you wouldn't," he muttered.

"I know you do," she returned. "But what's the use? We're both so damned stubborn, aren't we?"

"If anything's behind that screen," said Lionel, convinced that there was, "you'll only be in the way."

"Nonsense!" she retorted. "I can catch hold of its legs while you hit its head."

"Idiot," remarked Bywater, lighting a cigarette. "There's nothing behind that screen. Still, if it amuses you."

They began walking again. Then again they paused. They had reached the middle of the floor, and a bell was ringing softly beneath them.

"Quite the naughtiest!" gulped Rita.

"Not at all—we did it ourselves," answered Lionel, though in his heart he agreed.

"Yes, it happens when one walks," said Rita. "And it happened while we were downstairs."

That was why Lionel agreed with her.

"Listen!" he exclaimed sharply. "Stay just where you are! If you don't, I'll box your ears!"

To his surprise she obeyed, although he did not give her much time to do otherwise. Deciding to waste no more moments, he had darted to the screen while he spoke. Now he was poking his head behind it.

"Well?" inquired Bywater from the other side of the room. He was not entirely successful in his attempt to make his question casual.

Lionel withdrew his head and shook it slightly. His expression was puzzled.

Bywater moved a little towards him as he reached the top of the stairs. Lionel did not pause or look at him.

The stairs creaked beneath his feet. He was using matches again for illumination. He gained the half-landing and found himself up against the door. It gave him an odd sensation to realise that it was behind this door Rita had stood in the darkness to converse with him. He tried the handle. Still locked of course.

He came up again.

Rita called to him. She was standing before the picture of the negroes. It was next to the picture of the kangaroo that had lost its tail.

"I've found the artist's name," she said. "Look!"

She pointed to a signature. It was written neatly along an upward-pointing thumb. "David Bosanquet," read Lionel, and repeated the name aloud. "I don't know much about art, but haven't I heard that name somewhere? I think I read recently that he'd come back from the Continent."

"That's right. He's always dodging backwards and forwards. I think he cribbed the idea from a mad Austrian, and has to go back every now and then for fresh inspirations."

"And I suppose this windmill-studio is another example of his lunacy?"

"Seems like it. Oh, and here's something else I've spotted. Down there, Under the kangaroo."

She pointed to a small hammer. Its end protruded from a rug that half-concealed it. Lionel stooped quickly and picked the hammer up.

"Observe, my dear Watson, a hammer," said Bywater, breaking out again into his heavy sarcasm. "You can tell it is a hammer by its shape. Note its variation from a pair of scissors. Now, all we have to do is to find a bloodstain, and the mystery is solved."

"Something will have to be done about you," said Lionel.

"Something is going to be done about you," retorted Harold Bywater. "I'm only waiting for you to say, 'When.'"

The storm now seemed to be brewing definitely. Lionel prepared to meet it.

"You've tried to be funny for a long while, Bywater," he said quietly. "Now you're actually succeeding."

"Oh, you think so?"

"I'm sure so. Your ideas are even madder than our mad artist's."

"Well, here's another of my mad ideas. And let me tell you that I'm not in the least interested in your mad artist, or in your silly notions about him. He's such the Big Excuse—"

"What exactly are you suggesting?" demanded Rita.

"I'm suggesting that the whole thing's been a trick from the word Go! That when you came away with me you never intended to stay with me—"

"In your sense, certainly not!"

"—and that your meeting with Mr. Savage was arranged—"

HE stopped abruptly. He found Lionel standing immediately before him. Lionel's face was also blazing.

"I give you thirty seconds," he said.

"If you're not out of this place by then you'll be helped out."

"Good!" answered Bywater. "Now we're really getting to it."

"Thirty seconds," repeated Lionel. "And, by the way, I mean it."

"Make it less, if you like," replied Bywater. "You see, I mean it, too, by the way."

Lionel turned from him, after a deliberate glance at his wristwatch. But he did not turn to Rita. He thought it kindest not to look at her. Instead, he stared at a seascape with heavy white clouds an inch thick.

The seconds ticked by. The silence grew oppressive.

"Now," said Lionel, and turned.

Bywater had moved. He must have moved very quietly. He was no longer by the open window. He was behind a large easel in the darkest corner of the

studio and his head, visible above a big picture of a violently erupting volcano, was directed upwards. He was staring at a low, narrow all-staircase in the wall which the easel and its shadow had hitherto concealed. Then Lionel noticed something which far transcended in importance the altered position of Bywater. Rita Haig was nowhere to be seen.

A moment of intense anxiety was suddenly relieved by the sound of her voice. It floated down the narrow slit, and it called out:

"Quick! Come up! There's a bedroom here!"

Lionel ran towards the easel. Bywater swung his head round swiftly, seized the back leg of the tripod, and tilted it forward. As Lionel reached it the volcano lurched at him, struck him and delayed his approach. By the time he had recovered himself and kicked the picture aside Bywater had disappeared up the narrow slit and was well away.

With a sickening sensation Lionel heard a door open and slam. Then came the little click of a key being turned.

He saw red as he ascended the darkly-winding staircase, three rickety stairs at a time. Half-way up he blundered into something. He hurled his arms round it and held it fiercely. It offered no resistance, but became immediately limp in his arms. It was Rita.

He realised it was Rita several seconds before he let her go, while above them sounded fierce banging on a door. Perhaps he felt he had earned these seconds. Rita herself showed no inclination to be released. But when the seconds were over she gently disengaged herself and without a word they descended to the studio again. The banging continued above them.

"How did you do it?" asked Lionel.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," she replied, still panting. "I stood by the door as he rushed in, and then banged and locked it."

"It seems to be growing more murderous up those stairs."

"He doesn't like it, does he?" Further banging and muffled shouting corroborated the remark. "Anyway, it gives us a moment to think."

All was quiet above, but now there were sounds below. Somebody had entered the lower chamber.

Lionel moved towards the staircase.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered, catching hold of his sleeve.

"I shall hear better from there. If I hear thick, heavy breathing it will confirm my belief that it is only our drunken tramp. Please go to the window—and be ready to do anything I tell you."

"I'll go to the window," she conceded, letting his sleeve go, "but beyond that I'm making no promises!"

While she retreated with reluctant obedience, Lionel crept quietly down the stairs. With Bywater fuming above, and this unknown individual below, he felt rather like the meat in the sandwich. But he could no longer hear the individual below. For an instant he wondered whether this also had been imagination. Then the wonder vanished as the stealthy sounds reached his ears again. They were approaching up the stairs.

A moment later two people, invisible to each other, met at the locked door, stood perfectly still, and listened.

There came the sound of a little chink. Then a key was inserted in the door. Lionel watched the end protrude with a strange fascination, while his fist got ready to strike. It was a long, massive key. Unlike the secretive Yale, it proclaimed itself boastfully. Even in the dimness he could watch the tip wriggle, settle, and begin to turn.

The end of the key stopped turning. It remained motionless. Then it began to revolve in a contrary direction. Then it was withdrawn.

"Mr. Savage!"

Softly the footsteps on the other side of the door sounded again, retreating down the staircase. Lionel turned, his brow annoyingly moist.

ABOVE him stood Rita. She was silhouetted against the glow of the lamp, forming a picture which contrasted strangely with the grotesque expressions of art around the walls and she was apparently unconscious of the drama she had arrested.

"I told you to stay by the window." As a frown leapt into her face he added, "If you think I'm cross, remember that you sometimes reverse the emotions and joke when you're grave. Get back to the window at once, and be ready to climb out the instant I tell you to."

"But—"

"No 'buts,' please."

Quietly she returned to the window.

"Thank you," he said, and glanced towards the upper staircase. "We'll play cricket, of course. We can't leave Mr. Bywater up there. For the moment, however, I'm concentrating entirely on your own needs, and if I'm right in thinking that one of your needs is to shake him off, I believe I know how to manage it. Can you climb out on to that ladder if I help you?"

She nodded and, sitting on the ledge, threw one leg over. He was by her side the next moment, and held her steady as she finished climbing out. He did not let her go till she had gained a firm footing. Then he whispered his final instructions:

"Go halfway down. Not more. Then wait. I won't be more than a second or two, but I don't want you to get to the bottom until I've joined you. You see, well, never mind."

He watched her climb a little farther down, then dived back into the studio.

First he listened. No sound came from below or above. Then he ran as lightly as he could—he did not want to start the bells ringing—to the narrow little staircase behind the overturned easel. He was up it like lightning, round one bend and then another. When he reached the top he found the key-slit of the door by a tiny point of light that shone through a minute interstice between the key and its socket.

"Thank you for lighting a candle, Bywater," he thought. "For the first time I'm grateful to you."

He prayed that the key would not groan when he turned it. It did not. Three seconds after it was turned he was at the bottom of the stairs again, calling softly up.

"The door's no longer locked. Mr. Bywater," he called. "You can come out—and I strongly advise you to. This place isn't healthy. But don't trouble to follow us—we're not waiting for you."

He heard a vague movement in the room above. Then he raced to the window and looked out. He saw with relief the dim form waiting on the ladder.

"All clear!" he whispered down. "Get to the bottom now. I'm coming."

He climbed out as he spoke, and reached the ground almost as soon as she did.

For a few moments they stood quite still, listening. All they heard was the drench of the rain. Then he seized her arm and began hurrying her away. Behind them, the mill flickered a yellow eye from the window through which they had escaped.

Bywater had lit the candle for comfort on finding himself a prisoner, and he had stared at it balefully while waiting for his release.

But as the moments slipped by, and the silence around him grew more and more oppressive, he rose from the armchair in which he had thrown himself, and his chaotic mind became a little clearer. After all, if the door was unlocked, why should he spend a solitary night in a damned lugubrious bedroom? And it was, undoubtedly, a lugubrious bedroom! The candle was supposed to cheer it, but it merely drew flickering shadows on the walls.

Now he was at the door. By Jove, it was unlocked! And, that being so, the obvious thing to do was to go down the stairs. Cautiously he descended. He recalled that he had ascended at a grater pace. Now he was at the bottom. Now he was in the studio again.

He nearly tripped over the picture of the volcano. He kicked it viciously aside. A blob of paint, loosened by the original fall of the picture, became detached, escaped his boot, and frowned up at him. A nasty black blob. What the devil was it supposed to represent? Lava?

He stooped and picked it up. Then he paused. Had he heard something outside the window?

Unconsciously slipping the black blob in his pocket, he moved towards the window. Yes, this was an unhealthy place, and the sooner he cleared out of it the better. He never wanted to see another windmill in his life.

He put his head out of the window. The rain immediately soaked it. But he did not feel the shower-bath. He was too busy digesting the fact that the ladder by which he had ascended was no longer there. Somebody had taken it away.

HAVE you any idea where we're going?" inquired Rita, as they plodded along.

"Not the slightest," answered Lionel.

"Have you any suggestions?"

"My mind is one large moist void," she replied. "Don't let's worry for a bit."

Lionel did not respond for a moment. They were passing the shed. He glanced towards it, and, following his eyes, she gave a low laugh.

"No, thank you," she murmured. "Nothing under the Ritz for our next hal!"

"I agree," he nodded. "Electric lights, soft carpets, a posh lift—"

"A marble bathroom, running hot water, and towels! Oh, my God, to be dry again! Do you remember what it used to feel like?"

"Just dimly."

The shed receded behind them. They gave no more thought to it.

"For a man who doesn't know where he's going," observed Rita, after another silence, "you're steering beautifully!"

"I've been over this bit once before," answered Lionel. "You remember—when I chased Miss What's-her-name?"

"Miss Oldroyd?"

"Yes. In a minute or two we'll come to the precipice where I found her. So

"What do you want to do about it?"
"Well, unless we're turned out, I certainly don't intend to subject you to another walk in the rain."

"We won't be turned out." She spoke with conviction, and smiled when he glanced at her. "Miss Oldroyd wishes us to stay."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure so."

"In spite of her hesitation?"

"Trust a woman's intuition."

"If I'd trusted to the intuition of one woman I know," he answered, "I'd have lost several thousands last year at Monte Carlo."

SHE sat down on a couch and stared at her shoeless foot. He remembered the miles she had walked.

"Tired?" he asked.

"Dead," she nodded. "Completely unbalanced. What I really want is a jolly good cry, and then I'd be all right. That's one of the things you men don't know the joy of. . . . Ah, here comes Ophelia. Now you'll see."

A moment later Miss Oldroyd re-entered the room. Lionel noticed that her hair was a trifle smoother, and that her negligee was arranged more neatly around her. Her manner was a little calmer, also; she had got a grip on herself. She spoke as she entered, continuing her conversation as if there had been no break.

"Anyhow," she said, "there isn't anywhere else for miles, so where would you go? And you're both so wet, aren't you?"

She was justifying her invitation.

"We are rather on the damp side," answered Lionel.

"Then that's all settled. Now what about sleeping? I'm afraid we've only two bedrooms, and father's in one and I'm in the other. I know. You must come in my room with me, Miss Haig. . . . you see, I've remembered your name. . . . and Mr. . . . Savage, isn't it? . . . Mr. Savage can stay here and use the couch, if that will be all right."

She spoke spontaneously, although it was patent she had already worked it all out.

"It's. . . it's only a single bed," she added, turning to Rita, "but we'll manage, won't we?"

"I'm not going to spoil your night's rest," replied Rita definitely. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"You won't. I sleep like a top. And, anyway, what else is there to do?"

A faint frown came into her face. The frown increased when Rita suggested that she use the couch.

"But what'll Mr. Savage do?" asked Miss Oldroyd quickly.

"A couple of chairs in the kitchen will suit me admirably," said Lionel. "I've done it before."

"Oh, you can't go in the kitchen," declared Miss Oldroyd. "It's full of things, and you couldn't swing a cat in it."

"I agree he can't go in the kitchen," nodded Rita. "It's absolutely necessary for him to swing cats. It's his hobby. Do you think Mrs. Grundy would mind terribly if I used the couch in one corner, and Mr. Savage used two chairs in another? We could pretend we were on a continental sleeper."

There was a short silence. It was clear that this solution did not appeal to Miss Oldroyd, and that she was trying to think of some argument against it. But for her attitude, and the brooding atmosphere that

hung around the place, Lionel would have enjoyed the comedy of the situation.

"Well. . . perhaps that will be best. . . . if you really won't share my room," said Miss Oldroyd at last. "Anyway, you must come up first and get dry, and I'll give you some other things to put on." She turned from Rita to Lionel. "I expect you will have to use the kitchen for your own change. There's soap there and all that. I'll come down again in a few minutes."

Then the two girls left the room, and Lionel was alone with his thoughts.

They were chaotic thoughts. Life during the last few hours had become a series of situations none of which had yet been adequately dealt with. It was odd that the necessity of getting dry and of avoiding the possibility of pneumonia appeared the situation of least importance, yet maybe none of the others would be solved until this enervating clamminess had been dissipated and blood was flowing warmly through veins again. "How can I think of my own skin, though," reflected Lionel, "while that old tramp is lying out there? I'll have to slip out and have a look at him. And that confounded rotter Bywater—I hope he got away from the mill all right—whether he deserved to or not! And then, what is up at the mill? What was that first brute after? And where is the mad artist Bosanquet? He walked to the window and gazed out at the unrelenting darkness. "Yes, and what's going on here. . . . In this cottage. . . . just above me?"

Just above him was Miss Oldroyd's father, with his mysterious illness.

"I can't wait any longer!" he decided suddenly. "I'm going out to have a look at the tramp!"

But, as he turned, he found Miss Oldroyd standing behind him.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Miss Oldroyd.

In the circumstances the question was almost comic, but Lionel answered gravely: "What makes you think anything's the matter?"

"Now I know there is!" she exclaimed. "What is it?" And, as he did not reply immediately, she added, "You were going somewhere just now. Where were you going?"

Her attitude was almost challenging. He wondered what it would change to if he gave her the information. But he did not. Instead, he said, taking a chance:

"Perhaps you know what's the matter more than I do, Miss Oldroyd?"

"Why should I know anything?" she retorted, flushing. "I don't know what you mean. Nothing's the matter here. . . . I mean, apart from my father not being very well."

"Yes, I'm sorry he's ill."

"He'll be all right to-morrow."

"He's not so very ill, then?"

"What I mean is. . . . he has these attacks."

"Is it his heart?"

"No. Well, yea, I suppose it is something to do with his heart. Mine's not too good, either."

She smiled at him suddenly, as though that explained it.

"Have you had a doctor?" inquired Lionel.

"What a lot of questions?" she answered without resentment. "No, we haven't had a doctor. You see, I know what to do."

"I'm sure you do. . . . I'm sure you look after your father splendidly." She flushed again at the little compliment, like a child

receiving praise from an elder. Child and woman were strangely mixed in her. "But who looks after you?"

"After me?"

"Yes. Don't you need a doctor? I've not forgotten, if you have, that you've been through a rough time to-night. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I see. I'm all right. I go off very easily. Anything does it. Once I fainted for an hour, and was right the next moment." She had a quick explanation for everything. "Of course, I do feel a little funny. . . . you'd expect that anyhow, wouldn't you, after going off like I did? But I've taken some aspirin. . . . I've hardly any headache now; and, even if I did need a doctor, which I don't, how would I get one till to-morrow?"

"There's no telephone here, then?"

"Telephone?" she laughed. "My goodness, we don't go in for telephones here! Of course, we used to have one. . . . before we came to this cottage."

"Would you like me to fetch a doctor? For your father, if not for you? I will, if you tell me where to find him."

"Yes, I know you would. You're the sort of man who does things for people." He tried not to feel uncomfortable. The personal equation seemed to exist in everything she said. With Rita Haig it came and went, happily selecting its moments; with Miss Oldroyd it was there all the time. "I want to say something to you. Don't think it silly. But I want to apologise to you for behaving as I did at the mill."

"Apologise?" he exclaimed. "What on earth. . . ."

"Please don't pretend. You know very well what I mean. I don't think I remember quite what happened. . . . you see, I was very confused. . . . but I know I said something idiotic, it just came over me, and I want you to forget it."

"I have forgotten it," he assured her, "so you can forget it, too."

"Thank you. It's nice talking to you. You're so understanding. I wish. . . . oh, well, never mind. I'm getting silly again. After all, I suppose I'm still not quite myself. That tumble. . . . it was nasty." She gave a little shiver. "I expect you saved my life. But we must stop talking about me and talk about you. I've brought you some dry things. There, on that chair." She pointed. "You didn't see me come in, you were staring so hard out of the window. And a clean towel. . . . you'll find that, too. So if you want to go in the kitchen, you can do so when you like. Oh, I'd better go in first and light the lamp."

SHE turned and ran into the kitchen. He did not follow her, but stood watching through the doorway. The darkness beyond dissolved, and he saw her bending over the lamp. In another mood he might have been inclined to dwell on the picture.

Then she returned. She hoped he had everything. If there was anything else he wanted would he call? No, he had better not call. She would come down again in a few minutes to find out whether he was all right.

Rita's voice broke in from the top of the stairs. "I must go now," murmured Miss Oldroyd. "I expect she wants me for something."

She ran hastily from the room.

Lionel looked after her and shook his head. He was under no delusions regarding one aspect of Miss Oldroyd's attitude. Rita had been correct in saying that she

had "fallen for him." The fact was almost pathetically clear. But he also read the fact itself aright, and did not exalt it into any real significance. Miss Oldroyd was leading a too secluded, too sheltered life, and possessing youth's normal eagerness for companionship, she responded exaggeratedly to any companionship that came along, investing it with the imaginative qualities that flower like unnatural blooms in a lonely and sensitive mind. "I am, for the moment, the romantic stranger of her dreams," Lionel decided, "and I've got to be jolly careful not to make the dream an unhappy one."

ANOTHER little problem among the many waiting to be worked out! But the problem of the tramp took precedence, and he was not going to delay it any longer, even though it meant a further postponement of the necessary operation of getting dry. Tearing a piece of paper from his notebook he wrote on it, "Back in a minute or two—don't worry," placed it conspicuously by the lamp, and then slipped quietly to the door.

He heard faint movements upstairs. Rita and Miss Oldroyd would probably remain occupied for as long as he needed to get to the tramp and back, but he had left the note in case of accidents. Opening the door quietly, he fixed the latch so that he could re-enter without knocking, and went out once more into the soporific night.

"Here we are again!" spat the rain. "Here we are again!" blew the wind. "Here I am again!" whispered the darkness. They swallowed him up.

Lowering his head he ramrodded his way through them. Odd how swiftly one atmosphere wipes out another! In the cottage, the mill had seemed an impossible dream. Now the cottage itself became an unreal thing. He was alone with the moment, and the moment whirled and buffeted him.

"Of course, this is actually a police job," he reflected. "But where's the policeman?"

Then another thought came to him. "In a story, I'd find the body gone! Well . . . what's the betting?"

A third thought was hardly more attractive.

"Suppose I meet Bywater? What happens then?"

There was no chance of a meeting with Harold Bywater at that moment, although he did not know it. Had he known it, and the reason for it, his next thought would have been more disconcerting still.

The bushes on either side of him evaporated, the track grew less marked.

Now he was in No Man's stubble again and must be nearing the spot where the tramp lay. He strained his eyes and searched the ground with them. How much farther, he wondered? The distance was longer than he had reckoned. Perhaps he had overstepped the spot. He raised his eyes from the ground and stared ahead.

Then he nearly tripped. His foot had struck something.

"By George, here he is!" he muttered.

"Poor devil!"

He stooped. The tramp lay in the exact position in which they had left him—face upwards, with one arm outstretched, ignoring the moisture, Lionel knelt down in the shallow pool which marked the tramp's final resting place to make a closer examination. The tramp was dead, and he wanted to know how he had died. He was so intent on the job that he hardly noticed the soggy coldness that pressed upwards against his knees.

"Poor devil!" he repeated softly. "Per-

haps he's well out of it. I don't expect he had much fun."

Yet even the most miserable of us, he reflected, cling with strange tenacity to our lives.

Presently his groping hand paused. They had found the spot they had been seeking. One hand, when he brought it away, was faintly smeared. He thanked the wet stubble now as he wiped the hand clean.

As he rose from the ground a kind of dull anger surged through him for a few moments. This ragged fellow, whose swansong he had recently heard, was nothing to him. He had never known the man, and would possibly have withdrawn from him had they met under normal conditions. But, even if the man was grubby, even if his chin was unshaved, and even if he tried to drown his oppression in drink, did he deserve to have stumbled into this grim tragedy and to have received a fatal knife-thrust in the back?

WHEN Lionel quietly opened the door of the cottage he found the parlor empty, but Rita emerged almost at once from the kitchen, clad in a simple pink dressing-gown.

"Miss Oldroyd's second-best," she observed, "and not strictly my color. And don't ask me what odds and ends I've got on underneath! Where have you been?"

Pink may not have been her color, but she looked attractive enough, and her cheeks were still glowing from a vigorous rub. No longer a companion in dampness, her neat appearance contrasted almost unkindly with Lionel's bedraggled condition.

"Oh—just having a look round," he answered, closing the door.

"I see," she nodded. "And—was he dead?"

"No keeping anything from you, is there?" he replied grimly. "Yes—he was dead."

Rita turned and went back into the kitchen. In a few moments she reappeared. Her manner was consolingly calm.

"Miss Oldroyd is upstairs in bed," she remarked. "She wanted to come down, but I insisted. I like her, even though she's an idiot. Thoroughly good-hearted, and never offered us a cup of tea!" She laughed. "Well, I'm not waiting for the invite; I'm making the tea now."

"She's offered you her second-best dressing-gown," he reminded her. "I believe I've got to get in father's Sunday trousers."

"Yes, and hadn't you better get into them at once? Though, strictly speaking, I believe they're father's Tuesday pyjamas. Anyway, I've put them in the kitchen, and I suggest you begin to get dry in the scullery while I continue with our Lord Mayor's banquet. We can talk through the crack."

He agreed to the suggestion. As he passed through the kitchen he noticed that the glow of a fire was added to the glow of the lamp.

"Jove, you've been busy!" he commented.

"I—I hope we're not taking too many liberties."

"Thanks for the 'we'." But I don't think we are. I've come to the conclusion—this will be my excuse in the Law Courts—that Miss Oldroyd has too many emotions on her mind to think of every practical detail, and I'm quite convinced that, if it occurred to her she'd be aghast at the idea of our getting back into wet things tomorrow morning. So please tow your garments out as you discard them. I'll hang them up with mine to dry." Then,

while he took up the pile of assortments from the kitchen table and entered the scullery, she returned to grave from gay. "I've got a bit of news, too. But first let me hear something more about the tramp. I suppose—you were quite sure?"

"Quite sure," he answered, finding a candle in the little patch of light that came from the kitchen and lighting it. "Otherwise I wouldn't have left him. As a matter of fact, I was really sure the first time."

"As a matter of fact, I guessed you were," came the response. "But if you knew he was dead why did you go out again?"

"I wanted to find out how he had died," he answered, before he realised the inevitable question that must follow.

"And did you find out?"

"Lord, this boot's sticking to me like secodine!"

"I asked, did you find out?"

"Eh? Yes."

"Well?"

"I say, shall we finish this conversation when I've changed—"

"And when you've thought out how to turn the truth into a bedtime story? The truth, of course, is that somebody had killed him."

"If you know everything, why ask questions?" he retorted.

When her voice next came it was nearer the door.

"I suppose you'll learn presently, Mr. Savage," she said, "but until you do I'm going to keep on pulling you up. You and I are in about the most extraordinary position two strangers have ever been in—"

"I object to 'strangers,'" he interrupted.

"Objection granted. But don't interrupt again till I've finished. We don't know where we are. We hardly know where we've come from. We don't know where we're going. Dead people and ill people and mysterious people and foaming-at-the-mouth people are all round us, a storm is shrieking and we are about to spend an unconventional night in other people's clothes. Don't you really and truly think that our only chance of steering through all this safely is to do it on an honest-to-God fifty-fifty basis?"

He turned towards the door of partition and smiled.

"You win," he said. "Forgive me for underrating you. You're a pretty good pal in a storm. Go on with your questions."

"I'm going to," she returned, smiling also. But the smile vanished the next instant as she asked, "That tramp—was he—"

"Killed in the back."

She repressed a shudder. "Any theory as to who killed him?"

"How about Visitor No. One—the fellow we call the unpleasant man?"

"That's quite possible."

"I should call it probable. Unless you've any other theory."

"I have one."

"What is it?"

He paused in the act of slipping off his shirt to hear her theory, but it was postponed.

"I'll tell you when you come in. When I give you my own bit of news. Hurry, please. The kettle's nearly boiling."

THEN for five minutes there was silence, broken only by the kettle in the kitchen and the sound of brisk rubbing in the scullery. At the end of the five minutes Lionel entered the kitchen in striped pyjamas, blessedly concealed by a less startling dressing-gown.

"Mr. Oldroyd has a lurid taste in night-

wear!" he remarked, with a grimace. "But a hot drink seems to be the only thing his daughter's forgotten. In spite of the number of her emotions! Pyjamas, dressing-gown, slippers, towel—everything!" He eyed the steaming teapot with approval. "By Jove, that looks good! The Rita itself couldn't provide a more welcome sight. Bread and butter, too! You're a magician!" She poured him out a cup, and they sat down on either side of the small kitchen table to their strange meal. By tacit consent, they did not revert to lugubrious subjects until the hot drink had begun its fortifying work and the forgotten joys of creature-comfort were once more percolating through them.

"How completely satisfying this could be," he reflected, watching her pour out his second cup. "And . . . despite everything . . . how completely satisfying it nearly is."

BUT satisfaction in the circumstances was a selfish state, and as she pushed the cup towards him he suddenly asked, "Well? May I hear your theory . . . and your news?"

"Yes; it's about Mr. Oldroyd," answered Rita, lowering her voice.

"What about him?"

"I've seen him."

"Seen him? How? Has he left his room?"

"No. I went into his room."

"Went into . . . ?"

"I'm telling you. Now you say, 'Telling me?' And I say, 'Yes, telling you.'"

"Sorry."

"Don't apologise . . . I do it, too. It was when Miss Oldroyd left me and came down to talk to you. I'd been trying to get something out of her while I was changing, but she was as close as an oyster. I couldn't get anything out of her. I imagine she's a little more communicative with you. I hope your father isn't terribly ill," I said. "He'll be all right tomorrow, I expect," she answered. I asked whether they'd had a doctor . . .

"I asked her that, too."

"Did she tell you there wasn't one for miles?"

"Yes."

"And was she agitated at the idea of going for one?"

"I don't think so. Yes, perhaps, a little."

"She was more than a little agitated upstairs. It's a queer household. I get the impression more and more that these two live entirely alone together and have chosen this isolated spot for some special purpose. They don't want a soul around."

"I think you're right."

"But though she wouldn't answer questions she asked them," Rita went on, with a sudden smile. "The way we two pumped each other!"

"What did she pump you about?" he inquired.

"About you," laughed Rita. "Or perhaps I should say us. She supposed we were great friends? Had we known each other long? Where did we live? What were you? Weren't you a well-known cricketeer? You looked like one. (You must have given her a square-leg glance!) The only question she didn't ask was whether we were engaged . . . and that was the only thing she really wanted to know. But what I wanted to know was a little more about her father, because, I tell you, Mr. Savage, I'm burning with curiosity about that man. He's got some connection with the mill, obviously, and I believe he holds the key to the whole mystery."

"And so you went to his room?" he prompted her.

"I did. As soon as Miss Oldroyd was safely below with you. Making this tea isn't my first impertinent act here. I crept to his door . . ."

"Half a moment!"

He jumped up suddenly and went into the parlor. Then he walked to the foot of the stairs. Then he returned.

"Did you hear something?" inquired Rita.

"I thought so. I was probably mistaken. We must keep our voices low. Well—you went to the door?—forgive me for repeating you again—"

"I went to the door and I listened," resumed Rita. "Didn't hear anything. Then I knocked very softly. Still didn't hear anything. Then opened the door more softly and looked in." She paused. "And then I saw him."

"Asleep?"

"No. His eyes were wide open. And he was staring towards the window—like a fish. 'Like a fish?' you say. 'Yes, like a fish,' I reply. Anyway, his eyes were sort of—glazed. I jolly soon popped out again."

"Did he see you?"

"No. He ought to have, but he didn't. He just stared at the window, and he didn't even seem to be seeing that. It was—somehow—horrible."

"It doesn't sound very attractive," Lionel responded gravely. "I wonder—what do you think—ought I to go up and have a look at him?"

"Frankly, I think it might be a very good idea," she answered. "You see, Mr. Savage, Mr. Oldroyd is my theory!"

He stared at her. Mr. Oldroyd a murderer? It was a most unpalatable theory, and even though Mr. Oldroyd's condition and the anxiety of his daughter lent color to it, he could not believe that the old man had stuck a knife into a tramp's back.

"Why the devil should he have done it?" he muttered, his voice very low.

I DIDN'T say he had done it," Rita corrected him. "I'm only suggesting that he may have."

"Well, let's go over his movements. See what we know about him. He went to the mill in an agitated mood. He went up to the studio. He came down again. He left. Returned home. Found his daughter gone. Went out again. Met Mr. Bywater. Returned to the mill with him. Found his daughter there. Brought her back."

"That doesn't tell us much."

"Doesn't it? It tells us something, I think. It was after they left that we saw the tramp outside the mill and heard him going into hysterics. They must have loitered on their way home, and the tramp must have overtaken them—otherwise they couldn't have encountered each other."

"Then what about the tramp's movements?"

"Yes, let's work them out, too. Now when did I first come upon him? I believe it was in the shed; somebody leapt out of the shed, you know, when I blundered into it. We'll take it that I frightened him out. Then he began singing his idiotic song near the precipice. Then he bumped into Miss Oldroyd at the precipice. Then what? We came upon him outside the mill, scared stiff over that bit of statutory you threw out of the window. Then we heard his laughter—from this direction. He was evidently flying towards this cottage. The poor chap seems to have been scared from one point to another. And then we found him where he now is—dead!" He shook his head.

"Your theory doesn't seem to fit, Miss Rita, and thank God if it doesn't! My own

opinion regarding the tramp is that he is just an unfortunate scamp who has been tossed accidentally into this affair by Fate, but who really has nothing whatever to do with it."

"Then why was he killed?"

"I've not the remotest idea."

"And what's your opinion of Mr. Oldroyd?"

"I'm going up right now to form one. Meanwhile, I suggest you get back into the parlor and fix yourself on that couch with a cigarette. I can't see much sleep for either of us to-night; I may have to stick on my wet things again yet and look for a policeman. But you're not doomed to remain indefinitely on a hard kitchen chair."

SHE smiled a little wearily as she rose and accepted the cigarette he offered.

"I'd better tell you which door it is," she said, moving towards the parlor, "or you'll be wandering into the wrong room. It's the one to the left of the stairs."

"Thank you. You won't move from the couch till I come down, will you?"

"That will depend upon how long you are coming down. I'll give you the length of the cigarette."

"That ought to be enough."

"Or until I hear a shriek or a thud or a groan. Do you know, I've read dozens of shockers, but I've never known what the real thing was like till now. My next shall be a nice, simple little love story!"

She settled herself on the couch. As he reached the foot of the stairs she called softly after him, "Have an excuse ready."

"I've got one," he murmured back.

He stole quietly up the stairs. To his surprise they did not creak, but he had an anxious moment as he reached the top and passed the door he concluded was Miss Oldroyd's. Beneath the door on the left was a slit of light. He paused for a moment, then turned the handle gently. As he did so he heard a movement behind the door he had just passed.

"Damn!" he thought, and slipped in quickly.

A candle was on a small table near the door. It flickered in the sudden draught, and a shadow shot across the bed. In the bed lay Mr. Oldroyd.

He lay just as Rita had described him. His eyes were open, and they were fixed unseeingly on the window. For a moment Lionel regarded the pitiful figure of the old man, and then moved forward as a small object on the floor caught his eye. He stooped and picked it up. . . .

"What are you doing?"

He turned round hastily at the words, and sprang his prepared excuse.

"I thought I heard your father call," he answered, lying glibly. "I wondered whether there was anything I could do?"

Miss Oldroyd, now in her frank night attire, and without her dressing-gown, looked at him half-wonderingly, half-suspiciously. She seemed terribly fragile as she stood there, and terribly alone. He would like to have comforted her; instead, he was adding to her nameless panic.

"I—I didn't hear him," she faltered.

"I may have been mistaken," replied Lionel.

"Yes, I'm sure you were," she said, suddenly moving forward and placing herself between him and the bed. "Really, there's nothing you can do."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Quite."

There was a pleading finality in her tone. He hesitated, then stepped out into the passage. She followed him immediately

and closed the door. Then she waited with her hand at her neck, as though suddenly conscious of the small exposed portion and seeking to cover it.

"Miss Oldroyd."

"Yes, what is it?"

"You said something to me when we were downstairs that I've not forgotten."

"Did I?" Her cheek flushed faintly, but her eyes remained steady.

"Yes. You said I was the kind of man who did things for people."

"I remember."

"Did you mean it?"

"You know I meant it."

"Well, then, is there anything I can do for you? Think well, I'm serious."

Now her eyes faltered a little. She did not answer for a moment. She glanced towards the door behind her, and then at the staircase. Then she said:

"Yes, there is."

"What is it?"

"Please go downstairs again."

Her lip trembled as she showed his disappointment. He felt she was on the verge of tears.

"Only that?"

"Only that, please!"

There was nothing to do but to obey. With a depressing sense of impotence he turned and left her. Reaching the bottom, he paused. Above him sounded the soft click of a key.

"She's locked him in," he thought. "That's the last I'm to see of Mr. Oldroyd!"

He found Rita settled on the couch puffing at her cigarette. She raised her head as he entered the little parlor, and lifted her eyebrows.

"Well?" she inquired. "You've been quick."

"I saw him for a moment," he answered. "You did? What did you think of him?"

"Pretty bad."

"And then Miss Oldroyd followed you in, and turned you out?"

"How did you know?"

"I heard murmurs. It was an easy guess. Well, that's that. I'm sorry you drew a blank—hallo! What's the matter?"

He was staring at the little thing he had picked up from the floor of Mr. Oldroyd's bedroom. He had retained it almost unconsciously in his hand. "What on earth—" he muttered, and then abruptly crossed to the couch.

"What do you make of that, Miss Haig?" he asked, holding it out to her.

She took it from him. A long, thin, slightly-curved, brown strip of—what?

"Paint!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Why, it's the missing kangaroo's tail!"

THE kangaroo's tail brought thoughts back sharply to the mill studio. What had happened there since they had left? What was happening now? We, who are unbounded by confining parlor walls, may return, and find out.

When Harold Bywater discovered that the ladder was gone, he came to an obvious though erroneous conclusion. He concluded that Lionel and Rita had taken it away to prevent him from following them, either as part of another deliberate trick, or on sudden impulse. And he saw the redder red that even his experienced eyes had never seen. What the color would have been had he known that the ladder had been taken away to prevent the possibility that Lionel and Rita would come back, and that the individual who had removed it had no knowledge that Bywater himself remained. It is difficult to determine. Probably the color does not exist in the spectrum.

He spent a profitless minute hurrying unprintable thoughts after the fugitives. The thoughts were drowned in the rain that surrounded him, and his consciousness of the rain suddenly reawakened. It seemed to be pressing in upon him, like prison walls.

He seized the window to close it, partly because he wanted to do something violent, and partly because the rain was getting on his nerves. The whole of Cosmos appeared to be composed of it. But the window refused to budge. The wood had warped or the frame had contracted, or some other damn thing was interfering with its working. Probably this explained why, on such a wild night as this, it had remained open.

He turned from the window and stared round. Then he turned towards the lower staircase and ran to it. His heavy enraged feet, longing for something to kick, thudded across the floor and produced amazing music. As the boards trembled beneath their weight, the three bells began ringing below him, like the ghostly chiming of a church under the sea. Tinkle-linkie, chang-chang—boom! Tinkle-linkie, chang-chang! Boom! Boom!

The sound startled but did not stop him. He wanted to punch that, too! He wanted to punch everything! Clambering down the stairs, he came up suddenly against the door on the half-landing. That he did punch. He punched it and shook it and battered on it, but the lock that had shaped events and altered destinies was not going to yield on the eve of its final grim joke. A part of the joke was the temporary absence of the man who had turned the lock, and whose own destiny would have been altered had he heard the din. He was shadowing, at this moment, the two figures who were hurrying away from the mill, to make certain that they had no intention of returning.

"ALL right! Who cares?" shouted Bywater to the unresponsive door, giving it a last kick. "It's dry in here, anyway. What's wrong with staying for the night? But, by God, I'll make hell in the morning!"

He clambered up the stairs again. He made a noise because his nerves were jumpy, and he wanted to demonstrate his dominance over all these inanimate enemies—the imprisoning weather, the imprisoning walls, the imprisoning pictures—above all, the negress, whose cynical soul seemed to form the blackest prison of all.

"God save me from Africa!" Bywater roared, standing before her.

But was it her soul that looked back at him, or was it the soul of David Bosanquet, the mad artist? Suddenly Bywater thought of the artist.

"Do you know where he is, you black devil, you?" he demanded.

"You haven't looked everywhere," the thick, voiceless lips seemed to reply.

He swung away. He had had quite enough of this room. He would return upstairs to the little top chamber where at least there was a bed, and where he could get away from it all. One more pull at his flask, and then sleep....

Now he was on the first step of the narrow upper staircase. A faint blot caught his eye. Shadow, eh? No, not a shadow. Ink, then? He looked a little closer. Yes, confound it, of course it was ink! What else could it be? Red ink. He raised his eyes hurriedly and blundered up the stairs, not pausing again until he had reached the top and passed into the bedroom and closed the door.

The candle spluttered on the table, mak-

ing the window-pane dance. He blew it out, and the window became motionless, its own dark detail replacing the flickering reflection. Beyond the window gloomed a small wooden structure to which the windmill's shaft was lashed. It reminded him of a scaffold. He wished he had not blown the candle out.

HE felt for his flask, thought better of it, and threw himself on the bed.

And now, for a brief period, Harold Bywater's muddled mind passed away from the windmill and drifted to other moments of this unsatisfactory adventure. The adventure had begun well. In the darkness of his closed lids he visualised the pleasant train journey from London, with its thrill of novelty and expectation. It was not the first train journey he had taken with a pretty girl, by a long chalk. Only three months previously he had taken a dancer to Paris. But the previous occasions had been different. None of his former companions had been "real ladies." Here before him, in the first-class luncheon car, was a very real lady indeed, and if her ideas were unconventional and modern, that did not destroy her title or her class. He remembered leaning forward and saying sadly, "I want you to be very nice to me, Rita." To which she had replied, "My dear man, am I not being very nice to you? I'm sure Aunt Matilda will cut me out of her will!"

Perhaps it was from that moment, though he could not be certain, that the little cloud had first appeared. Her spirits had remained high, but her gaiety was a trifle forced. At Branbury station she had refused his arm. "We don't want that porter to think we're a honeymoon couple!" she had said. And when they had reached the inn she had frankly frowned. "You told me Branbury was a big place. Is this the best it can do in hotels?"

Inside the hotel, when the smirking proprietress had appeared to show them to their room, Rita had become black. The room, as she had stated when they reached it, should have been in the plural.

Then had come the first row. Then followed a second. At the third Bywater had lost his temper thoroughly, had told her what he thought of her (in return for hearing what she thought of him), and had implied that he was not the sort of fellow to be made a fool of, and that she would have to go through with it. Even if she tried to leave, he had pointed out, she could not. There were no more trains, there was no other inn, there was no garage, and the barometer was falling.

She became passive then. He thought he had won. He recalled—with humiliation now—how he had boasted to himself that he knew how to handle women. And only ten minutes later he had missed her. But for a laborer, whom he had questioned when on the point of giving the long search up, and who had "seed a young laddy walkin' t'ward the windmill, ay, in brown, she was," he would have never traced her at all, and at this moment would have been lying in bed at the Green Man instead of here, at the top of a windmill....

The incidents passed processionally through his mind in a vicious circle. At first he had summoned them for relief and self-justification, but as they recurred, each time more grotesquely distorted, he tried to shove them away and think of nothing. He succeeded at last in thinking of nothing.

"See now my mind's a perfect blank," he told himself in a dreamy stupor. "Rita, rain, red ink, black negroes—to Hell with them all—I've banished the lot!" Yet even nothing can be unpleasant. You jerk in and out of it. You find yourself falling through it. You find yourself rising from it. It contains little noises and movements. You pretend the noises and movements are not there, but they are there, and they go on, and you cannot stop them. You listen to them out of the corner of your ear. Chip-chip! Knock-knock! Chip-chip! Knock-knock! And bells, too. Tinkle-tinkle, chang-chang, boom! Tinkle-tinkle, chang-chang, boom! Tinkle-tinkle, chip-chip, chang! Bang, chang, bang, chang, bang.

Harold Bywater opened his eyes suddenly. A few moments previously he had been asleep. Now he was so wide awake that it almost hurt. Bang, chang.

He was off the bed in a bound. As his feet met the floor the sounds below ceased. He stood still and listened. Utter silence again.

He lit the candle. His hand was unsteady. He stole to the door and softly opened it. It opened with a creak. He stood still again and listened. Below, somebody else stood still and listened. "Was I mistaken, after all?" wondered Bywater, as the silence continued. "Can't hear a thing!"

A faint glow came from the bottom of the curving staircase. The lamp was still alight. He began to descend the staircase very slowly, to postpone the last half, and the last half very quickly, to get it over. At the bottom somebody gave a choking frenzied cry and sprang upon him.

BYWATER was a strong man, but so was his adversary, and in the suddenness of the attack he felt himself tottering. He flung his arms out, however, and managed to encircle the somebody, so that they went to the ground together. As they fell they swayed towards the table on which the lamp stood. Then they rolled nearer to it. The lamp seemed to be immediately above Bywater as two hands tugged at his neck. Large, dirty hands. He gripped them and forced them away. Then he gave a mighty lurch, and as a knife suddenly flashed near his face he kicked. The lamp came down with a crash.

The knife and the crashing lamp finished Bywater. Struggling to his feet through a mass of unseen limbs and obstacles, he frankly fled. He fled back to the bedroom, hurled himself through the doorway and lurched against the bed. The bed slid away from him at the impact.

And then came the worst moment of all. The displacement of the bed revealed a hand and half an arm.

What happened immediately after that Bywater never knew. He found himself out on the wooden structure to which the shaft was fixed. He did not stop to wonder how he had got there, or to ask himself why his hands were struggling with a rope and tugging at a stout iron pin. But as the rain drenched his senses, and a queer little flutter passed along the nearest wing of the windmill, he discovered what he was doing, and he had not the will-power to disobey a maddened instinct of self-preservation.

The flutter became a flap, the flap sudden movement. The windmill was alive again. Almost sobbing, Bywater hurled himself at the great, swinging arm. He missed it, but

a second swinging arm came swooping towards him, and the second one he caught. A moment later he was lifted into the blackness and began describing a vast circle.

"YES, Miss Haig, the kangaroo's tail," said Lionel Savage, as she stared at him. "Now what caused the tail to leave the rest of the animal on the canvas, and to journey on a dark and stormy night to Mr. Oldroyd's bedroom?"

"I should say that Mr. Oldroyd caused it to," answered Rita, "but whether on a dark and stormy night may be another matter."

"Oh, you mean it might have journeyed here on some other night?"

"Why not?"

"It might have," Lionel agreed. "But I'm rather banking on the theory that it hasn't been in this house more than an hour or two. Look here, we've got all sorts of odds and ends of facts to play about with. It's high time we tried to make some of them fit. Can we make that strip of paint you're holding fit into Mr. Oldroyd's first visit to the mill?"

"Can you?"

"It seems the easiest piece in the whole jigsaw to me. Remember his agitation? Remember how he rushed up the stairs to the studio, and then came rushing down again in an even greater state of agitation?"

"Of course I do. But I don't see why an ill old man should go out in wild weather just to pick a bit of paint off a picture."

"Perhaps you haven't examined the piece of paint quite as thoroughly as I have. Perhaps you haven't noticed yet that it's hollow."

Her scepticism vanished as she raised the tail and looked at it more closely.

"Why, so it is!" she exclaimed. "Like macaroni!"

"Which brings us to this point," he answered. "Was it the tail he wanted, or the contents of the tail?" All at once he brought his hands together sharply. "By Jove, yes! What about all those other great blobs of paint on Bosanquet's pictures? Have they got contents, too? Those enormous clouds—those bulging trees—and that great negro, grinning over some unexpected secret of her anatomy, eh? I say, we're getting somewhere at last. That cynical chap, Bosanquet—and he's cynical all right, for all his pictures seem to know about his joke—"

"Wait a moment, wait a moment!" interposed Rita. "You're talking about 'contents' and 'making things fit,' but what contents are going to fit in the tiny hollow of this?"

"I haven't any idea—"

"Well, then!"

"Not a bit, well, then!" One thing at a time. When we've proved there are contents we can start wondering what they are."

"How are you going to prove it?"

"I am proving it. Or, anyway, Mr. Oldroyd is my first bit of proof. He certainly wouldn't rush off for a bit of paint if there weren't something valuable inside."

"He might."

"Why?"

"He might be a paint maniac!"

"Please be serious."

"I am being serious. My idea's no more fantastic than yours. Or here's another idea. He may dislike Bosanquet's form of art so much that it has driven him mad and given him a destructive itch. People slash pictures they don't like. Bosanquet's

pictures positively ask to have their paint picked off."

He shook his head at her, though there was a vague possibility in her last suggestion. Certain forms of modern art are quite capable of inspiring a spirit of vandalism.

"Well, I'll go on," he said. "Mr. Oldroyd, don't forget, is only one bit of proof. How about that other fellow who's been lurking round the place all the evening? Is he another paint maniac? A gang of paint lunatics would be something quite new."

To his surprise she still held on to her point.

"I read once of an author whose enemies entered his study and tore up all his manuscripts," she persisted. "Why shouldn't an artist's enemies mutilate his pictures?"

"I'd have to be a pretty queer reason."

"Well, you need a queer reason to fit a queer case."

AND, in this instance, the enemies themselves don't apparently know each other! Mr. Oldroyd and the first visitor acted as perfect strangers.

"Yes—acted."

"I'm convinced they were strangers."

"Then you don't agree with yet another theory that is developing in my mind, Mr. Savage," said Rita after a little pause.

"Still, would you like to hear it?"

"Of course."

"It's about Bosanquet."

"Well?"

"We couldn't find Bosanquet."

"No."

"My theory now is that we've seen Bosanquet!"

"Seen . . . ? What on earth . . . ? When did we see him?"

"When we saw the first visitor. Why shouldn't he have been Bosanquet?" And, while he stared at her incredulously, she went on, "Yes, why not? He's been hanging around the place. He went up and locked the door. He certainly seems to know his way about. Perhaps we interrupted him when he was up to something or other, and perhaps he didn't want to give his identity away for what is called a fell reason. Then along comes Mr. Oldroyd, who is also fell, to steal something . . ."

"See Bosanquet talking to us," interposed Lionel unceremoniously, "doesn't recognise him, goes up to the studio and pulls off a kangaroo's tail—just for the value of the paint! Is that the story?"

Rita smiled.

"It doesn't sound too good," she confessed.

"It doesn't sound to me like anything at all," he replied. "On the other hand, if there was something in the kangaroo's tail, and if there is something in all those other blobs of paint, it would at least explain the interest of Mr. Oldroyd and that other fellow . . ."

"Which other fellow?"

"You know . . . the first visitor."

"Well, let's give him a name," she suggested. "All this is too confusing."

"How about Bloggs?"

"Yes, he looks like a Bloggs. Bloggs, consider himself christened!"

"Right! And now, if you don't mind, Miss Haig, we'll get back to my story, which is really simpler and much more probable than yours. Bloggs is not Bosanquet. For the moment, we will leave Bosanquet out of it. He may be away, or . . . well, anyhow, we don't know where he is."

"Very tactfully put," murmured Rita.

"Both Bloggs and Mr. Oldroyd are after

the thick portions of paint, and the thick portions of paint contain . . .

"Whisky! 'Please be serious!' he said. 'At this time of night?' she retorted. 'With my mind spinning and my head splitting, and a little spider coming down from the ceiling? Don't be unreasonable! Of course, the thick portions of paint contain whisky! If we look close enough we'll find dear little cork. Or perhaps it's ice-cream soda.' She collapsed on the sofa, then suddenly bounded up again with a tiny scream. 'Ugh! Why didn't you tell me the spider was so close?' she gasped as she clapped a hand against her neck. 'I say, what's happening to me? Do you suppose my morale's going?'

HE looked at her, perplexed. For a few moments she buried her head in a cushion, like an ostrich trying to shut out an impossible situation. Then she raised her head and pulled her dressing-gown more closely around her. "And why didn't you tell me I was showing so much leg?"

For some reason, which he could not explain, the remark jarred on him.

"I was thinking of something more important than your leg," he returned.

He was amazed at himself the next instant. He wondered what was happening to him. Was his morale suffering also? But, to his infinite relief, she took it well.

"Mea culpa," she said. "Or don't you speak Latin? I expect I only thought of my leg to get away from the something more important."

"Yes, I'm the one to apologise," he answered quickly. "Please forgive me."

"Nothing to forgive you for."

"There is . . ."

"There isn't! You were quite right to refuse to get personal . . . so don't get personal now! I'm behaving like an idiot, and you're having a perfectly beastly time."

"Of course you're not!"

"I'm having an easier time than you, anyway, even if it isn't exactly a bed of roses. You see, you're the sheik of the party, and a sheik hates to stand still and do nothing . . . while an old man is locked in a room above him and the old man's daughter is in distress, and enemies and dead men are all around outside! I saw your expression just now, shall I tell you what you were thinking?" She added with a smile, "Instead of about my leg?"

"What was I thinking?"

"You were thinking that you shouldn't be here, just talking. You were thinking, 'I ought to go back to the mill or try and find a police station . . . or do something! But how can I? How can I leave Miss Haig alone here? It wouldn't be safe. Why, she even jumps at spiders! Am I right?'

"Not exactly . . ."

"But bear enough! Well, you mustn't stay here on account of me! I'll be perfectly safe, and I won't jump at any more spiders. If you want to rush off and do something, you must. Of course, you'll be absolutely mad, and what you'll do or how you'll do it is beyond my own very tired mind to work out! You can rule me out, however, when you're counting up your obstacles. In fact, I refuse to be one of them!"

"I've never counted you as an obstacle, Miss Haig," he answered. "As a factor . . . certainly."

"I'm afraid you can't help that. Even at the risk of sounding personal for a moment, I'm going to tell you that your

safety happens to be more important to me than the safety of anybody else concerned, and I'm not going to do anything to imperil it."

"That's nice of you, but—"

"Do you remember, when we first met, you asked me to see you safely across the moor? I said I would. And I'm going to!"

He could not tell from her expression whether this decision pleased or disturbed her. The lamp-light shone dimly in her corner, and she suddenly turned her eyes away and gazed at a curtain. Watching her, he realised more and more the danger of dwelling on the personal note.

"Tell me something," she said at last.

"And I want the honest-to-God truth."

"You shall have it," he promised, "but please don't make it a difficult truth."

"Quite simple. If it weren't for me, what would you do?"

"The honest-to-God truth is that I'm not certain."

"All right. What do you think you'd do? Would you try to find a police station?"

"I dare say I'd have a shot at it—if—"

"If what?"

"If I were reasonably certain that it would be safe to leave Miss Oldroyd."

"It probably wouldn't be. But, since I'm here, it probably will be. So I suggest—in all seriousness—that you trot back into the kitchen and put on your wet things again—they may have dried one per cent.—and get your bobby."

A tiny gasp came from the foot of the stairs, but they did not hear it. They were too intent on their conversation.

"You suggest that—even though you believe it would be perfectly mad?" he asked.

"I suggest it, even though I am convinced it would be perfectly mad," she returned.

"Well, now I want the honest-to-God truth from you, Miss Haig. What's at the back of your mind?"

She flushed, almost indignantly. Perhaps she thought, at that moment, how dense a man could be. But she had spoken truly when she had referred to her very tired mind, and now the truth which she had herself demanded cornered her.

"Your sense of duty is at the back of my mind," she said. "I haven't known you very long, but I've already discovered that you have rather a keen one, and it's been on the rack more than once to-night. We've been good companions so far, but your memory of me won't be quite so pleasant if I stand between you and your conscience." She gave a sudden, self-conscious laugh. "How's that for a third-act speech? Applause from the gallery and limelight from the wings!"

From the foot of the stairs, still un-locked, Miss Oldroyd watched them.

Then, with one accord, all three turned quickly towards the front door. Something had toppled heavily against it.

MISS OLDROYD was first at the door, but she did not turn the handle. When Lionel reached it an instant later he found himself barred. "Don't open it, don't open it!" she whispered. "Let them go away!"

"But do you know who it is?" he asked.

He gathered from an incoherent sound that she did not, and that she was reacting to a general rather than a specific fear.

"We must find out," he said gently.

"Please let me manage this." As she made no movement, he added, "Don't make me insist."

"Well, put the chain up," she murmured.

"If you like."

She hesitated again, then moved aside. He slipped the chain in its groove before opening the door a little and calling:

"Who is it?"

"My God—Savage!" came a muttered groan; and then an ironical addition, "We can't shake each other off, can we?"

It was Harold Bywater.

Releasing the chain with a mixture of annoyance and relief—Harold Bywater was not a welcome addition to the party, but the knowledge that he was still alive removed a little twinge of conscience—Lionel opened the door wide, and Bywater toppled in. He toppled because, although he was certainly alive, he appeared at this moment only just so. Sudden any visitor on such a night would have to be, but he was also white, and had not Lionel caught him firmly he would have sat on the mat.

"Close the door quickly," ordered Lionel, and while Miss Oldroyd obeyed he asked, "I say, are you badly hurt?"

"Oh, no, nothing to mention," muttered Bywater. "Just smashed two or three legs!"

Rita had left the sofa, and now helped in the operation of providing it with a new tenant. No further word was spoken until Bywater was lying flat, with his eyes ceilingwards and his mouth open. Fortunately the spider was no longer doing high trapeze work above him. Then Rita said:

"Let's have a look at your leg."

"You dare touch it!" gasped Bywater.

"WOULD you bring some water from the kitchen, Miss Oldroyd?" proceeded Rita, paying no attention to the protest. "And a towel!"

"How did it happen?" he then asked Bywater. "Or would you rather be quiet for a bit and tell us later?"

Bywater had closed his eyes. He kept them closed for a second or two as Rita began examining his foot—Lionel noted with appreciation that she seemed to have an excellent knowledge of first aid—and then suddenly opened them.

"I'll tell you both now," he grunted, "since you're responsible!"

"Oh . . . how's that?" inquired Lionel.

"Why, taking that damned ladder away," retorted Bywater. "I've met some dirty tricks in my time, but . . ."

"What the deuce are you talking about?" interrupted Lionel, while Rita threw him a quick glance. "We never took the ladder away."

"Oh, didn't you?" sneered Bywater.

"Of course not! I agree that that would have been a dirty trick!"

"I see. It just got tired of leaning and walked away!"

"If it wasn't there when you got to the window, somebody else must have taken it away."

On the point of another sarcastic rejoinder, Bywater paused. Funny . . . he hadn't thought of that! He'd taken it for granted . . . Yes, of course, it might have been that other fellow . . .

"I see you've got an alternative theory," remarked Lionel, watching him. "Well, hang on to it and develop it. If we'd intended to keep you a prisoner in the place, why should I have troubled to unlock the bedroom door? Why shouldn't we have slipped off without a word?"

"In that case . . . since you're trying to grow wings . . . why didn't you wait for me?" growled Bywater. "Ouch!"

"Keep your foot still, if you can," said Rita quietly. "We didn't wait for you, Harold, because we didn't want you."

"Thanks. I'm sorry I scared you off."

"You didn't scare us off. Somebody else did, though . . ."

"And probably it was the somebody else who removed the ladder," interposed Lionel. "You'll remember, Bywater, I called up a warning. You can score that as another of our good deeds. But we're still waiting to hear what happened, you know. Did you meet the somebody else?"

Bywater turned his head slightly and fixed a glassy eye on Lionel.

"I did have that extreme good fortune!" he answered bitingly. "We embraced each other like long-lost brothers!" Suddenly emotion welled up in him. "You left me to the hell of a lovely time! You left me shut up with a madman! I found him hacking the pictures about . . ."

"What's that?" exclaimed Lionel sharply, while Rita made her first ungainly movement on his foot.

"Eh? Hacking the pictures about—that's what I said. God, what a mess!"

He gulped. Over Lionel's shoulder Miss Oldroyd stared at him. She was standing in the doorway again. She had a disconcerting habit of slipping in and out like a pale ghost.

Someone above had also slipped out at that moment like another pale ghost, though a less attractive one. Mr. Oldroyd was no longer lying in his bed. He was on the landing, listening intently.

"He stopped hacking the pictures when he saw me, though," continued Bywater. "Or maybe he thought I was another picture that ought to be hacked! We had a couple of minutes of catch-as-catch-can—all-in method—and then, just as I was settling the brute—"Who was to deny this heroic version?—"I barged against the table with the lamp, and the lamp went over."

MISS OLDROYD in the doorway gave a little gasp, and stepped into the room. Mr. Oldroyd, on the landing above, suddenly advanced to the top stair, and became doubly attentive.

"What happened then?" inquired Lionel. "Do you feel it when I press here?" asked Rita.

"Eh? No. Ouch—yes!" jerked Bywater. "I think it's only a strain," she said. "You'll feel better when I've bandaged it."

"Yes? The lamp went over?" prompted Lionel.

Bywater glared at him. Perhaps he had little to be grateful for, but his attitude did not invite sympathy.

"Yes, the lamp went over," he barked. "Went over by a curtain. And the next thing I knew was that the curtain was in flames."

He paused. He was now coming to the least creditable part of his story. Yet, after all, who would not attempt to escape from the double danger of insanity and fire?

"I—I rushed up to the bedroom for water," he went on. "And when I got up there—as if I hadn't enough to battle against—I—I found something else." He forced a grin to his face, to conceal his horror at the suddenly revived memory of that moment. "Give you three guesses, eh? It was under the bed. A box of chocolates? No. A shilling? No. A dear little kitten? No. Just a hand and an arm—just that, you know—a hand and an arm!"

"Idiot, idiot!" muttered Lionel as he felt Miss Oldroyd's weight against him.

He helped her to a chair, but Bywater was paying no attention. He did not even notice the remarkable thing that Rita Haig, who should have been rigid, continued coolly to bind his leg. Despite himself, and despite his camouflaging grin,

he had been vividly jerked back to the moment he was describing, and was reliving it.

"Nice situation, eh?" he gulped. "Flames and a murderous lunatic down the stairs—and a dead body under a bed. Under a bed I'd been lying on, too! It had been there all the time!" He wiped his forehead.

"Well, what would you have done? I'd had enough! I wasn't staying any longer in the damn place, so I climbed out of the window, unlashed the mindmill's flappers or wings—or whatever-you-call-'ems—and had a ride. Now you know how I strained my leg—and why I'm feeling so eternally grateful to you two dear kind friends!"

"You might feel grateful to one of them, anyway!" suggested Lionel. "The one who's bandaging your foot."

"I'll excuse him his gratitude," answered Rita. "He's had a rough passage." She looked at him directly. "There are quite a number of moments, Harold, when I don't want to hate you. Perhaps—if you'd help a bit?"

He returned her steady gaze, fighting its steadiness.

"You've helped a lot yourself, haven't you?" he muttered.

"If I've played tricks, you played the first—and the worst."

"We'll talk about that later."

"No, there's no need to talk about it—ever. But I thought, for the last time, I'd just remind you. You see, Harold, that first trick of yours is my excuse for everything. What happened after you got to the ground? How did you find your way here?"

"Your shoe helped me."

"Oh, so you found that?"

"I did. And I found something else as well."

"Just a little way from here?" interposed Lionel quickly.

"You know about that one, then?"

"Yes."

"And what are you doing about it?"

Lionel glanced at Rita, and she replied for him.

"He wants to try and find a police station," she said. "You see, we're all a bit touched."

Miss Oldroyd was on her feet, her eyes dashed and terror-stricken.

"No, no—he can't do that!" she cried.

"Why not, Miss Oldroyd?" asked Lionel.

"Because—I mean—how could you—on a night like this? . . . Listen! What was that?"

They all turned at her exclamation. She was looking towards the passage. The next instant she had sped from the room.

"That girl—she's nothing but nerves!" murmured Bywater. "I say—is something up this end, too?"

"I didn't hear anything," said Lionel.

"I thought I did," replied Rita. "Door closing."

"Well, damn it, can't a door close without our all getting agitated about it?" burst out Bywater desperately.

"No, it jolly well can't," answered Rita.

"I believe it was the front door, Mr. Savage. Better take a peep."

Lionel was out in the passage as she spoke. The passage was empty. He opened the front door, looked out, and saw nothing but the drenched darkness. It offered little temptation to a man in pyjamas and a dressing-jacket, but the normal laws of self-protection had long ceased to exist, and he ran out through the dripping garden as far as the gate. The open, inky space beyond blew him an ironical welcome.

He turned and ran back to the cottage.

The rain that had chilled his chest now poured on his back. Inside the cottage again he nearly ran into Rita, who was standing in the doorway.

"Find anything?" her eyes queried.

He shook his head. Above on the upper floor they heard Miss Oldroyd moving about. Moving quickly, spasmodically, with feeble attempts to stifle sobs.

"Go up to her," said Rita. "You must get to the bottom of it. She'll talk to you—if no one else is around."

"I'll have a shot," he answered. "But will you be all right?"

"The enemy is incapacitated on a couch and can only hop," she responded grimly. "I shall be quite all right. But wait a moment—I've got something to show you. No, two things."

She held out two small objects. One was a torn scrap of notepaper on which was written in a large feminine scrawl:

" . . . hate you, I hate you, I hate . . ."

The other was a blob of thick black paint.

"Slipped out of the enemy's pocket a few moments ago," she said, while he regarded them. "Where did they come from?"

asked the enemy. "Well, I'm dashed—the mill," he answered. "Didn't know I still had 'em." So now you'd better have them, Mr. Savage. They may come in useful when you're cross-examining Miss Oldroyd upstairs."

HE met her on the stairs.

She had started to come down when he ascended, and her face was wild with new distress.

"What is it?" he asked gently.

"Father!" she gasped. "He's gone!"

"Well, we'll find him again," responded Lionel, refusing to burden her dismay by adding his. "I'm seeing you through this, Miss Oldroyd. But it'll help me if you'll answer one or two questions—upstairs, eh?"

Downstairs there's too much of a crowd."

The friendliness and confidence of his tone seemed to reduce her fright a little.

"Yes, yes—I'd like to," she murmured, and turned immediately. A moment or two later they were standing in her bedroom, and she was sitting on the edge of the bed, trying hard to control herself.

"Ready for the questions?" he inquired with a smile.

"Go on," she replied. "What do you want to ask?"

"I want you to tell me what you know about the mill."

"The—mill?"

"Yes. Why did your father go there?"

"That's—that's where he gets it," she answered.

"It? What?" he pressed.

"But—haven't you guessed?" Her eyes were on his hand which held the piece of paint. Suddenly she saw also the scrap of paper, and she gave a gasp. "Where—where did you—?"

"These were found at the mill, Miss Oldroyd. Is this your writing?"

"Yes."

"And was Mr. Bosanquet the person you wrote it to?"

"Yes."

"May I know why you disliked him? I've no real right to ask these questions—"

"Yes, you have! You've got to know now! I hated him because of what he was doing to father. But father didn't kill him—he's weak, but he's not like that. It was some-one else, but if we don't find out before the police come—you see, the police would think—"

Oh, it's horrible!"

She broke down for a moment, then ran on, her words falling tumultuously, one on top of the other:

"That paint—that's where they hide the"

hateful stuff. I didn't know before. I used to wonder why father bought the wretched pictures, and then got tired of them and threw them away—after he'd backed off the paint, of course. I expect lots of other people bought the pictures, too. You see, the stuff gets hold of you—but I suppose you know. Thank God the place is on fire, and I hope every picture is burnt to bits; but that's where father's gone, of course—to save what he can. Oh, Mr. Savage, can't you do something, can't you do something?"

She jumped from the bed as she spoke, and seized his arm. Her big eyes were like a frightened child's as they beseeched his own. He patted her shoulder reassuringly.

"Of course I can do something," he responded. "I can go to the mill after your father, can't I?"

"Oh, will you?"

"As soon as you've answered just two more questions."

"Yes, yes!"

"First, this 'stuff,' as you call it. What is it? Optum?"

She nodded her head, while her cheeks deepened in color.

"Thank you. Second—did you know about—about Mr. Bosanquet before our friend below told us what he found under the bed?"

"No," she shuddered.

"Then how do you know it is Mr. Bosanquet under the bed?"

She stared at him.

"I—I never thought of that," she stammered.

"Nor had I, till this moment," admitted Lionel. "And as a matter of fact, there's little doubt that it is Mr. Bosanquet. But I was just wondering—we've got to be frank, you know, haven't we?—I was wondering why you jumped to the conclusion so quickly. Even before our friend downstairs mentioned his discovery."

"I—I don't think I know what you mean," she answered.

"That's my fault. I didn't explain it very clearly. But, when we first came here, you were rather afraid to let us in, weren't you?"

"Yes. At least father was."

"Why?"

"He never likes anybody to come here."

"But you thought he might have another reason this time?"

"Yes. He acted so strangely, and seemed so excited, that I thought there might have been—an accident. I dare say I lost my head. I get confused very easily. There, you see, I'm telling you everything! But, of course, father's had nothing to do with it, and if only he hadn't gone to the mill to-night—"

"Don't worry any more about that, Miss Oldroyd," interposed Lionel. "I think I know who the culprit is, and I'm going to do my level best to catch him."

She had let his arm go. Now he suddenly found her clutching it again. A new mood had abruptly swept away her own troubles.

"But it'll be dangerous!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"I'll be careful," he promised.

"If anything happens to you, and it's my fault—"

"Nothing's going to happen to me, or to your father, either. May I give you a word of advice? Go downstairs and help Miss Hailg look after Mr. Bywater till I come back. There's nothing like a job to take one's mind off."

"Yes, yes, I will! I'm thinking only of myself. I'm sorry!"

"And here's another word of advice. Don't

start apologising. You've been through a pretty stiff hell, and with no one to help you—and my own opinion is that you've stuck to it like a Trojan! So just go on sticking it for a little while longer, and we'll all win through!" He patted her shoulder again. "Pity I'm not your father's build, or I'd ask you to lend me one of his suits. . . . Well, I'll tell them you're coming."

So saying, he turned and left her, glad that he had managed to soothe her troubled spirit, but by no means certain that the end of the adventure would be as happy as he had prophesied.

Below, he briefly related the position, then passed into the kitchen to resume his wet clothes. They clung to his skin remorselessly, but the only alternative was pyjamas. When he re-entered the sitting-room he found Miss Oldroyd there, waiting with a raincoat.

"Splendid—that'll help!" he exclaimed.

"And you will be careful, won't you?" she said as he took it.

"As an old lady crossing Piccadilly Circus," he promised.

He slipped into the raincoat as he spoke, and was in the passage the next moment. Rita followed him swiftly to the front door.

"What are you going to do, exactly?" she asked.

"I'm going to the mill," he replied.

"And then?"

"That's in the lap of the gods."

She regarded him thoughtfully for a second, then shook her head.

"I'm partial to brave men," she said, "but sometimes they're a bit of a nuisance."

"Meaning you want me to stay?"

"Meaning nothing of the sort!" she retorted. "But I hope the gods will be good, that's all."

"Well, they've not been so bad up to now," he answered. "I've an idea our luck's going to hold."

"Our luck?"

"Aren't we playing this rum game together?"

Suddenly she laughed, but he did not learn the meaning of the laughter till later.

"Bon voyage," she called as he departed. "Give my love to the rain."

IF Time and Space form the Universe, Time is the partner with the sense of humor. It can twist a minute into an hour or wipe out a year in the ticking of a clock. It can make yesterday appear as though it had never existed, and then sweep it back again with a vividness that banishes all else. Like a piece of string, it can tie itself into knots.

While Lionel Savage had been inside the cottage, the windmill had receded into a page of history. True, it had been the main topic of conversation, and its sinister influence had hung over the cottage like a cloud, but new sensations and new focuses had, so to speak, tucked it round a corner. It was a grotesque, a ridiculous absurdity. The moment he left the cottage behind him, however, with the grotesque and ridiculous absurdity beckoning to him through the wet gloom, it was the cottage that became unreal, and the windmill that leapt into the living, vital matter.

Somewhere ahead of him it lay, and shortly he would resume actual acquaintance with it, while the warm room he had just left, and Rita Hailg, who provided the warmth, would evaporate.

The rain had decreased a little, as though it were taking a rest from its battle for supremacy against the wind, and the wind was howling with temporary triumph.

He stood, hesitating. Then he made the

guess, with a disquieting feeling that it was the wrong guess. It proved to be, but the proof of his wrong direction also gave him the right one. The ground was falling gradually, in a way that seemed unfamiliar, when suddenly something attracted his eye, or just the corner of it, and made him turn his head to the right. It was a faint break in the darkness. A vague glow, as though a light were being held behind a black curtain. For a moment or two he regarded it quizzically, uncomprehendingly. Then the truth dawned upon him, and he exclaimed aloud:

"My God! There it is! The mill!"

He swung round towards the glow, with senses sharpened. There was no mistaking his direction now. The burning mill was his beacon light, and as he made towards it the glow increased and became more distinct.

He had travelled some half the distance, in his estimation, when a sound behind him caught his ears. He stopped abruptly and turned, but the blackness in his rear persisted, and he saw nothing. He went on again, and heard the sound again. Somebody, he was now certain, was following him.

AHEAD, a little way on his left, stood the shed. An edge of it was faintly outlined by the reflection of the fire, and the beginning of the track between the shed and the mill was also vaguely discernible. Acting on a sudden impulse, he walked to the shed, entered, turned, and stood just inside the entrance, from where he stood he could see the track and anyone who passed along it.

For a few seconds he heard nothing. Then, once more, the sound fell upon his tense ears. The footsteps were approaching. He resisted the temptation to peep out of the shed while his mind worked rapidly. It was remotely possible that the person had not seen him slip into the shed, but the more likely theory was that his presence there was known, and that his follower was not hesitating to bring about an encounter. This was a little disturbing, for it presupposed absence of fear. It might even presuppose a revolver. It was the thought of the revolver that all at once changed Lionel's policy. The way for an unarmed man to counter a revolver is a surprise attack before the revolver is directed against his heart. The footsteps were now very close. "I'll count five," thought Lionel, "and then for the dash!"

But he only got as far as three. A voice outside called softly:

"Do come out. It's only me."

Fighting, as many times before, both indignation and relief, he ran out of the shed and found himself face to face with Rita Hailg.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he exclaimed. "And—and why?"

"Why didn't I call out 'It's only me' before?" she interrupted. "Well, for one thing, I couldn't be sure that it was only you. And, for another thing, I didn't want to overtake you too near our base."

"Why not?" he asked, struggling to keep his mind severely practical in the sudden pleasure of her company.

"You might have sent me back to the base," she answered.

"To the cottage, you mean? Yes, I certainly should!"

"There you are. You see, I was right! And, anyway, I didn't come up to you until you were nearly here. You went wandering a bit, didn't you?"

"But—look here—why have you come at all?"

"Simplest of reasons, Shiek. I thought

it best to divide our forces equally. Harold and Miss Oldroyd are looking after each other."

"I see. And the Sheikh couldn't look after himself?"

"Something like that, I expect. No, not really quite like that. I'm quite sure you're able to look after yourself."

"Thanks."

"Sarcastic?"

"No," he answered quickly. "Did it sound like it? You've given me a shock, that's all, and it takes a little time to get back to the right intonations."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be! Can't you tell how glad I am to see you, and how angry I am with myself for being glad?"

She gave a delicious little laugh.

"THAT was rather nice," she said. "It makes us companions in idleness. I expect you're quite right to be angry, but the fact was I couldn't help myself. Do you remember your last words to me just before you left?"

"What were they?"

"You said, 'Aren't we playing this run game together?' That's all."

He gave it up and accepted what the gods had given him.

"Well, we mustn't stop playing it to talk about it," he said, now turning towards the fire in the sky. "I don't suppose you saw anything of Mr. Oldroyd while you were coming along?" She shook her head. "Then he's somewhere in that burning mill, in all probability, and I've got to get him out. Note the first person singular this time, please. I'm not going to have you doing any fireman's work!" He looked at her in sudden desperation. "Any good asking you to stay in this shed till I return to you?"

"Not a bit of good," she murmured. "Come along."

As they drew near the mill, and it emerged in all its gruesome glory out of the confusion of the night, they felt the heat of it, but it was not as intense as they had expected, even at close quarters. The wind was behind them, and was blowing towards the other side, while the rain was already getting the upper hand of the fire. The bottom of the mill was still intact, and it was only the upper portion that appeared to have suffered.

"How the thing burst at all in this down-pour I don't know," muttered Lionel.

"The inside would have to, wouldn't it, if a curtain got alight?" Rita answered.

"But the woodwork's soaking."

"Yes, and now the rain's putting it out. All quite logical."

"I suppose so. The rain did let up for a bit, and the wind must have acted like a bellows. Well, stay where you are. I'm going to make a dash."

"Where are you going to dash to?"

"Through the front door. It's open."

"Yes, but wait a moment." She laid hold of his arm and frowned. Then she let go quickly. "Sorry. Only—be careful."

"I promise."

"You'll probably find the top of the staircase burned away."

"In that case you'll soon see me out again. Don't worry—I'll be O.K."

He ran to the porch. There he received his first shock. From inside came the jangle of bells. Yet, after all, he wondered as he dashed in, should this surprise him? The havoc of the fire could easily have set them going.

But it was not the fire that was ringing the bells. Above the ceiling, which now

contained a charred hole and many cracks, was the sound of a hundred scurrying rats. Lionel deduced that the sound was actually made by two scurrying feet, and the next moment his theory proved correct. A figure came darting into view at the landing on the stairs, and it appeared with such startling suddenness, and provided such an unusual spectacle, that Lionel could merely stand at first and stare at it.

It was the figure of Mr. Oldroyd. He was wearing a drenched coat over drenched pyjamas, and the bottoms of the pyjamas clung round his thin ankles as though fastened by trouser-clips. His hair was matted, although one or two portions stood out in little indignant waves, and his beard was untidy. The pockets of his coat bulged, giving his shadow a shape that was hardly recognisable as that of a man. The shadow was produced by an ominous glow behind him. But it was his expression that held Lionel's attention most. It was the expression of a man who was escaping from hell, of a man in a frenzy.

And while Lionel stared at him he scrambled down the staircase without any pause. If he saw the watcher he showed no recognition; indeed, his eyes appeared to be blind to all but visions, and the next moment he had passed out into the night. "Idiot I am—letting him go like that!" muttered Lionel.

He swung round to follow, and then stood stock-still. Somewhere in the mill a telephone bell was ringing.

TELEPHONE? He hadn't come across any telephone! And where was it, anyhow? The bell seemed to be sounding somewhere in the room, but he was dashed if he could spot the confounded thing—and in any case, how could he be expected to attend a telephone while a demented old man was at large and needed chasing. . . .

With an exclamation intended to let Fate know what he thought of her, he tried to forget that a telephone bell was ringing, and made for the door. As he reached it, someone came blundering in, and he collided with Rita.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped. "What's happening?"

"Where is he? Did you see him?" cried Lionel.

"But, listen—the telephone—"

"Yes, yes, the telephone must wait, I've got to catch Oldroyd—quick—!"

More as a sop to his conscience than through any belief in its utility, Lionel ran round the mill. The heat on the farther side nearly scorched him. When he had completed the circle he found Rita standing in the doorway waiting grimly.

"Still ringing," she announced. "And I've located it."

"Then let's see what it's up to!" replied Lionel. "Oldroyd's vanished—and, after all, there are two people to receive him when he gets home."

He should have said "if."

"Well, where is it?" he added, as they returned into the sultry lower chamber of the mill. It was impossible to believe that only a few hours had elapsed since, practical strangers, they had first entered this room together with a sense of relief and peace. . . . "It seems to be under the staircase."

"Yes—the cupboard under the staircase," she replied, as he made for it. "And, you remember, it's locked."

"Then it'll have to be smashed!" he cried. "If this is anyone wanting Bosanquet, we're going to hear what he's got to say!"

"Or tell him what we've got to say," mur-

mured Rita. "We'll connect up with civilisation, anyway."

She began to follow him in, but he waved her back. He was already straining on the door, which fortunately was not a stout one.

"Keep where you are," he ordered. "I've got to do some banging, and heaven knows what condition this structure's in by now—the ceiling may come down at any moment."

"Right, I'll watch the ceiling," she answered, "and yell if the gaps widen!"

The cupboard door shook as he hurled his weight against it. The bell went on ringing. It was a race against the patience of the unknown telephonist at the other end. If the ringing ceased. . . .

"Ah! Got it!" he shouted, as the door gave way. "Hooray! And there's the telephone. I wonder why the devil Bosanquet hid—"

He seized the receiver and put it to his ear. A voice immediately sounded. A foreigner's voice, speaking broken English.

"'Allo, 'alio!" came the voice, full of agitation. And then, with relief, "Ah! Al las! Izzat you, Luard? Luard, heln?"

Luard? Not Bosanquet? Lionel decided that, for the moment, he would be Luard, and he gave a gruff grunt of assent. Then he waited. He wanted to listen, not to speak.

"Well, well, what 'as 'appen?" came the voice again, impatiently. "Is anysing wrong—'as 'e not give you ze stuff? Ere I wait and I wait, mon Dieu, 'ow much longer? I wait, out, but ze tide 'e will not wait!"

"Where are you?" asked Lionel, again in a gruff mumble.

"Ze publique box by ze inn."

"Where's that?"

"What is ze matter, I can 'ardly 'ear you. 'Ave you got ze frog in ze throat? Mon Dieu, I am at Wild Creek, where you left me, where ozzer will I be, avec le bateau—ze boat—"

"Quick!" shouted Rita. "Quick!"

Lionel looked up swiftly. Something snapped. Then followed an ominous clatter. He hesitated, his mind in a whirl.

"I'm inside," said Rita. "The ceiling's going. If you don't come at once I'll stay, and it'll be the finish of both of us!"

A large piece of plaster descended as she spoke. He turned without further hesitation and raced for the door. Two seconds after they had got outside there was a deafening crash, followed by a dull clang. The three bells no longer hung above the staircase, but lay brooding on the floor in a rising cloud of dust.

Something else also lay on the floor. The picture of the grinning negress.

SUDDENLY Mrs. Dymmock sat bolt upright and gently poked her sleeping partner.

"Ned!" she whispered. "Ned!"

The sleeping partner did not reply. He worked hard all day and he slept hard all night. This meant that he would only respond during the latter operation to a hard poke.

"Wake up!" whispered Mrs. Dymmock again, now administering the hard poke. "Ned! Wake up!"

But Ned was again unsatisfactory. He did respond this time, but the response did not help matters as he took his wife's poke for a cow's kick.

"Now then, my bewty," he mumbled. "None o' that!"

"Drat the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Dymmock to the low ceiling, and delivered her

final argument—the super-poke. In an instant Ned was bolt upright beside her. "Do you 'ear anything, Ned? Do you 'ear anything?" she hissed.

"No, I don't!" muttered Ned grumpily. "Only yew!"

The next moment, however, he changed his mind and was out of bed and at the window, peering cautiously. He could see little more than descending rain, but he gained a distinct impression of a moving figure in the yard below. On the point of throwing the window open and shouting, "Hey, come out o' that!" he abruptly altered his policy. Something else had now caught his eye, higher up in his range of vision.

"What do you see, Ned?" quavered his wife's voice from the bed. "I be sure I 'ard the gate squeak. And, before that, a car stopping!"

"The gate moe' likely blew open in the wind," answered Ned unconvincedly. Anything to keep her calm. He knew his wife's nerves. But he was not thinking of the gate and the yard at that second; he was thinking of the red glow in the sky.

WHILE he stared his wife crept out of bed and stood behind him. "Why, look there!" she exclaimed.

"Ain't I lookin' there?" replied Ned.

"What is it?"

"'Tis a fire, Maria!"

"Where would it be?"

"Looks to me like Bostinget's mill—ay, an' 'rhaps 'tis Bostinget below, come fr' 'elp!"

He ran to the bedroom door, clambered down the uncarpeted wooden stairs, and threw the front door open.

"Hey! Be that yew, Mr. Bostinget?" he shouted into the darkness.

Receiving no response, he stepped out. The rain promptly soaked his pyjamas, but he paid no attention to the weather, for he had again seen the figure in the yard, and he dived towards it. The figure appeared to make a futile attempt to evade him, but Ned Dymmock's blood was up—he wasn't going to get soaked for nothing for nobody! And he captured his nocturnal visitor in five seconds, and found him limp in his arms.

Wondering what exactly he had caught, he bore his prize back to the farmhouse and deposited it on a sofa. Then he lit a lamp and examined what he had brought in. A pale, unconscious old man, with wild wet hair and a beard that, though normally trim, now looked even wilder and wetter.

"Maria! Come yew down!" bawled Ned.

"'Tis somebody! Come yew down!"

Maria descended, trembling. She had been designed for cities with policemen in them, not for wild moors. But love leads us astray!

"Why, it's that Mr. Oldroyd!" she cried. "I thort I reckenized 'im," replied Ned, shaking himself.

"What's the meaning of it?" she gasped. "I don't know, but I've gotter find out," answered Ned. "Look arter 'im, Maria. Get the fire goin', and a cup o' tea."

"Ay, but where are you off to?" she demanded as he made for the stairs.

"I'm off to the mill," he shouted, already scrambling up. "If Bostinget's still there, maybe 'e's gettin' tew warm!"

It took him four minutes to peel off his soppy pyjamas, slap the moist portions of himself with a towel, and tumble into rough-weather kit. When he descended he found his wife busy, but the old man on the sofa had not moved.

"Don't tell 'e be dead!" exclaimed Ned anxiously.

"'E ain't dead," answered Maria's voice

from the kitchen, where a fire was already beginning to crackle, "but a doctor wouldn't 'urt 'im."

"Hey, give me somethin' to do!" cried Ned indignantly. "Mebbe I'll find one growin' on a bush!" He was holding a greasewood off a hook. "I'll see about a doctor after I've been to the mill."

"Ow! you go?" called his wife.

"Car as far as I can, an' walk the rest."

"Well, that's on the way to the Oldroyds' place. You could go on there afterwards, if you'd the mind, and let 'is daughter know where 'e is. It's a pity you can't take 'im along with you."

"Ay, an' carry 'im 'arf the distance!" retorted Ned. "That is a pity, that is!"

"Or shouldn't you go for the fire-engine?"

Ned Dymmock loved his sleep, and he was losing it. As a rule he was as patient with his wife as she was with him, and each needed the other's tolerance; but now, for a few valuable moments, his patience gave way, and he indulged in one of his rare outbursts.

"Doctor! Fire-engine! What next? Should I ring up the 'Ouses o' Parliament?" he cried. "Now, listen, woman! Last time the fire-engine 'er' called out she turned up when they was rehuftin' the 'ouse, so I reckon we won't wait for the fire-engine! 'Bides, 'tis a good eight mile away, ain't it? Now yew look arter this Mr. Oldroyd and I'll look arter Bostinget. Arter that yew can trust me to do the next thing that's wanted, but 'tis no good thinkin' o' eggs when you're milkin' cows!"

A moment later he had departed with a slam.

HIS car was fast ripening for the Antique Exhibition, but it could still go, and, having long lost its pride, it was willing to go anywhere. That was why Ned Dymmock had bought it. But of all the queer up-and-down journeys it had undertaken this latest was to prove the queerest, and although Ned had prepared his mind to meet whatever lay before him, he had no conception of what he was destined to encounter before the car was garaged again.

Even the car driven by Ned Dymmock rebelled against a certain depth of mud, so presently Ned got out and continued his way on foot. Strange characters might be abroad on this night, but a car of that vintage was safe.

Ahead loomed the windmill, in its sinister red setting. As he drew near he gained the comforting impression that the fire had passed its zenith, and was now being slowly extinguished by the rain. The windmill looked a tragic wreck, however, when he was close enough to pick out details, and he wondered whether he would find among the debris the charred form of the man he had come to seek.

Then, abruptly, two forms appeared round the base of the mill. A girl's and a young man's. And stood suddenly still.

"'Allo!" he hailed them. "Anybody 'urt?" He could be quite quick and businesslike when he tried.

He thought the girl and the man glanced at each other rather oddly, and he rapped out another sharp question.

"There beant nobody in there, be there?"

"Nobody—alive," answered the man.

"Lord save us!" muttered Ned. "Yew don't mean 'e was caught in it?"

"Who?" asked Lionel.

"'Oo?" Ned looked at them curiously. Queer, finding these two young people here, at this time of night, unless they'd been staying at the mill; and if they'd been stay-

ing at the mill they must have known who owned it. "Why, Mr. Bostinget—"

"Yes, I thought you meant him," interrupted Lionel. "I—I just wanted to make sure."

Now Ned grew conscious of the fact that he himself was being regarded curiously. This made him vaguely resentful.

"Oh," he said. "Well, 'oo else did yew think I might o' meant?"

"Mr. Luard," replied Lionel casually.

"'Oo's that?" demanded Ned frowning.

"A chap we happen to be after," responded Lionel, with a relief in his voice which Ned was quick to notice. "Do you know—if you're the sport I take you to be—you may save the situation!"

THERE was something pleasant and likeable about this young fellow, Ned Dymmock decided. And about the pretty girl, too, even though she had yet to open her mouth. But he wasn't going to be diverted by any silly nonsense, and his frown still remained while he retorted:

"I don't know nothin' about no attestation, but I've come 'ere to save Mr. Bostinget, and if I'm too late, where is 'e, and 'ow do yew know?"

"Mr. Bostinget is somewhere inside there," answered Lionel. "We've just been trying to find his body, but the heat's driven us out again. I advise you not to go in."

he added, as Ned made a movement. "It's damn dangerous. But—will you wait a minute!—Mr. Bostinget didn't die by be-

ing burned. He's been murdered!"

Ned made no further effort to enter the mill. He stood stock still with his mouth open.

"And the man who I believe has murdered him is the fellow called Luard, whom I mentioned to you just now."

"Murdered!" muttered Ned incredulously.

"No doubt about it," nodded Lionel.

"But—'ow—?"

"Can the rest of the story wait? For a few minutes, anyway. Our first job is to catch this skunk Luard, and I believe I know where to look for him."

But now Ned Dymmock interrupted.

"Ay, but I've got another job, too!" he cried, clapping his hand to a spinning forehead. "I beant free yet for yon!"

"What is your other job?" asked Rita, breaking in at last.

"Why, there's a young leddy lives in a cottage near 'ere—I've got to let 'er know where 'er father is."

"By George, how do you know that?" cried Lionel.

"'Ow do yew know 'oo I'm talkin' about?" demanded Ned.

"We think you're talking about Mr. Oldroyd," said Rita. "If we're right, please, where is he?"

Ned shook his head and gave it up. For the time being he would just answer questions. Life would be simpler.

"'E's at the farm," he replied.

"Your farm?"

"Ay! Ned Dymmock's my name."

"How did he get there?"

"Don't ask me that, Miss. All I know is that 'e got there. Comes wanderin' into the yard, wakes me and the missus up, ay, and when I'm lookin' out of the window I see the fire in the sky. So down I go, and into me arms 'e flops—went dead off, so 'e did—ay, an' that's 'ow I left 'im, with the missus lookin' arter 'im, while I come along 'ere to the mill. Ay," he concluded, with a little self-praise for which perhaps he was justified, "and that be 'ow to tell a story!"

"First class!" agreed Lionel. "If you go

on in the way you've begun I'll see some Society awards you a medal."

"Oh! Will yew?" murmured Ned, impressed.

"How far is your farm from here?"

"Couple o' mile."

"You've been quick! Walk all the way?"

"Only the last part, sir. I come in my car."

"My God, he's got a car!" cried Rita with a little shriek of relief.

"Well, miss, there's some don't call it that," admitted Ned.

"It'll be good enough for us if it's good enough for you," exclaimed Lionel. "Will you take us along?"

Ned hesitated for a moment, with his eye on the burning mill.

"You can't do anything in there—take that as gospel," added Lionel quickly. "The roof nearly came down on us, but even after that we went back and poked about where we could—we were quite as anxious to find Bosanquet's body as you are—but not a hope!"

"Well, maybe you're right," muttered Ned gloomily. "But there's still this Miss Oldroyd—I'm supposed to let 'er know—say, and find a doctor—"

"In fact, Mr. Dymmock, you've got so much to do," interposed Lionel, "that you can't do it, eh?"

"That's about the size of it," acquiesced the farmer.

"Very well, then. Let's concentrate on the most important first. And the most important seems to me to be that doctor. Wouldn't Miss Oldroyd herself agree?"

"It do sound sense, sir."

"Of course it's sense! And it may ease your mind to know that Miss Oldroyd is not alone. We've left somebody to look after her—he avoided Rita's eye as he mentioned the somebody—and she knows we're seeing that no harm comes to her father."

"Ay, but looks to me as if some 'arm 'as come to 'im," commented Ned grimly. "I've yet to know why 'e come wanderin' my way!"

"We'll find that out. Oldroyd and the doctor—and then Luard and the police! Come along—let's get busy. Can we return to your car at once?"

"Nothin' to stop us, so fur as I can see," said Ned.

THEY began to walk. A dying flame leapt up, as though to give them a parting salute while their flickering shadows moved away.

"Oo's this Looerd?" asked Ned.

"Crook. Drug traffic," replied Lionel. "And now he's added murder to his sheet. You've never heard of him, eh?"

"No, I never 'ard of 'im. What did 'e murder Mr. Bosanquet fur?"

"Case of 'When thieves fall out,' I imagine."

"Eh? But Bosanquet weren't no thief, wer 'e? Artist, so I thought!"

"Artist in crime! Perhaps you can tell me this, Mr. Dymmock. Did he have many visitors?"

"A few come to buy 'is pictures."

"Maybe more than a few?"

"Well, plenty, so they tell me. Ay, an' paid good prices for 'em."

"I'll bet! And now for another question, and the most important of the lot. Do you know of a spot anywhere near here called Wild Creek?"

"Wild Creek?" repeated Ned. "Ay, I know Wild Creek. 'Tis a rare place fer wild duck—but it beant' near 'ere."

"Darn! I beg your pardon. How far?"

"Twenty mile, sir. Twenty-five, maybe."

"Think your car could do it to-night, if

it were asked very nicely? With a five-pound note attached to the request?"

Ned stopped walking for a moment and advanced his face close to Lionel's.

"Are we lookin' fur a murderer, did yew say?" he asked solemnly.

"I've heard the rumor," answered Lionel.

"Well, I make my livin' out o' farmin'."

remarked Ned, "an' I don't charge no extra fur 'clipin' the piece."

"Didn't I know he was a sport?" exclaimed Lionel to Rita.

And when she cordially agreed the farmer pretended hard that compliments didn't make no difference to him.

"But, mind yew," he said, "there may be more'n one Wild Creek; 'tis a fair common name."

"That's true," replied Lionel, dashed for a moment. "Is there an inn near the Wild Creek you know?"

"Ay, there be," nodded Ned. "'Tis called Wild Creek Inn."

"And a telephone-box outside the inn, or near it?"

"That I can't be sure on."

"Is the creek near the sea, then? Is it tidal? Could a sea-going boat get up as far?"

"Ay, that it could," responded Ned. "And 'ere's my car that's goin' to race that boat, eh?"

The route, for the first part of the race, was almost tidal itself. The car squelched through mud and water with a continuous frill of spray. The spray was increased by the fact that the driver, in his zeal, was already making the car do all it could, and a little bit over. But presently they emerged into the better portion of the lane, and a little way ahead twinkled a light.

LIONEL and Rita, in the back seat, were sitting very close to each other. Sometimes the bumping brought them momentarily closer, but they did not complain. In this antique car, despite its bumping and its splashing they were enjoying a strange little respite, and Rita was even able to close her eyes for a while and sink into the luxury of movement that did not depend upon the work of her fatigued feet.

Now, when the light marked the approaching end of their journey—or of this section of it—she opened her eyes in response to Lionel's voice. Until this moment they had been silent.

"Two miles," he said.

"And soon over," she sighed.

"Yes—for us. But I was thinking of Mr. Oldroyd."

"What a waste of time, when for a few moments you needn't have been!"

"I'll tell you what I was thinking," said Lionel, "and then you can tell me whether it was waste of time."

"What were you thinking?"

"This. That Mr. Oldroyd—who hadn't a car—seems to have got over these two miles pretty quickly!"

"I see," murmured Rita. "But isn't that only one-half of the thought?"

"Yes."

"Then let's have the other half."

"This is the other half. He must have run."

"Probably he did."

"Why?"

"Perhaps somebody was running after him?"

"Exactly. You've finished the thought."

"It's a nasty thought," she remarked, "and I'm not going to give you a good mark for it. Nasty thoughts are always waste of time!"

The car slackened and stopped at a gate.

Ned Dymmock alighted and shoved the

gate open. It creaked with the creak that, not long previously, had awakened Mrs. Dymmock from her sleep.

"Mind out when she swings back," said Ned. "I never knew such a wind!"

They passed through. The gate clanged behind them. They crossed the space to the farmhouse. The door of the house was open.

"There's a silly thing!" grunted Ned. "Leavin' it open!"

They passed into the house. Ned gave the door a shove, and that banged behind them. They entered the parlor, illuminated by its lamp.

"Well, I be blowed!" muttered Ned. The sofa was empty. "She must 'a' got 'im upstairs!"

He stepped back into the passage.

"Maria!" he called. "Come yew down!"

Lionel and Rita looked at each other. They heard him suddenly rush up the wooden staircase. His boots sounded like heavy hammers. They heard them continue to hammer overhead.

"Maria doesn't seem to be in," murmured Rita.

"Or Oldroyd," said Lionel.

"SHE ain't there," said Ned Dymmock, reappearing from above. "She ain't there!"

He spoke blankly. He could deal with cows and potatoes, but this sort of thing . . .

"Then we'll have to find her," answered Lionel, in a voice designed to avoid panic.

But Ned Dymmock showed no panic. From blankness he passed to anger. A fairly uneventful life dedicated to a minute and painstaking study of animal and vegetable logic had weakened his belief in miracles and catastrophe. On the verge of either, he was outraged, as he would have been if he had sown carrots and onions had come up. He just wanted to know what somebody had done with his wife.

"By God, we'll find 'er!" he exclaimed, and turned.

"Wait a second!" cried Lionel. Things did not look healthy, and it occurred to him that a little caution would not matter. "Where was she when you left her?"

"Eh?"

"Was she here, in the parlor?"

"No. 'E wer' in the parlor. On yon sofa!"

"And your wife?"

"She wer' in the kitchen makin' a cup o' tea. 'Make a cup o' tea,' I tells 'er, 'and stop talkin'!"

"Well, let's see whether she made the cup of tea."

"Do cares about the durned tea?" cried Ned indignantly. "She's gone, and I'm goin' arter 'er."

He was out in the yard the next moment. "You'd better go with him," suggested Rita. "He's more dangerous than a bull!"

"Yes, and the bull comes off second best in the ring," answered Lionel, running to the door.

But he paused at the door, hesitating. Rita shook her head at him almost angrily.

"Go out, go out!" she exclaimed. "Will you never learn that I'm not made of glass?"

"Glass wouldn't matter," he frowned. "Of course you know this is more of Luard's work."

"It looks like it."

"Not a doubt! Remember my thoughts in the car? Oldroyd was being chased—by Luard. And now Luard's got him!"

"What's he got him for?"

"For what he got from the mill!"

"Yes, I dare say . . . What's that? Another thought?"

"No—just a curse this time! Why, why

did that telephone smash up just when we wanted it?"

"My dear man, if you'd spent any longer tinkering with the thing you'd have been smashed up yourself, so let's be thankful for small mercies. It put us on to the track of Wild Creek, anyway. And, I say, should we really stand here talking?"

"No, we shouldn't. But I'm not going to leave you here. Come with me. Luard may be hiding behind a curtain or something!"

"Then, before we go, let's look behind the curtain or something!"

She ran to a curtain as she spoke and jerked it aside.

"Blank," she reported rather weakly.

"Stop that!" he ordered.

"I'm going to—one's enough," she answered, sitting down on the sofa. "When I get home I'll just laugh at mice!" Then she jumped up again. "Sorry, Mr. Savage. I seem to be getting out of hand again. I'm ready."

A SHOUT came from the yard. A figure shot across it. Lionel ran to the door and saw the figure meet another figure, seize it and turn it. Then the two figures came tottering towards him.

"I found 'er. I found 'er!" cried Ned's voice. "And now she's comin' in to tell us why she don't stay put!"

Lionel noticed that Ned Dymmock's words were harsher than his tone.

They got Mrs. Dymmock to the sofa, and for a few moments she could do nothing but gasp and murmur. "Oh, my 'eart, oh, my 'eart!" But presently she quietened down enough to blurt out superfluously: "It's gone!"

"If yew mean Mr. Oldroyd," replied Ned, "that don't tell us nothin' we don't know. Pull yourself together now, Maria, an' tell us 'ow 'e's gone."

"Oh, my 'eart!" she murmured.

"Ay, and don't start up that there again," warned her husband. "'Cos there ain't no time for it."

"Oh ain't there?" she retorted, pricked into definiteness by her indignation. "I got a fright enough to send a woman out of 'er wits, and I'm not to feel it! A nice thing!"

"Ay, but 'is over now," interposed Ned, "so let's 'ear about it."

"Well, 'ow can I, when it's nothin' but interruptions every time I open my mouth?"

"We won't interrupt you any more, Mrs. Dymmock," promised Lionel, "but time is rather important." He tried prompting.

"What happened after your husband left you and went to the mill? You were making a cup of tea, weren't you?"

"That I was."

"For Mr. Oldroyd?"

"'Cos was lyin' unconscious on this very sofa. 'Are you all right?' I calls, just in case. But, of course, 'e don't answer, and when I come in with the cup 'e's just beginnin' to open 'is eyes. 'Ah, that's better, I said. 'Drink this up, and soon we'll 'ave the doctor to you.' 'What's that? Doctor?' 'e mumbled: it was all I could do to 'ear 'im. But then 'e sits up sudden, and 'e gives me a fair fright, 'e looks so ill. 'I don't want no doctor,' 'e said. 'Well, we'll see about that when you've drunk this down,' I said, 'and you can be doin' it while I just run up and put something more on. You see, I wasn't expectin' visitors.' You know, just something bright, like, to make 'im smile. But did 'e smile? Not a glimmer. I might 'ave been sayin' prayers!"

"Yes, yes, and then?" said Lionel, noting a tendency to dramatise now the story had actually started, and anxious to curb it.

"Well, then, sir, I went up, and glad to get the chance. I'm not one of them moderns; I like a bit of decency. 'I won't

be long' I called when I got to the top, 'just drink it up and I'll be right down,' but I expect I took a bit longer than I thought; you know 'ow it is with 'ooks when you're in a 'urry and your fingers all thumbs—at least, you do, Miss?" she corrected herself, and glanced at Rita. "And when I came out again I called, 'Are you all right, 'ere I am.' Yes, but when I got down I 'ad a shock. See, the door was shut."

She paused for effect. The only effect on her husband was irritation. Lionel interposed hastily:

"I suppose you'd left it ajar?"

"That's right, sir. So'd I'd 'ear 'im if he called. But now it was shut, and when I tried to open it it was locked. Talk about creeps—"

"Yes, and then?"

"'Eh? Oh, then I knocked. But nobody came to open it. And then I 'eard noises. You know—scufflin', like. And then I lost my 'ead proper and gave a scream, and the door comes open quick enough then, and before me is a rough man with a revolver! Now, then, what 'ave you got to say about that?"

"I got this to say about that," exclaimed Ned, with a sudden thump on the head of the sofa. "If yew don't stop stoppin' I'll put a revolver to yew!" With perfect justification she threw him a look of indignant reproach, and he threw up his hands in despairing contrition. "I'm sorry, Maria, there, now you're 'earin' me say it!" he cried. "If 'aught 'ad 'appened to yew, I'd never 've got over it. But—woman!—we're in a 'urry!"

The outburst had its effect. Maria Dymmock quickly wiped her dawning tears and quickened her pace.

"WHERE was I?" she gulped. "My 'ead's spinnin'. Oh, yes—'e'd got a revolver. 'Go back,' 'e said, 'or you're dead.' So I went in the kitchen, and 'e locked me in, and I 'ad my 'ead in a table-cloth. And then presently I took it out and listened and there wasn't no sound, and then I listened again, and there still wasn't no sound—"

"Twice 'e enough, Maria," said Ned gently.

"—And then I tried the door, and it was still locked, and then, after waitin' a bit longer, I tried the back door, and that was locked, and then somethin' 'appened inside me, like a bomb goin' off, and I went mad and got out of the window."

"Bravo!" said Rita.

"Thank you, Miss. And then I ran round to the front, and there wasn't no one no-where. So then I unlocked all the doors, just to make sure again, and then out I went and ran up the road. I thought I'd 'eard a car—I forgot to say that—when my 'ead was under the table-cloth. But 'ow could I catch up a car? So back I came, and bumped into you, Ned, and if that ain't quick, I can't do it no quicker!"

"You've told your story splendidly, Mrs. Dymmock," exclaimed Lionel, "and we're very grateful to you. Now, as time presses, I'm going to make a suggestion—or request, rather. While Mr. Dymmock and I are chasing the rascal could Miss Hale—my friend—stay here with you?"

"No, she couldn't," interposed Rita, very definitely. "And, if time presses, you can save a lot of it by dropping that idea this very moment!"

It was Ned, not Lionel, who looked surprised.

"Yew ain't thinkin' o' comin' with us, Miss?" he inquired.

"I am certainly coming with you," she answered. "And so that is that."

"And I'm certainly not going to stay the

rest of the night 'ere all alone!" declared Maria. "Not for a month o' Sundays!"

For a moment they appeared to have reached a deadlock, but to Lionel's relief Ned suddenly became constructive.

"Well, if that be so," he said, "we'll 'ave to shut up 'ouse. Yew come along with us, Maria, and I'll drop yew somewhere on the way."

"What! As I am?" she frowned.

"We can wait for a bonnet," replied Ned, "but no fal-lals."

Maria rose. After all, what did it matter? A few hours ago she had gone up to bed in a sane world, but now everything had turned topsy-turvy and inside out, so what was the good of protesting?

At the door, however, she did put one pertinent question.

"Where are you goin' to drop me?" she asked.

"Well," murmured Ned, with a dubious glance at Lionel, "I 'speck it'll 'ave to be a piece o' station."

THE district over which Constable White presided was ethnically almost as white as the constable's name. Indeed, it was depressingly law-abiding, and when the policeman wanted any real excitement he had to turn to literature. Detective fiction was the only thing that maintained his faith in his profession. But once in a lifetime adventure comes even to a humble rural constable, and on a certain stormy night when a bed and a book were the only conceivable comforts, Constable White admitted that he was having as much of it as he wanted.

The first bit of adventure had been a drunken tramp. Late in the afternoon, at a time when gentle languor is apt to steal over a man who has spent arduous hours doing nothing very conscientiously, the tramp had knocked at the door and asked to be arrested.

"Arrested? What for?" demanded the constable in a voice suggesting that he had never heard of such a process.

"'Fer annoyin' yer," the tramp had replied cheekily.

"Well, go away and annoy somebody else!" rasped the constable, giving advice which hardly came well from the Force.

"If I does will yer arrest me?" answered the tramp. "'Fer bein' a public newswense?"

But the tramp found out that, although it is easy enough to get arrested when you do not want it, it is exceedingly difficult when you ask it as a favor.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed the constable, striving against an anger that might glorify the tramp's attitude into a punishable offence. "If you've done something, let's have it!"

"I ain't done nothink," said the tramp sadly, "'cep'tin' 'ave a little."

"Then what do you want to get arrested for?" frowned the constable.

"Look at the night!" retorted the tramp.

"I wants a roof afore the rime comes on!"

"Ever heard of a workhouse?"

"Yus. But there's only one near ere, and they don't like yer twice runnin'." The tramp sighed. "Ort right, Big Five. It'll 'ave ter be a shed. Give us a fag and I'll call a taxi."

To his surprise, and also to the constable's, White re-entered his parlor and returned with a cigarette. It was going to be a wild night.

"Wot, a 'ole one?" exclaimed the tramp. He was touched. He bent forward and

tapped the constable's sleeve with a grubby finger. "If I can find a murderer for yer I'll bring 'im along, so's yer can git promotion!"

Many hours later, when the constable again looked upon the tramp's face, he was glad he had given him that cigarette. It occurred to him that this was probably the last bit of kindness the tramp had ever received. But, even more, he wished he had arrested him . . .

Other things happened before he next saw the tramp, however. He was rung up by a sergeant, speaking from a somewhat larger station, and told to look out for a stolen car.

"What sort of a car?" inquired White.

"I'm telling you!" replied the sergeant. "A car with four wheels and a body."

"Who's body?" asked White.

"Are you being funny?" queried the sergeant.

"Yes," said White. "It's a quiet life." Perhaps the memory of the tramp's method of meeting life had got into him. "Well, if you'll give me the particulars, sir, and I'll keep a look out."

The sergeant reeled off the particulars. BP/0705. Old car. Dark brown, Morris-Cowley. Saloon. Stolen from the road outside Wild Creek Inn, while the owner was telephoning. Owner's name, G. Smith, 14 Turpin Road, Islington, London.

"Any description of the thief?" inquired White.

"None. Nobody saw him," answered the sergeant. "As a matter of fact the owner wasn't actually telephoning at the moment—he was inside the inn getting change for the box."

"Right, sir," said White. "I'll watch out, though it ain't likely that car'll come along my strip!"

Still, until the rain came down and blotted the strip out, White kept his eye on it; and he also called forth to make a few inquiries.

RETURNING to the shed he closed the door and went into his parlor. That car worried him. He looked at the telephone. He scratched his head.

He rang up the station from which he had been notified that BP/0705 was missing. Another sergeant answered him this time.

"White speaking," said White. "About that car?"

"About what car?" replied the sergeant. "BP/0705," said White. "There's a car just dashed by this road, and seemed in the hell of a hurry."

"Did you see it?" asked the sergeant.

"No, I didn't," answered White. "I was putting my bicycle away."

"Oh, been for a ride?" said the sergeant.

"You must be fond of her to meet her on a night like this!"

This time Constable White was not in a mood for humor. The influence of the tramp, who now lay dead upon a moor, had worn off.

"Well, I thought you might like to know," grunted White rather humbly. "I've reported it."

"Yes, and I'll see you get your promotion," answered the sergeant. "A car you haven't seen, travelling at night in 1933, is very useful!"

"How's the tooth, sir?" asked White. "Still troubling you?"

"Yes!" shouted the sergeant.

Perhaps it was because of this that the sergeant also lost a chance of promotion. Constable White replaced the receiver. His mind was gloomy. A lot of thanks

you got, trying to do your duty. Still, he was a just man, and he remembered how he had felt after having a tooth extracted—and in his case the dentist had pulled out the right one.

"Poor old Tom," he muttered. "Praps he can't help it."

But he felt a little sorry for himself, too, and he decided suddenly to revive his tottering faith in the value of life by doing a delightfully unconstitutional thing. He would make himself a cup of tea, extra strong, and finish a novel, also extra strong. It was not a detective novel this time. It was a French novel, translated by somebody who ought to have known better. "There's something, after all," he winked to himself, "in not having a wife or mother!"

HE settled himself. He forgot the world outside. He forgot the clock. What would happen on the last page, to which the constable now turned with great anxiety? But he was not destined to know that night. He looked up suddenly, with desperate disappointment. Outside a car was stopping . . . The little gilded boudoir faded . . .

Feeling ashamed that a mythical French lady could cheat his ears of the reality of a car's approach, for normally he would have heard it before it stopped outside his house, and hastily dropping the book in a large blue vase, Constable White ran to the front door and opened it. Two figures had alighted and quickly came towards him. One was a stranger—the other he recognized.

"Evening, Mr. Dymmock," he exclaimed a little pompously. He was fighting back to officialdom. "No trouble, I hope?"

"Trouble? Nothin' but trouble!" replied the farmer. "Murder and abduction. Be that enough?"

"What's that? Murder?" cried the constable sharply.

"I'm afraid so," answered Lionel, interposing. "And fire thrown in. Do you know Mr. Bosanquet's windmill?"

The attractive French lady between yellow paper covers in the blue vase was now entirely forgotten.

"Bosanquet's mill—why, yes, of course," said the constable.

"Well, it's been burnt down—"

"Ay, but Bosanquet bein' burnt—he be murdered," interrupted Ned. "Ask 'im!"

He jerked his finger towards Lionel.

"Who did it, sir?" demanded White. "And might I know who you are?"

"My name is Lionel Savage," replied Lionel. "I'll give you a complete statement presently, but as it'll be three miles long may we confine ourselves for the moment to urgent facts? You see, we're after the fellow, and we want your help."

Constable White glanced beyond Lionel towards the car. Then he brought his focus sharply back again.

"Who's the man?"

"Fellow called Luard. But that doesn't matter. He's probably got a dozen names. What matters is that he went to the mill some time to-night, evidently quarrelled with Bosanquet—I can give you the reason, too, later—killed him, set fire to the mill, chased and abducted an old man, and is on his way now to join a pal—a Frenchman—at a place called Wild Creek. I heard a bit of telephone conversation, and it seems they've—"

"Hold on! Wild Creek?" interrupted the constable. "I know something about that!"

"That's fine. What do you know?"

"There's a car been stolen from near there . . . and, by gum," exclaimed the

constable suddenly, "if it's that car that came by here a little while back—but go on, sir, go on! Let's have the rest."

"All the rest that we need at the moment, Constable, is this," said Lionel. "It seems they've got a boat at the Creek, and are going to do a bunk on the next tide—"

"With this old man?" interrupted the constable again.

"I don't know. I imagine not. Probably the old man knows too much, and Luard had to take him along with him for a bit. This isn't an abduction case, really—it's opium—yes, that's what the quarrel was about. But God knows what may happen to the old man if we don't pick up the trail—"

"That's enough, sir, that's enough!" cried the constable. "I'll bear the rest on the road."

He turned and ran to the telephone. In a few seconds he was speaking to the sergeant again.

"What is it this time?" inquired the sergeant. "Seen a pram go by?"

"Murder, arson, and abduction, sir," replied Constable White, triumphant in his calmness. "The fellow we want is making for Wild Creek. Will you meet us there?"

There was a moment's silence at the other end. White enjoyed the moment very much. Then the sergeant's voice came again, and it was now as calm as White's.

"You win, George," he said. "Pick us up, will you? Then we can talk as we go."

"Sorry, sir, but that'll lose time and we can't afford a moment," answered White.

"You see, we've got a car, and you're out of the way."

DAMNATION, man, aren't we going to know anything?" shouted the sergeant, losing his patience once more.

"You can have all I know, sir, in a couple of ticks," said White. "It's Bosanquet the artist who's been murdered. Luard's the name of the alleged murderer. I expect he's the fellow who took that car we're looking for—stole it to go to Bosanquet's mill, that's where it happened, and is now on his way back again—but I don't know anything yet about the party who's been abducted."

"You mentioned arson," the sergeant reminded him, faintly sarcastic through his astonishment.

"Oh, yes. The mill's burning, so I expect you'll notify the fire brigade about that and send some men up. Can I ring off now, sir?"

"Wait a moment, wait a moment!" shouted the sergeant. "This is an extraordinary story. Who's your informant? Who've you got there? It may be some damn practical joke!"

"Ned Dymmock, his missus, a man and a girl," replied the constable. "I don't know nothing about the man and the girl, but Ned Dymmock don't joke."

"That's true," admitted the sergeant. "Hey! Just one more question."

"Yes, sir?"

"What's made you so damned efficient all of a sudden?"

"Thank you, sir," replied Constable White. "I hope your tooth's better."

Constable White, as his sergeant had suggested, was doing creditably. He had gripped a startling situation with praiseworthy speed for a man with no stripes on his sleeve, and he had realised its necessities without insisting on superfluous details; but now, as he

returned to the front door, a new problem presented itself. There were two ladies in the car.

"Why did you bring them along?" he inquired of Ned Dymmock with a frown.

"A lot yew know about wimmen!" retorted Ned. "They brought themselves along!"

"Well, it's a queer time for a joy-ride," observed the constable. "What's the idea?"

"The idea is that the missus got jumpy, an wouldn't be lef' behind," said Ned.

"Oh, I see! And the other one?"

The other one answered for herself.

"I'M going with you to Wild Creek," she called out. "And nobody's arguing about it!"

Constable White began arguing about it. "It's going to be a rough journey, Miss," he pointed out.

"Mr. Savage will tell you I'm getting rather used to rough journeys," she answered.

"There may be shooting."

"Then my knowledge of first aid will come in handy."

"Shooting!" exclaimed Lionel, interposing. "By Jove, he's right! We'd better drop you somewhere, Miss Haig, with Mrs. Dymmock."

"Where will that be?" inquired Rita. "There's an inn a mile along the road," suggested the constable. "Blue Moon. It's a bit late for visitors, but they'll take you in if I knock them up."

Rita made no reply, and with the point unsettled, saving in her own mind, the constable closed the front door behind him and stepped into the car next the driver's seat.

"Know the way?" he queried, as Ned jumped into the seat beside him and Lionel got in behind.

"Ay," responded Ned, letting in the clutch, "though I'm thinkin' we'd do it quicker in bathin' suits."

The journey proceeded on its next stage. It was a very short stage; they splashed to the inn in three minutes and stopped again. The Blue Moon looked as much like an inn as Constable White's cottage looked like a police station.

"Here we are," said the constable, leaping out. "I'll give 'em a ring."

The first ring produced no result. The place remained in darkness. The second ring, accompanied by a bang and a shout, was more fruitful. A window was pushed open and a head was thrust out.

"Oo the devil's that!" cried an indignant voice.

"Police and a party," answered White. "Urgent case, and I want you to look after a couple o' ladies."

"Ladies. What's that?" muttered the innkeeper.

"Get a move on!" said White sharply. "I can't wait!"

The window closed with a bang, a light appeared, and unhappy noises, indicative of grudging haste, descended from above to below. While they were descending, Rita glanced at Lionel grimly. Her glance said, "Can you see me?"

A moment later there was a rattle, and the door opened.

"Now, then, what's it all about?" demanded mine host sourly. His voice changed slightly, however, as he peered out into the wet. "Allo—ain't that Ned Dymmock?"

"Ay, that is," replied Ned. "And we want a couple o' rooms, Dick, double-quick."

"Well, I've only got one," grunted Dick.

"My aunt come along this afternoon an' she's in the other."

"Then that settles it," said Rita. "Jump out, Mrs. Dymmock."

"Nonsense—there must be a sofa," insisted the constable.

Then Rita founded on the constable.

"I thought you said you couldn't wait?" she cried. "I am not going to sleep on a sofa, and Mrs. Dymmock is not going to sleep on a sofa! Mrs. Dymmock will sleep in the bedroom and I will stay in the car. Full-stop! End of argument!"

Her voice was almost angry, and the outburst had its effect. Mrs. Dymmock alighted in a flurry, and dived past the innkeeper through the doorway, while Constable White shrugged his shoulders and gave way.

"Very well, then," he said, becoming ponderously official once more. "Get on with it, Mr. Dymmock."

"That I will!" exclaimed the farmer.

The car jerked forward the next instant. "I suppose I ain't to know anything?" the innkeeper called after the car.

"You know you've got a guest," the constable called back, "and what she can't tell you we'll complete, with additions, when we come back!"

"WELL," said Harold Bywater, as the front door slammed, "so here we are!"

"Yes," answered Miss Oldroyd.

The reply was not very helpful, and Bywater raised his surly eyes from his bandaged foot to the girl who stood by the sofa watching him. She looked extraordinarily fragile. Not a bit like the girls he was used to. He tried to picture her at a cocktail party, and failed.

"And a rum position it is," he proceeded. "Isn't it?"

"Very," she replied.

He nearly swore. This was going to be lively! He was in a mood to talk, and it looked as though she were going to be as communicative as a wall. But you couldn't say, "For God's sake put some pep into it!" to a girl of this type. She would just fade away.

Then suddenly she realised his difficulty, and a faint flush came into her cheek.

"I'm sorry," she said.

The simple and unexpected apology brought a flush to his own cheek, and he went through the unusual experience of feeling like a brute. He hoped he hadn't made her say that. Yet, somehow, it cleared the air.

"Sorry? What for?" he exclaimed, dismissing the idea.

"I'm not good at conversation," she answered. "I never have been."

"Good Lord, don't worry about me," he retorted. "If any apologies are going around, I expect I'm the one who should be dealing 'em out!"

"Why?"

"Why? Well, for foisting myself on you like this!"

"You couldn't help that."

"True enough."

"And, anyway, you weren't the first—I mean—"

"No, I was the 'also ran.' Or, should one say, 'also lipped!' Ha, ha!" He searched her face for a smile, and found a ting, rather polite one. "I say, if you're tired, don't let me keep you out of bed."

She looked at him, hesitating. He realised, with an insight not very common in him, that there might be an uncomplimentary interpretation of his remark.

"Course, if you prefer to stay here and

law don't let me send you away," he corrected himself.

"I couldn't possibly go to bed," she answered. "I'd rather stay. Is your foot feeling any better?"

"No," he replied.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Don't touch it." He stared hopelessly into her solemn face. "That was a joke," he explained kindly. "It's really much better. And I'd like you to twist it about."

"Is that another joke?" she inquired.

"Hooray, we're getting on!" he exclaimed.

"You're beginning to recognise 'em!"

Again the tiny smile dawned, but disappeared a moment later, like a frightened mouse.

"I don't feel like joking," she murmured.

"They say that's the time one ought to do it," he responded. "I don't feel like joking." Unable to suppress a sudden wave of self-pity, he cried, "God, what a night I've had!"

"I'm sorry," she said. "What happened? I mean—before the mill?"

That question, coming from her unsophisticated lips, was almost the biggest joke of all. It was accompanied by an expression of genuine sympathy. To what would the expression change if he complied with her request and really told her what had happened before the mill? Suddenly he had an immense desire to tell her . . . so that he could find out . . .

And, as suddenly as the desire came her next remark, "Well, let's talk of something else, then."

"Why?" he demanded, feeling somehow thwarted.

She hesitated for an instant before answering with rather an odd intonation.

"Because I see I shouldn't have asked."

"Oh! How did you see that?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Yes, I do. It was the way you looked. But never mind—"

"I do mind," he interrupted, borne on a stream that seemed to have arisen out of nowhere. "I'm going to tell you. But sit down! Seeing you stand like that makes me feel that somebody's playing 'God Save the King!'"

SHE sat down on a chair a little way from the couch. She looked rather scared.

"Before the mill—before the mill came a hotel," began Bywater. "Two people turned up at the hotel. I was one of them. The other was Miss Haig."

"Please stop!" exclaimed Miss Oldroyd.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I don't want to hear anything against Miss Haig."

"You're not going to hear anything against Miss Haig," he promised her. "At least, nothing you'll put against her. Oh, no. I was the goat. I thought we had come away for a bit of fun, but Miss Haig objected and ran away."

"Why are you telling me this?" she demanded.

"I don't know," he answered truthfully.

"Do you still want me to stop?"

"Only if you want to stop."

"No—I've got so far, and I may as well finish it. You, of course, will say she was quite right to run away. But I said, 'In that case, why the devil did she come?' Perhaps you can tell me the reason?"

"I can think of one," replied Miss Oldroyd.

"Really?"

"Yes. Perhaps she was bored. It's awful being bored. I know!"

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, it makes one ready to do anything."

Or people tell you you're not to. So perhaps Miss Haig wanted some fun, too, only—"

"Yes?"

"Only it wasn't your kind of fun."

Harold Bywater gave a humorless laugh. Beneath Miss Oldroyd's timidity lay hidden wisdom.

"She certainly did not want my kind of fun," he admitted grimly. "But what kind of fun did she want?"

"Oh, just jokes and talks and walks, I expect," Miss Oldroyd answered, "like I would have, in her place."

"You can put yourself in her place, then?"

"I can understand her having done it. I've told you that. If she was bored. Did she quarrel?"

"Like hell! I beg your pardon. Like blazes. Oh, it's been a pleasant little evening! And then she ran away. Vanished. And when I got on her track at last and followed her to the mill—oh, well, let it go. Why worry?"

He frowned heavily. Miss Oldroyd frowned also. After a little pause she asked:

"And when you got to the mill?"

"Oh? Oh, she'd picked up this fellow Savage on the road, and it was Savage who greeted me. I tell you we nearly came to blows. You see, Miss Haig wasn't about at the moment, and—well—I thought—"

"THAT Mr. Savage was going to succeed where you had failed," interposed Miss Oldroyd. "Well, I'll tell you something I can see things. He is going to succeed. Only in his case—it will be honorable."

Despite himself, Harold Bywater winced slightly.

"I see," he said. "And that's how you pronounce your opinion of me, eh?"

"Does my opinion matter?" she asked.

"Don't ask me," he muttered. "But I invited the opinion!"

The girl was studying him hard. His confidences, in spite of the veiled irony behind them, were in the nature of a new experience to her, and now she suddenly surprised him with her verdict.

"I don't blame you," she said.

"Oh—and why don't you blame me?" he demanded.

"Sin isn't one's own fault, really," she answered simply. "If I blamed you, I'd have to blame my father—for taking drugs, you know. One can't help being born weak."

He stared at her. This snip of a girl calling him weak! Why, standing there in her flimsy garments, she looked as though she might break if one touched her! He was fishing around for a reply when, not for the first time, she proved herself a good thought-reader.

"Yes, I'm weak, too," she said with a faint smile. "I know that. If I'd been stronger I'd have been able to protect my father. I'd have protected him against this awful thing that's been happening to him. I'd have protected him against the drugs—somehow or other—yes, and I'd have protected him against Mr. Bosanquet, instead of just losing my head and being angry with him. With Mr. Bosanquet, I mean. I wrote him an awful letter when I found out where father was getting the stuff from, and how, I meant every word of it. But I didn't do anything. And perhaps—who knows?—perhaps Mr. Bosanquet was just weak, too. Do you know what I mean? Doing hateful things, of course, but driven on to do them by something we can't understand! I dare say all this is just silly."

She paused, breathless. She did not often make long speeches, and she suddenly

looked as though she wondered why she had made this one.

"This is really one of the most extraordinary conversations I've ever had in my life," answered Bywater, driven by her pathetic frankness to respond. "Would you mind telling me exactly what your definition of strength is? You see," he added a little lamely, attempting to reinstate himself, "I've always had an idea I had a bit of strength myself!"

"Being strong seems to me what I've just said," she answered. "Protecting people who aren't so strong, and—"

"Yes, go on," he urged, as she hesitated. She looked at him squarely, though her color was rather high.

"Controlling yourself, when it's best," she replied.

"When it's best," he repeated. "And when is it best?"

"When the control will prevent you from hurting others—or yourself. . . . I don't suppose you agree with me, though?"

"It—it sounds pretty good," he murmured rather hopelessly. "That is—no, it sounds pretty good."

"Oh, I'm glad you think that!" she exclaimed. "You see, although I've been speaking as though I knew all about it, I really don't. But now you agree I'm sure I'm right!"

Was she simple, or was she subtle? For a moment or two Harold Bywater wondered. And suddenly he asked:

"Well—now that you know—what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to stop being weak," she answered, "and when they bring father back I'm going to help him properly!"

"Ah!" said Bywater. "And who's going to help you?"

"You don't need help," she smiled, "when you're strong!"

"I see," he murmured.

And, for an individual of his particular life and habits, Harold Bywater looked unusually thoughtful.

A long silence followed. As the minutes ticked by he watched her covertly, and saw the brave smile gradually fade. At last he made a remark that rang strangely even in his own ears.

"You know, you may need a bit of help," he said. "Perhaps I could do something."

WILD CREEK was well named.

At the spot where the creek shallowed and became no longer navigable, a path through the decaying trees on the bank terminated. This path zigzagged as tortuously as the stream, and each carried on the story of the other in a different element. When the man who now came zigzagging down the path reached the half-decked boat moored to the bank, the boat was waiting to complete his journey to the sea with equal disregard to straightness. Though, in crookedness, neither the path nor the stream could vie with that of the man's own mind.

He climbed into the boat and passed through the damp well into the comparative comfort of the diminutive cabin. Turning, he looked out into the well in which the rain was descending—the rain came into view below the edge of the cabin roof—and beyond the well into the fretful and faintly-gleaming darkness. Then he sat down on one of the two bunks that lined the sides of the narrow space and lit a cigarette. Then, still smoking, he swung his legs up on to the bunk and lay flat on his back, with the cigarette pointing to the ceiling. A sound like a soft step just outside the boat made him sit bolt upright suddenly and strike the ceiling with his head. He swore volubly, threw the cigar-

ette out into the well, decided that the sound was imagination, and lit another cigarette.

Thus countless minutes slipped and dripped by.

And then suddenly, out of the timeless stupor into which at last the Frenchman had drifted, the seemingly eternal period of waiting ended. A twig snapped definitely (a hundred twigs had snapped imaginatively), a heavy trudge sounded abruptly from the bank, and Lestrangle's long loneliness was over.

He peered out of the cabin with caution, despite a subtle familiarity in the trudge. A figure loomed over the boat and looked down. Lestrangle breathed a sigh of grateful relief.

"Aha! At last!" he muttered. Then indignation swept the relief aside, and he exclaimed, "For why are you so long, to make me wait and wait and wait—?"

HE stopped abruptly. He was not now looking at the figure, but at something else a little beyond it, just to the side. It was another figure; but whereas the first figure was vertical, the second was horizontal.

"What izat?" he gasped.

"Part of the reason why I've kept you waiting," replied Luard. "So you can chuck feeling sorry for yourself!"

"But—oo?" muttered Lestrangle.

"Oh, just one o' the poor boots," answered Luard, trying to speak casually.

"Boob?"

"Oh, shut up! Mutt, fool, lunatic, anything you like. He gave me a bit of trouble, so I had to bring him along."

The Frenchman peered at his companion closely. He was now out in the well, and was momentarily oblivious to the rain.

"Dead?" he asked.

"No, not yet," replied Luard.

The Frenchman drew his breath in sharply.

"Leesen, Luard!" he said, and there was a quiet firmness in his voice. "It is good zat 'e is not dead! I am in sia for one sing, and you know what zat is. Zere is no to kill. Zat is comprenez—understand, hein?"

Luard did not answer. He was regarding the Frenchman oddly.

"What is ze matter?" demanded Lestrangle sharply.

"I was just thinking what a funny little fellow you were," answered Luard.

"Oh! Izat so?"

"Yes—zat is so! You see, Froggy, you're a bit late in the day. You and I have already gone murder-to-night—so a little more might not matter so much if it became necessary—eh?"

"Murder? I 'ave not murder!" cried the Frenchman, and suddenly clasped his hands over his lips. Perspiration grew on his forehead, to be splashed away by the rain as it grew.

"Yes, I wouldn't shout that word quite so loudly if I were you!" said Luard. "It sounds better if you whisper it. And you have committed murder, Lestrangle, because we're both in this together, and we both sink or swim together. And we both escape or hang together. Is that clear?"

Lestrangle swallowed slowly.

"Oo 'ave you kill?" he asked more quietly. "We'll tell stories later," answered Luard.

"Now we must get off. Give me a hand with that bag of bones there, will you? I've carried him half the way from the road—couldn't get the damned car right through—so now you can do some work for your living!"

"Oo 'ave you kill?" repeated the Frenchman, not moving.

"What are you—a parrot?" demanded

Luard angrily. "Bosquet, if you must know. Only, of course, I didn't kill him really," he added cynically. "The mill's on fire, and he got burnt up with it!"

The Frenchman's eyes grew bulgier and huglier. By now they were almost popping out of their sockets. Luard suddenly flared out again, incensed.

"Get on with it, get on with it!" he rasped.

"I get on with it," muttered Lestrage. "Not jusque you tell me."

"Tell you? Damn it, I have told you—"

"Oh, no! 'Ow did it happen?"

"What the—? Look here, you darned little fool, do we stay here all night?"

"I do nothing if you do not say 'ow it happen!'"

"Very well, then. But if we're caught it'll be your funeral as well as mine. I found a car not far from here, and I called on Bosquet as arranged. I told him things were getting hot, and that if we didn't chuck it at once we'd be caught with the stuff. 'Divide it up and let the game go,' I said. 'Maybe we can find another game—or take this on again later.'"

The Frenchman nodded.

"Well, he wouldn't listen," went on Luard. "and I expect we got a bit excited. In the end I had to hit Mr. Bosquet—quite hard!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Yes, I thought much the same, only in English," observed Luard dryly. "It was a pretty mess. I lost my head for a moment and dived out of the place. But when I went back—"

"Pourquoi?"

"You are a dunderhead, Lestrage! All the stuff was there, wasn't it? Of course I had to go back—whether he was dead or wasn't!"

"Ah! Vous n'etes pas sur?"

"I'm sure," said Luard. "I was sure. I wasn't sure. And I went through the hell of a nice time finding out! When I got back to the mill two new people had turned up to take shelter. A man and a girl. Yes, and just as I was trying to frighten 'em away with a cock-and-bull story in dives a silly old man—as a matter of fact, there he is on the ground behind me—insisting that he's got to see Bosquet. And up he goes before I can stop him. 'He's in for a shock,' said I to myself. But not a bit. Down he trots again—I'll bet he'd had a pull off a picture first—and out he shoots."

"But—'e see noing?" gasped the Frenchman.

"Ain't I telling you?" retorted Luard.

"And what do you think?"

"I didn't know what to think! I went up myself the first moment I could, found the floor empty—Bosquet had fallen at the foot of the stairs winding up to his bedroom—and a drop of blood on the stairs. I'd already made one stain on the bottom stairs with my boot—of course, it would touch the place where he'd bumped! Well, I lighted up pretty damp quick, you can bet, and found him at the top. He'd just managed to get inside his room—I expect he wanted to get there and lock the door on me—and then he'd collapsed."

"Zis is terrible!"

"Oh, no, just a bit of fun!" jeered Luard.

"Well, you wanted to hear, didn't you?"

"Et apras cela!"

"For God's sake speak one lingo or the other!"

The Frenchman cast up his eyes.

"After zat, after zat, after zat!" he rasped rapidly.

"Oh! After zat? Why didn't you say

so? After zat I went below again, taking good care to lock the door to the studio—"

"But ze man and ze girl—did zey not see you?"

"I tricked 'em while I was doing it. Took their minds off. And then I said good-bye to 'em again. But I hung around, because I wasn't leaving till I'd got what I came for."

"Naturellement," murmured the Frenchman. "And zen zey go, and you come back, hein?"

"Say, it sounds easy when you put it like that! Go? I thought they'd never go. And then another girl barges into things—old bag-of-bones's daughter looking for him—and then I bump into a drunken tramp. Hell, the tramp was mad! He came upon me when I was hiding, said I was just the chap he was looking for, and made a grab at me! I shoved him off and he came on again. 'Who do you suppose I am?' I asked. 'You're a murderer,' he answered, 'and I've promised to find one for a policeman.' Of course he was woolly, but I couldn't shake him off. Or p'raps he wasn't woolly—p'raps he was a detective, eh? Anyhow, when he began laying about him I had to return the compliment. Yes, Froggy—I put him out, too. Been pretty busy, ain't I?"

HE laughed. He laughed into the Frenchman's glazed eye. By now he was caught up in his own story, and he was reliving it with a sort of necessary defiance. Talk about things, and they're all right. It's thinking that does the damage!

"Then back I go, hoping the place is empty at last," he continued. "And is it? Not a damn! Those two young fools have got in through a window—up a ladder—so I gave them a scare and sent 'em out again down the ladder! And then I took the ladder away and thought that this time I had the place to myself."

He paused. A new look had entered his eyes. The Frenchman noticed it anxiously.

"Mais non!" murmured Lestrage.

"Listen—now I'm going to tell you something," said Luard slowly. "When I returned to the studio this time—using the staircase, and unlocking the landing door—I certainly thought I had the place to myself, and I began ripping off the paint as fast as I could go. But I'd forgotten one person, Lestrage. Can you guess who that was?"

Lestrage shook his head.

"Not? Well—what about Bosquet?"

Lestrage caught his breath.

"But—you 'ave kill him!" he whispered.

"Yes, Frenchy, I 'ave kill him," nodded Luard, "and the man I had killed came down from his bedroom and threw his arms round me."

"Mais—c'est impossible!" gasped the Frenchman.

"Threw his arms round me, Lestrage," repeated Luard. "A dead man." Suddenly Luard grinned. "Or wasn't he dead?"

And was I killing him all over again, eh? He broke off and swore.

"Anyway, when we fell into the lamp and knocked it over I'd had enough. I was out of the mill the moment I could roll away from him."

And there was the mill, beginning to shoot flames—and, my God, look at the stuff still inside!

"I tell you zat!" declared the Frenchman with sudden vehemence. "If you go back once more time you are ze big fool!"

"No, I didn't go back once more time," answered Luard thoughtfully. "To tell you the plain truth, Froggy, I don't know what I did for a bit. I got a bump in that tussle. And—and one part of the mill seemed to be driving me off, while the

other part was pulling me back. But, as I say, I didn't go back. I didn't need to. Somebody else did."

"Oot?" asked the Frenchman.

"That," responded Luard, and turning slightly pointed to the prone figure behind him. "And he came out, Lestrage, with this!"

Now he pointed to a bag in the stubble at his feet.

"AND ze stuff—ze stuff zat you go for—it is in ze bag?" murmured Lestrage.

"Ze stuff is in ze bag," nodded Luard. "I found the fellow wandering about with it, so thought I'd give him a lift in my car. I'd hidden that near the mill, of course. He managed to jump out once and frighten an old couple at a farm, but I waited till the right moment and soon got him back again. And now he's not in a condition to do any more jumping," concluded Luard, "so we'll have to do his next jump for him—into the sea, eh?"

The Frenchman took out a pocket handkerchief and slowly wiped his forehead. As he did so, his eyes travelled beyond his companion, and even beyond the figure of Mr. Oldroyd. They pierced, for an instant, quite far into the decaying wood and then slowly travelled back again.

"And—nobody follow you 'ere?" he inquired.

"Do you suppose I'd be standing here talking if they had?" retorted Luard.

"Mais c'est moi 'oo ask you to stand 'ere talking jusque I 'ear what you 'ave to say," Lestrage pointed out mildly.

"True—and now you've heard what I have to say."

"Oul."

"So we'll get on."

"Perhaps we had better. Parceque, if anyone say to zim, 'Wild Creek,' zey come, 'ow you say, dam quick!'"

"You bet they would," grunted Luard impatiently. "But nobody has said it to them, so why worry?"

"Oh, yes, somebody 'as," corrected Lestrage, again allowing his eyes to travel beyond Luard into the wood. "I 'ave! Over ze telephone, when I ring up at ze time we arrange for me if you are too long—and when somebody else 'as reply to me—hein?"

"My God!" exclaimed Luard. "You don't mean to say—hell, man, let's hurry!"

But as he made a sudden movement he found a small revolver directed against his chest, and it was the Frenchman who was holding it.

"What the devil does this mean?" shouted Luard.

"It mean zat I smuggle, out, zat I lie, out, zat I cheat, out, but I do not like ze kill," said the Frenchman. "It mean zat zey are 'ere, be'ind you, and zat it is too late!"

Luard swung his body round and stared back along the track. For the first time he noticed movements, but Lestrage had noticed them for some little while, and had noticed that they were coming stealthily closer.

"It means that you're rattling, you dirty swine!" fumed Luard whitely.

"It is only after I know zat you kill," repeated the Frenchman, gripping his revolver tight. "You kill, un, deux, et peutetre trois! Le bon Dieu!"

A moment later Luard was on top of him.

"Think I'll take this sitting, you half-baked frog?" he hissed, as his fingers wound round the pistol. "Un, deux, trois eh? I can count as well as you. But you're going to be trois d'you heart?"

The Frenchman did not reply. He was lying face upwards in the bottom of the well, and the breath was being pressed out of him. But he still hung on to the revolver, while the maddened voice above him ran on:

"But too clever, weren't you? Both caught, eh, and the rope for me and quod for you? That your idea? But not so much quod for you if you help me to the rope! Well, don't worry—there'll be no quod for you at all, my lad, because here comes No. Trois, and you can say your prayers!"

The Frenchman felt his fingers slipping. "Now zey 'ang you sans doute!" he managed to blurt.

"Well, they can't hang me more than once, can they?" retorted Luard, his free hand finding the revolver.

A shout sounded somewhere. It appeared to Lestrangle to be as far away as heaven, but its welcome sound, faint though it was in his ears, gave him just the extra grain of strength he needed. Suddenly he writhed up like a human volcano. For a moment Luard's fingers relaxed, without becoming detached from the weapon. The pistol slipped round and went off with a deafening report.

It was a strange sight that greeted Lionel Savage, Ned Dymmock, and Police-Constable White when, dashing forward after their stealthy approach, they stood on the bank of the creek and looked into the boat. A big Englishman lay dead, and a little Frenchman was sitting on top of him, gasping fearfully:

"E is kill! Do I kill 'im or do 'e kill 'iself? Je ne sais pas. Q'importe? I mak' no trouble."

TWO - AND - A - HALF hours later, when the rain had ceased and the first faint greyiness of dawn had begun to steal into the east, Ned Dymmock's hard-worked car drew up for the second time at Wild Creek Inn, and Lionel alighted.

"Good-night, Mr. Dymmock," he said, "or p'raps I should say good-morning! I'm sorry you've another twenty miles to go to get home."

"That be all right, sir," answered the farmer cheerily. "I'll pick up my old 'oman at the Blue Moon on the way, and 'tis one thing, when we be back we'll be saved the trouble o' gettin' up!"

He waved his hand, and the car began to move off on the final stage of its unusual journey; but as the final stage was uneventful we will not follow it, but instead will enter the inn with Lionel Savage, by virtue of a key which an obliging landlord had lent him.

He stood for a moment in the hall. On a little table was another key with a metal tag numbered "2." It was one of a series of six, and the other five hung on a neat row of hooks above the table.

Surely only four should have been lying there? The key numbered "1" ought to have been off its hook like this that had been placed on the table for him by the landlord. While he idled vaguely with the little problem the parlor door opened, and Rita appeared.

"I thought I heard you," she said sleepily. "I see you've noticed my little sign that I was still up. I wondered whether you would."

"Do you mean you hung your key up to show you hadn't gone to bed yet?" asked Lionel, unable to suppress his pleasure that, unreasonable though it was, she had waited for a final chat.

"Yes—like the 'In' and 'Out' signs in flats," she laughed. "It meant I was out of my bedroom and in the parlor, and I did it in case you returned during one of

the twenty-nine times I've dropped off to sleep."

"You shouldn't have waited up for me," he reproved.

"Quite nonsensical," she agreed. "But then I do nonsensical things, don't I? I go away to hotels with silly idiots, and then get scared and run away. And then I ask perfect strangers to see me safely across moors. And then I barge into mills, and—oh, goodness, I'm yawning again! But one forgives that at sunrise, doesn't one?"

"Go up to bed this instant!" he ordered.

"NOT till you've answered some questions," she retorted. "Come inside this home from home—and we mustn't talk too loudly or we'll bring down a maid in curl-papers half an hour before her alarm clock's due."

He followed her into the parlor and sank into a chair. He made the discovery that he was dog-tired.

"Well, what do you want to know?" he asked. "You'll have to ask quickly, or I'll be asleep myself."

"Well, first," she began, sinking into a chair also, "this . . . I say, aren't these chairs comfy? What happened at the police-station?"

"The police-station," he repeated. "Oh, yes, the police-station. Lestrangle made a statement—the Frenchman, you know—and confesses to everything but murder. In fact, he claims that it was because of the murders that he and Luard fell out, and that either Luard shot himself accidentally in the struggle, or he, Lestrangle, shot him in self-defence."

"Do you think that's true?"

"I don't think there's any doubt about it. You remember I saw them struggling. Apparently—this is also in the statement—the Frenchman was covering Luard while we were approaching. Luard's brutality seems to have outraged something in his crooked little soul. Of course, he may have known he was caught, anyway, and have made a sudden bid for clemency. The police will have to judge that for themselves. Meanwhile—in Lestrangle's own words—qu'importe?"

"Poor, foolish little man," murmured Rita, after a pause. "I shall believe the best of him, whether I'm right or wrong. . . . Well, next. What happened at the Oldroyds cottage?"

Lionel smiled.

"Quite a lot happened at the Oldroyds cottage," he replied. "After the police surgeon had looked at Oldroyd here and pronounced him, you remember, in a pretty rotten state but otherwise O.K., we got him back to the cottage, taking with us another doctor we visited on the way. Luckily the doctor proved a bit of a sport, and didn't hesitate to come along when he heard there were others at the cottage who needed his attention as well."

"You mean Miss Oldroyd and Mr. Bywater?"

"Yes."

"What about them?"

"Well, it seemed to me, Miss Haig, that they were getting along excellently."

Something in his tone stopped another dawning yawn. Her eyebrows went up.

"What? Like what?" she exclaimed.

"It rather seemed to me—like that," he answered.

"Gracious! I must warn her!"

"What about?"

"About Mr. Bywater!"

"I wonder?" And while she looked at him in surprise he went on: "He seemed astonishingly chastened. I gained a distinct impression that, before we turned up and relieved their minds about things,

he'd been comforting her rather effectively."

"Mr. Harold Bywater has effective ways," murmured Rita dryly.

"I ought to have said decently."

"You felt that?"

"Yes. From the way she glanced at him. And from something else, too."

"What?"

"A message he sent you. His apologies."

"That's certainly interesting," she conceded. "An apology from Harold is virgin soil!"

"We're giving the Frenchman the benefit of the doubt," Lionel reminded her.

"Then we'll give the same to Harold," she replied. "But, I think, with a watching brief, don't you? Well, next. The mill. Do you know what's happened at the mill?"

"Yes," he nodded. "I got that at the police-station."

"What's happened?"

"Was there anything else to happen? Mainly confirmation of what we already know."

"Did they find—?"

"Yes. And the fire is now out. I believe the police are still there, though, poking around the pictures."

She gave a sudden little shiver.

"I hope they'll like the negress," she said.

"They found some things more interesting than the negress," he replied. "Some of the paraphernalia of a couple of pedestrians hanging on hooks!"

"GOODNESS! We forgot all about those!" she laughed.

"Well, we had plenty of other things to remember," he answered. "The police brought our things to the station. I claimed them, and they're out in the hall. . . . Do you know, you're yawning now at the rate of three a minute!"

"Yes, but every time I put my hand up in the best manner."

"I was referring to your condition, not your manners. Hadn't we better—?"

"Not for a moment, please! I've got one more question."

"What is it?"

"This. We've had my story and Mr. Bywater's story, and Bosanquet's story and the Oldroyds story. But we haven't had your story!"

"Oh—my story," he murmured, with a rather odd sensation.

"Yes, your story," she repeated. "Mustn't I know it?"

She was looking at him very fixedly now, without the shadow of a yawn. He felt the impossibility of avoiding her challenge.

"My story is this," he answered. "I came away with the object of forgetting it."

A troubled light came into her eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "And now I've reminded you of it!"

"On the contrary," he replied, "you've made me forget it—completely."

Which recalled to him suddenly a question he had to ask. But before he could ask it she was on her feet. He took pity on her and rose also. To-morrow would do.

"Good-night, Mr. Savage," she said.

"Thank you for seeing me across the moor!"

"Good-morning, Rita," he responded. "I hope it was only a preliminary journey."

She slipped quickly from the room, but he heard her laugh contentedly as she ran up the stairs.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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